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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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See Story "The Girl at the Spruce" on Page 10

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Strangling the Magazines by Another Increase in Zone Postage Rates

TO well-informed and unprejudiced people it seems strangely inconsistent that the Government, while lavishing large sums in the support of its Bureau of Education and proposing a special appropriation of many millions of dollars in aid of schools, should at the same time pursue a destructive policy toward one of the greatest and most effective educational factors in the country by increasing the already over-burdensome tax on the distribution of the magazines and great metropolitan dailies and weeklies. There is a covert cause, not generally known, for this inconsistent course. For years past certain powerful interests, actuated by selfish motives, have been perniciously active in trying to impair the influence and cut down the circulation of the widely read periodicals and papers by means of a proposed increase in second-class postage rates. All their efforts were unavailing, however, until our country, having entered the World War, needed enormously larger revenues, which furnished the opportunity and the pretext for working their scheme through Congress, as they did, as one of the war taxes authorized by the War Revenue Act of October 3, 1917; but the zone rate clause did not begin to operate until July 1, 1918.

This raising of second-class postage rates, even for war revenue, was a reversal of our Government's time-honored policy of promoting the dissemination of knowledge through the magazines and newspapers by favoring them with a low postage rate. Such was the policy wisely recommended by President Washington, but it was under President Lincoln's administration, during the Civil War, that the previously existing zone system of second-class postage was abolished and replaced by a single level rate, uniform throughout the length and breadth of the country regardless of distance. By another progressive step in the same direction in 1879 the publishers' flat rate was reduced to two cents a pound bulk weight, and finally, in 1883, Congress cut it down to one cent a pound, and at this figure it stood unchanged until superseded by the zone rates that took effect July 1, 1918.

Subscribers Got the Benefit of the Low Second-Class Postage Rate

It is recorded that when, in his early manhood, Abraham Lincoln served as a clerk in a country store in which the post office was kept, he esteemed it a great privilege that his employment afforded him an opportunity to read at spare moments the few newspapers and magazines that were subscribed for by the more prosperous patrons of the office. And this was because at that time the high zone rates of postage then prevailing prevented a wide and general distribution of periodical literature; the cost was prohibitive to the great majority of the small-town and rural inhabitants who would have to receive their copies by mail. But later, when a flat rate of postage had been substituted for the zone rates, and especially after the second-class rate was reduced to a cent a pound bulk weight for any and all distances, subscription prices of magazines and newspapers dropped so low as to be within the means of anybody anywhere, for distance did not count. The publishers passed on to their subscribers the benefit, not only of the full amount of the reduction of postage but more too, in their still larger reduction of subscription prices, and yet it paid them well to do so because of the very great increase in the number of subscriptions that it induced. In other words the large reduction in the postage rate and the still larger reduction in subscription price proved mutually beneficial to the reading public and to the publishers. In this connection it hardly needs to be pointed out that as circulation expands the cost of production per copy diminishes while the revenue from advertisements grows proportionally, thus enabling the publisher to give his subscribers larger value at a lower price under such conditions.

The beneficial effects of the cent-a-pound second-class postage rate, which was in effect from 1883 until 1918, were many and far reaching, but its most obvious results may be briefly summarized as follows: Under its stimulating influence newspapers and magazines multiplied amazingly in number, grew in size and for the most part improved in quality, while subscription prices dropped—most notably those of such popular monthly periodicals as, like COMFORT, having taken advantage of the opportunity afforded by the flat rate to expand their circulation to nation-wide proportions, offered subscriptions at prices so low as to be negligible items in the household budget; periodical literature ceased to be a rarity in rural homes, and families, even in the remotest sections, that did not regularly take at least one weekly or monthly publication became exceptional. This wide-spread dissemination of information was of inestimable value, but equally if not more important to the general welfare was the broadening and elevating influence that these magazines of nation-wide circulation exerted in breaking down local prejudices and building up national ideals and inspiring a spirit of national unity. No disparagement of the local newspapers and country weeklies is intended in pointing out that, although they have an appropriate sphere of usefulness, their inevitable limitations are such as to render it impossible for them to fill the place or serve the greater purposes of the large-circulation monthlies. Aside from any lack of financial resources to command the services of a large editorial staff and special writers, it would be impossible for a publication not having thousands of subscribers in each and every State to serve its readers as COMFORT does through the "Sisters' Corner" and the "League of Cousins" departments wherein ideas and information from all sections are presented and discussed. We mention these merely as illustrative of the many instructive and educational features of the magazines which convey a better knowledge of our great country, extend the range of mental vision and lead to more liberal modes of thought.

By Recent Raise the Zone Rates Have Become Destructive

THE previously mentioned War Revenue Act raised the first-class (letter) postage rate as well as the second-class (periodical) postage rate, but in so doing discriminated monstrously and oppressively against the latter class of mail matter. It merely lifted the letter postage from two up to three cents an ounce, a level raise of fifty per cent. which remained in force only until July 1, 1919, when the two-cent letter rate was restored; but with second-class postage it dealt very differently, for it not only made a like level raise of fifty per cent. in the cent-a-pound flat rate, but introduced a distinctly new and vastly important element of expense by limiting the flat rate (now a cent and a half) to such portion of a periodical publication as is devoted exclusively to editorial and other reading matter as distinguished from advertisements, and establishing a high and rising scale of zone rates which it made applicable to all such portions of a periodical as are occupied by advertisements.

As a rule periodical publishers favor their subscribers with a subscription price that does not cover the cost of production, and therefore have to rely on obtaining a substantial revenue from advertisements which must necessarily occupy a considerable portion of the magazine in order to pay expenses and secure a reasonable margin of profit. Thus the high zone rates on their advertising columns added to the fifty per cent. raise in the flat rate on their reading matter sections, with both coming at a time when the price of print paper and other expenses were doubling up, imposed a heavy burden that the periodical publishers could not carry except by raising subscription rates, as they have done though very reluctantly and only under pressure of necessity.

Nor is this the limit of the grievous consequences because the further raise of zone rates, which recently went into effect (on July 1, 1921), will, unless immediately repealed, necessitate a further raise of subscription rates, as may be understood from the following explanation.

The zone system of second-class postage rates, as established by the above-cited War Revenue Act, consists of a graded scale of rates which, like the parcel post rates, increase with distance—in fact the parcel post zones were adopted as second-class postage zones. Although the system went into effect July 1, 1918, with a scale of rates that ranged from a cent and a quarter in the first and second zones to three and a quarter cents a pound in the eighth zone it did not stay there, for the Act provided also that on the first day of each succeeding July to and including July, 1921, the rate in each zone should rise as per a specified schedule; and the rates have risen each year accordingly. By the latest increase, which has just gone into effect (on July 1, 1921), the zone rates of second-class postage now are 2 cents in the first and second zones, 3 cents in the third, 5 cents in the fourth, 6 cents in the fifth, 7 cents in the sixth, 9 cents in the seventh, and 10 cents a pound in the eighth zone.

These present zone rates of second-class postage are outrageously oppressive, and even more—they are positively destructive. During the past few years the combined effect of rising cost of production and increased postage rates, even before the latter reached their present high maximum, forced a large number of papers and magazines to go out of business, while many others cut off their circulation in the distant zones which they found unprofitable because of the high and rising zone rates. Furthermore, the raise in subscription prices, to which publishers were compelled to resort, caused a falling off in the number of subscriptions—showing that the people felt the effect of this high tax imposed by the Government on the dissemination of information to be burdensome.

As a concrete example of how the increase in second-class postage rates affects a magazine having a large nation-wide circulation we present the following actual figures (in round numbers) of cost of postage for mailing COMFORT to our subscribers. The cost of postage on mailing COMFORT for the entire twelve months next prior to the installation of the zone rates was thirty-three thousand dollars; for the first twelve months (July 1, 1918, to July 1, 1919) under the zone rates the postage was fifty-three thousand dollars; in each of the two succeeding years our postage cost rose with the successive raises of rates; for the twelve months ending July 1, 1921, it amounted to one hundred and thirteen thousand dollars, and if the latest raise of zone rates which took effect on the last mentioned date is to remain in force (as appears to be the Government's present policy) it will cost us about one hundred and forty thousand dollars for postage to mail the next twelve issues of COMFORT. In other words it is now costing us for postage at the present rates at least a round hundred thousand dollars more per year to mail COMFORT than it did five years ago, just before the zone rate increases began. The periodical publishers are striving to obtain a material reduction of the second-class postage rates, and unless it is granted very soon, magazine subscription prices will have to be raised again—COMFORT's with the others.

The Longworth Bill to Readjust the Second-Class Postage Rates

EARLY in the present session of Congress Representative Longworth introduced such a fair and reasonable bill for a revision of the second-class postage rates that it is amazing how our National law-makers could have failed, as they did, to give it a prompt passage.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Subscription price in United States and United States Possessions 50c a year; Canadian subscriptions 65c a year, foreign countries \$1.00 a year. No premiums or prizes will be given on Canadian or foreign subscriptions. Please send your renewal just as soon as your subscription expires. We can not send you even one copy of COMFORT, after expiration, until your subscription is renewed. If you do not get your magazine by the 25th of the month write us and we will send you another copy free. Please notify us immediately in case you move, so that we can change your address and see that you do not miss a single copy. Remember that we must have your former address, as well as your new address to make the change. Be sure to send both. We do not supply back numbers.

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\$1 Brings this Seamless Wool Face BRUSSELS RUG

Hartman's Newest Pattern—Full Room Size, 9 Feet by 12 Feet

The House of Hartman gives you the opportunity of a lifetime to get this magnificent seamless wool face tapestry Brussels rug on the easiest terms and at a **smashed price**. Only \$1.00 to send now—and we ship the rug. Use it *30 days on Free trial*, then if not satisfied, return it and we refund the \$1.00 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep it, take nearly a year to pay—a little every month. And remember, the **price is cut**—you save over a third. Even before the war this rug would have been an **amazing bargain** at this phenomenally low price. Not in years have we offered such a tremendous rug bargain. When it comes, compare it with similar rugs at twice the price.

Superb Coloring—Artistic Floral Medallion Pattern

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Important!

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Cut Price—and Nearly a Year to Pay

You would really expect to pay as much elsewhere for a small rug as we ask for this elegant full room size. And when our stock of these rugs is gone we may not have this particular pattern to send at any price. So don't put off too long. You take no risk. Keep it or return it—but get it now on the 30 days' free trial and see how it looks in your own home—then decide. Send only \$1.00 and the coupon now while the offer holds good.

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Name.....

Street Address.....

R. F. D. Box No.

Town..... State.....

Occupation..... Color.....

HARTMAN

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Audrey's Recompense

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MEETING IN THE LIBRARY.

ABOUT a week before Annie Noble's wedding-day, it was discovered that there were a number of trifles wanted for that important occasion which had been forgotten during the shopping excursions in New York, and Audrey, was somewhat better though still far from being herself, volunteered to run down to Bangor and make the required purchases. Mr. Starkey drove her over to the Lynn station the next morning, and waited to see her safely aboard the train, when he told her to take good care of herself, and he would meet her when she returned at night.

Already the drive in the fresh morning air had invigorated her, and she felt something of her old energy returning to her.

She found the journey to the city very pleasant and she actually enjoyed her shopping. She found Annie's list longer than she had thought, but she gave her mind wholly to it, and becoming really interested in her work, she was surprised to find how the time had slipped by, and that it was two o'clock when she reached the last article on her memorandum. Then, finding from her time-table that she had more than two hours remaining before her train would leave for home, she took a carriage to drive about the city for a while.

Among other places of interest, she visited the public library, and spent some time looking at the large collection of books, pictures and other objects of interest gathered there.

Finally she sat down at a desk and glanced through the visitors' book, to see if it contained any names that she knew.

There were none, and after writing her own, she arose and passed out of the room.

Just as the last flutter of her garments disappeared through the doorway a gentleman emerged from an alcove at one end of the room. It was Arthur Halstead! He went to the desk that Audrey had just left, sat down, and took up the pen her fingers had so recently held, to write his own name. His eyes fell upon the last one recorded upon the page before him. The ruddy color faded from his face as he saw those characters which years ago he had so loved to trace upon the white-winged missives that he had sent to tell her of his truth and faithfulness.

With a few rapid strokes he dashed off his own name, threw down the pen, and sprang from his seat. As he did so, something upon the desk arrested his attention. It was a lady's purse and card-case combined—a dainty little affair, having a gold clasp, chain and plate, and upon the latter there was a familiar monogram engraven.

He knew it instantly, for it was one that he himself had given to Audrey, in that sweet long-ago, as a parting souvenir. She had laid it sacredly by for long years, but of late something had inspired her with a desire to use it.

Taking possession of it, he hurried from the room, although with no definite purpose in his mind.

He had just crossed the vestibule, and was about to pass out of the building, when the door opened and a woman entered.

One glance was sufficient for those long-parted lovers to recognize each other, as they stood thus, face to face, for the first time after more than a score of years.

"Arthur!"

"Audrey!"

Eye spoke to eye, heart to heart, as their lips gave utterance to those names, which had been so sacredly enshrined in their hearts for the best portion of their lives.

Arthur Halstead put out his hand and clasped hers.

"At last I meet you!" he said, but his voice shook with emotion, and strong man though he was, he was trembling violently. "Are you well—are you better?"

"Yes, I am better; I was far too ill to see any one the day you called," Audrey answered quietly, though she, too, was pale.

His face lighted at her words. He had imagined her illness was merely an excuse for not meeting him.

"And you—are you well?" Audrey continued, for he still held her hand, and a strange feeling of embarrassment was stealing over her.

"Physically—yes; mentally—no," he briefly returned.

She looked up quickly, an expression of questioning and surprise in her beautiful eyes.

"And—your family?" she inquired, hesitatingly, not exactly knowing what else to say.

"I have none. My wife died a year ago last month, and I have no children."

Quick tears of sympathy sprang to Audrey's eyes; her heart was full, but her lips were mute.

He saw them, and added, more gently, as he held up her lost purse:

"You were coming back for this. I found it on the desk, recognized it, and was going to send it to you, if I did not find you."

"Oh, yes; thank you. I feared I had lost it," she replied, flushing, but taking it from him with an eagerness that told him how highly she still prized it.

He opened the door, and they passed out of the building together.

Audrey's carriage was waiting at the gate, and they proceeded toward it, an oppressive silence falling upon them.

He assisted her to enter, then leaning far in, he looked straight into her eyes.

"Audrey," and his voice shook with intensity of feeling, "may I go with you?"

There was a moment's pause, while their very souls seemed reading each other.

Then involuntarily Audrey put out both her hands to him.

"Yes—come," she said, in a low tone.

The coachman wondered what made the gentleman's face so white as he turned to him, and told him to drive wherever he chose for half an hour, and then take them to the station.

Then Arthur Halstead entered the carriage, shut the door, and drew the curtains across the windows.

Reaching forward, he gathered that pale, beautiful woman's hands once more in his, and said, in an agitated tone:

"Audrey, this means either hope and happiness to me, or disappointment and despair—let us settle it at once. You are still Audrey Waldemar—may I hope from that, that I hold my old place in your heart?"

"Yes, you always did—you always will, Arthur," she answered softly, but with trembling lips.

A great sob broke from his chest as he struggled for composure.

This great joy, coming so late, when hope had seemed almost dead within him, was more than he could bear with calmness; and it was several moments before either of them could converse upon the past or speak of the future.

For more than twenty years this strong, brave man had borne his secret sorrow, and patiently tried to do his duty by the gentle girl who had given herself to him, believing that she was to enjoy a life of happiness in his love and care.

But her fond heart had only too quickly discerned that she did not hold the first place in his

affection. Yet to all outward appearance, he was the tenderest and most devoted of husbands.

Ida Montrose had never been well. Her constitution was very delicate, and she could not endure either care or fatigue. It spoke well for her husband's faithfulness in that respect, that she lived for more than twenty years and lacked for nothing that could contribute, ever so little, to her comfort and amusement.

She was always patient and gentle, and he could not fail to be won, to some extent, by one so lovely in character. But the wound in his heart never healed. Audrey Waldemar had been loved with a deathless love, and her image could not be effaced from its shrine in his soul.

When at last his wife knew that she was upon her death-bed, she called him to her, and winding her arms fondly about his neck, said:

"Arthur, now that I know that I am dying, I am going to tell you of something that has lain heavy on my conscience for long, long years. I know all about that sweet, sad story of Audrey. You have told it to me yourself, little by little, in your dreams, as I have lain awake night after night by your side. Forgive me, dear, if I have been the cause of a bitter disappointment. If I could only have known—if you had only told me, it need never have been. Dearest," as he tried to interrupt her, "do not try to say anything to comfort me, for all my pain is past. I took my trouble to the 'Man of Sorrows' years ago, and He has helped me bear my burden; and though I could not understand why you and I must both pass through such deep waters, yet I know it has all been for the best, or it never would have been at all. If it is His will, I hope you may find her again, by and by, and have something of your lost happiness made up to you."

"Ida, do not talk thus. You break my heart. You know I love you."

"Yes," she answered gently, and tenderly stroking his face with her wasted hand, "I know you love me as a dear brother might love a fond, suffering sister, and you have been more than good to me during all these years. But I have loved you so well from the first that, could I have known what I now know that day when you came and asked me to be your wife, I should have told you no. Do not reproach yourself, dear Arthur, for anything, for you have no occasion; but if you can find her—Audrey—I believe, if such a thing could be possible, I shall be happier in heaven for knowing that, at last, you have your own."

And sitting there in that carriage, with Audrey's hands clasped in his, Arthur Halstead told her of all this.

"I tried to be faithful to the vows which I took upon myself," he said sadly. "I tried to love and cherish as I had promised; but oh, Audrey, never for a day could I forget my dear, lost love, nor how cruelly we had been parted."

"Ida died a little over a year ago," he went on, "just three weeks after I lost father. Poor man! I came very near letting him go to his grave with a thorn of bitterness in his heart on my account."

"I know," Audrey said eagerly, "and I was so thankful that you were at last at peace with each other."

"You know," and you were so 'thankful'! How could you have known anything about it?" he asked, in surprise.

Then Audrey told him how, screened from observation by that great oak tree, she had heard all that passed between him and his father.

"I could not get away without attracting your attention," she said, "and so I was obliged to sit still and listen; but, Arthur, I prayed very earnestly that you might be led to grant your father's petition and put the past forever behind you."

"But it was a hard struggle, Audrey, for I could not help remembering the means he had used to ruin my life."

"I know that you had much to forgive," she replied; "but he was very repentant, and he seemed a grand man, in spite of that great wrong which he had done. I admired him very much."

"You admired him," repeated Arthur, astonished.

"Yes, a mutual friend introduced us only a little while before that. Did he not tell you?"

"No, but that accounts for something which I never could understand before! My father seemed so humble that night—a strange thing for him, for he was an intensely proud man. He told me, if you remember, that he had come to realize the great wrong he had done me; he had seen you, Audrey, and that was why he realized it so keenly."

"But I am so glad, Arthur, that you haven't it to think of and wound you—that you would not forgive him. I believe, when I read of his death in the paper, I was nearer being content and resigned to my lot than I have ever been before, knowing that you two had parted in peace."

"And had you not heard that Ida was gone also?"

"No; and when you called at Mr. Starkey's recently, I supposed that you must be stopping in the vicinity with your family."

"Was that why you would not see me, because you thought I was still bound by other ties?" he asked eagerly.

"No, Arthur; I was really too ill to see any one. I will not say that I was sorry, for I believe it would have been more than I could have borne to have met and talked with you, still supposing there was an impassable gulf between us. Still, if I had been able I should have come down."

"And I believed that you would not see me—that you took that way to tell me you preferred not to meet me; for, Audrey, I sent you a paper months ago containing the announcement of Ida's death. I wanted you to know that I was free—for I had a faint hope that your heart might still be mine, even as my own was still yours."

"I never received the paper," Audrey returned, "but, Arthur, I think I shall always feel very tenderly toward her who loved you so well."

They had reached the station now, and Arthur Halstead accompanied Audrey to her train, found her a comfortable seat, and then settled himself beside her.

"I had intended going directly on to New York by the evening train," he said, smiling, "but, if you do not object, I think I will go back to Sherman for a while longer."

"I do not object," she answered, with expressive emphasis.

"And I am inclined to think," he added, in a low tone, "I shall not be willing that even a distance of five miles shall separate us long."

A beautiful color came into Audrey's cheeks at these words, and Arthur Halstead thought her even more lovely than she had been in her girlhood.

"You will not make me wait long, Audrey! You will give yourself to me—I may claim my wife soon, may I not?" he pleaded earnestly.

The rich glow deepened upon her face, as she answered.

"I believe it is right that I should be your wife, Arthur, and it shall be—when you please."

The look which he bestowed upon her was far more expressive than words, and from that hour the shadows that had rested for so long upon his brow and heart were all swept away, and his face beamed with a deep and abiding happiness.

Arriving at Lynnell they found Mr. Starkey, true to his promise, waiting for Audrey.

He looked somewhat surprised upon seeing her companion, and the air of proprietorship which he assumed; but when Audrey introduced him, remarking that he was an old friend, he recognized him as the gentleman who had appeared upon

the scene so opportunely at the picnic the previous week.

"Come home with us, sir," he said heartily, as he noticed the change in Audrey's face, which had been so pale that morning but was now radiant with hope and happiness. "There's always room for one more in the old homestead," he added, to emphasize his invitation, "and I'm sure we owe you enough to give you a warm welcome, if nothing more."

Mr. Halstead needed no second bidding, and took his seat in the carriage with no small degree of satisfaction.

When they arrived at the farm, Miss Starkey went out to greet them, and supplemented her brother's invitation with the warm welcome which he had promised him.

Just as the family were about retiring, there came a telegram for Miss Waldemar, from her old lawyer in New York, saying that he wished to consult with her upon a subject of great importance, and which would necessitate her immediate return to the city for a day or two.

Audrey was surprised by this imperative summons, and she was greatly puzzled as to what this important business could be. As it would not be prudent to ignore the lawyer's request, she decided to make an early start the next morning for New York, accompanied by Rich and Mr. Halstead.

But before going to rest she took Rich aside and told him briefly that Arthur Halstead had been her old-time lover—that it was for his sake she had been grieved and lived her lonely life, and that he had been the hero of the sad story of which he already knew something.

She told him, too, how the clouds had at last been all swept away, and that the autumn of her life promised a richer harvest than she had ever hoped to reap.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE NURSE'S STORY.

It was a very pleasant trip upon which our friends started the next morning.

Upon arriving in the metropolis, Mr. Halstead excused himself, pleading some business to which he wished to give his attention, thus leaving Audrey and Rich to go by themselves to see their lawyer, though he promised, upon Audrey's invitation, to meet them in their own home at tea-time.

When our friends reached Mr. Hosmer's office, he asked to see Miss Waldemar alone, and led her at once into his private office.

"There is a woman at the Bellevue Hospital who is very anxious to see you," he told her; "she is dangerously ill with rheumatic fever, and it is thought that she cannot live long. She sent to your rooms, three days ago, an urgent request to see you. The landlady directed the messenger to come to me to ascertain whether it was best to send for you. I myself went to the hospital to see the woman, to find out how urgent the case really was, as I felt that it was almost too bad to recall you just at this time."

The woman insisted that she must see you—said that she had an important secret to reveal to you, and gave her name as Margaret Fox."

"Oh!" exclaimed Audrey, greatly excited. "Shall we know at last?"

"You know her, then," said Mr. Hosmer, exhibiting some surprise, "and I have done right in sending for you?"

"Yes, yes! It would have been dreadful if she had died without telling me what I am sure she wishes to reveal."

"I tried to make her tell me what was on her mind, and I would communicate it to you. I stated that your nephew was about to be married, and I did not like to send for you to come such a distance, since you would be obliged to return again immediately. But this only agitated her the more, and she said she must see you at once—before this marriage took place. Then I was sure that it was a matter of importance—perhaps something connected with your protegee's parentage."

"You have done quite right, Mr. Hosmer, and I am glad I did not delay a moment in coming. I will go to her at once."

She hastened to the outer office, told Rich where she was going, but could not tell just when she should return.

Rich procured a carriage for her, saw her safely off, and spent the greater portion of the day in inspecting the cottage in the suburbs which he intended for his home-nest.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned to the city and to the rooms in ——— Street, where he found Miss Waldemar and a tempting tea awaiting him.

After the meal was over and they had repaired to the parlor, Audrey said:

"Rich, I have not told you anything about my visit to that woman today, because I wished to tell Mr. Halstead at the same time, and thus save a repetition of the story. Do you remember your old nurse?"

Rich looked surprised at this question. Was the mystery of his early life about to be explained?

"I have a faint recollection of a coarse, dark-looking woman who was not always very kind to me," he answered.

"Well, dear, it was she who sent for me, and whom I visited today," continued Miss Waldemar. "I found her very ill, and she was very much distressed lest she should die before she could find me and confess the story of her past life, and right, if possible, a great wrong. She had lived in New York for many years, and has kept track of us all the time. She did not intend, she said, ever to confess this secret, but something which I once said to her, and kindness which, upon one or two occasions, she had received from you, finally softened her."

"What!" exclaimed Rich, astonished, while light began to break in upon him, "kindness from me! When?"

"Once, when she fell and sprained her ankle, and again when you spoke kindly to her and expressed sympathy for her one evening upon the street; and she is the aunt of that man who attempted your life this summer."

"Yes, Crouch. But go on, please, Aunt Audrey."

"She told me," Miss Waldemar resumed, "that when she was a young girl she lived with a wealthy gentleman in this State, who had a son and a daughter. She was with them for several years, having been taken, when quite a child, to wait upon the mistress and little girl. She represented herself as having been a bright, good-looking girl, ambitious and high-spirited, and possessed with a feeling of rebellion and discontent because she had been born in such a humble station and was destined to toil for her own living. This envy, and a certain antagonism against every one more fortunate than herself, has been the bane of her life. She studied and tried to improve her condition. Her greatest mistake was in allowing herself to become enamored of the son of her master. He was unconscious of it, or if he did suspect it, never betrayed it. He was always kind to her, often making her little presents for services she rendered him, and this only added fuel to the flame. At last she became inspired with an insane hope that perhaps she might win his regard, entrap him into marrying her, and thus raise herself from the humble position of a servant to that of mistress of a handsome home."

"But all these wild dreams were suddenly brought to grief upon learning that the young man was about to be married to a beautiful and wealthy girl. This knowledge drove her to the verge of despair, and inspired her with an intense hatred for and a desire to be revenged upon one who had robbed her, as she believed, of all future happiness."

"To accomplish this, she begged, upon their marriage, to be allowed to go as a servant into their family. Her request was granted, and then

she only waited and watched for her opportunity. Her love for her young master increased as time went by, and in proportion to it grew her hatred for his wife. A year after their marriage a son was born to them, and this girl, having proved herself so trustworthy in all her duties, was deputed to officiate as his nurse, rather than give him to the care of a stranger, while her former place was filled by another servant. The beautiful boy grew and thrived under her care, and both father and mother appeared to live only for him; the father, especially, while he spent hours in the nursery watching his interesting ways, or giving himself up to merry frolics with him.

"All this time the girl continued to cherish her hopeless passion, and often when believing herself alone with her charge, she would talk to him of her love for his papa, and give expression to endless nonsense of that kind. One day, however, she got herself into serious trouble in this way. Her mistress had done something to displease her, and the circumstance had aroused all her furious hatred. Sitting in the nursery, with the child clasped in her arms, she began to babble of her love for its father and her hatred for its mother. She vowed that the little one should yet call her 'mamma' in place of the white-faced beauty who had robbed her of everything enjoyable in life. She declared that some day the mother would die, and then she would find some way to step into her shoes. A slight movement attracted her attention when her jealous fury had reached this pitch, and glancing up she saw her master's wife and sister standing in the doorway, and knew by the expression of their faces that they had heard what she said."

"An indescribable scene ensued; the sister denounced the vindictive servant in the severest terms, leaping contempt upon her, declaring in her scornful anger that she was not fit to clean her master's boots, much less aspire to become his equal. Her mistress commanded her to leave the house, she could not endure the sight of her after that or trust her with her child. But she assumed the most abject contrition, and begged and prayed to be allowed to remain with the child 'she so dearly loved.' She promised never to forget herself again, and pretended she had not meant half what she had said. Her humility deceived them, and recovering somewhat from their astonishment and anger, they thought they had perhaps attached too much importance to her senseless babble, and so they concluded to say no more about it, and to let her remain on probation. But only a deeper hatred took possession of her, and an insatiable desire to be revenged."

"Her opportunity came at last. There was to be a fair in the town near which they lived, and the servants were all allowed to attend it. On the same night the master's sister was to be married and this would necessitate his own and his wife's absence until a late hour. Only the nurse was left behind with the child; but she claimed that she had no fear, for the other servants would return by nine o'clock. As soon, however, as every one was gone this strange woman administered a sleeping potion to her little charge, arrayed it in warm clothing—for it was midwinter—dressed herself in a long, dark cloak, with a heavy veil over her face, and stole out of the house. Depositing the child in a summer house, she covered it warmly with a shawl, then ran back to the mansion, and in various places set fire to the lower part of the house. Accomplishing this dreadful purpose, she made her way from the burning building, caught up the sleeping child, and walked several miles to a town where she was not known, and where she took a train for New York City. Afterward, fearing discovery here, she made her way to that little manufacturing settlement near my former home. The house she had left to its sad fate was upon a large estate, somewhat removed from any other residence, so that when the fire was discovered the whole structure was enveloped in flames. When the master and mistress returned, their beautiful house had become a mass of smoldering ruins, while it was believed that both nurse and child had perished in the conflagration."

"Aunt Audrey!" cried Rich, starting up excitedly, and able to control himself no longer, "of course I know you have been telling me my own story, but I cannot bear any more until I know who were my father and mother. Who am I? What was their name?"

"Audrey arose, and going up to him, laid her trembling hands upon his shoulders, and looked fondly into his eyes.

"Rich," she said, in a low, tremulous voice, "you have no mother; your father is the man whom all my life I have loved. His name is Arthur Halstead."

Then, trembling and exhausted with all the excitement of the day, she sank weakly upon a chair, and, weeping, buried her face in her handkerchief.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN SEPTEMBER.



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Our Waterways

How Many Do You Know?

By Carol C. Crain

1. A reminder of our northern neighbor.
2. The color of blood.
3. A kind of summer entertainment.
4. Lofty in the middle and round at both ends.
5. Owned by the Evil One.
6. A dishonest person or thief.
7. The usual result of a fight.
8. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.
9. How would a stammering boy describe an unmarried lady hesitatingly drinking from a cup?
10. A covering for the shoulders, and alarm.
11. Higher in place or rank.
12. The foresight shown by God.
13. Both sick and loud.
14. An Irishman's favorite hue.
15. A reptile.
16. A very hard kind of stone used by the Indians for striking fire.
17. The state of which Denver is the capital.
18. The color of a lemon, and rock.
19. A fur-bearing animal that often walks upright and is greedy for sweets.
20. A political party now inside the White House.

ANSWERS.

1. Canadian River.
2. Red River.
3. Chautauqua Lake.
4. Ohio River.
5. Devil's Lake.
6. Rogue River.
7. Licking River.
8. Trinity River.
9. Mississippi.
10. Cape Fear River.
11. Lake Superior.
12. Lake Providence.
13. Illinois River.
14. Green River.
15. Snake River.
16. Flint River.
17. Colorado River.
18. Yellowstone River.
19. Bear Lake.
20. Republican River.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as having correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering, and unfortunately, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A SUMMER kitchen, such as described in the following letter, isn't possible under average conditions but its possessor is to be envied, these hot August days. Doubtless, some clever sister (and there are many of them) has solved the problem in cases where a separate kitchen isn't practical, so won't you tell us how you did it and perhaps we can persuade our respective "men folks" to help us carry out the same idea. Any suggestion, no matter how trifling it appears to you, that makes work easier, will be worthwhile.—Ed.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I am knocking again. I can't keep away for you are such a merry, helpful bunch that I have to run in every chance I get. I want to tell you about my summer kitchen that my brothers made for me. I guess every housekeeper has a hobby and mine is a kitchen exactly as I want it. A short distance from the main house, a new place where we moved this spring, was a two-room house and before we had been here two hours I had a little thought buzzing around in my brain that said, "There's your kitchen," but I never said a word for I am not "chief" now. I have a stepmother since I was in to see you last time. But I was planning just the same and wondering how I could bring it about when one day Father—the best ever—came in and wanted to know why we couldn't make a lovely summer kitchen out of those two rooms. My heart skipped a beat or two I think and then we went to work for there was much to be done. Soon by the aid of hammer, saw and paint and a shelf here and there it was as I wanted it. Then I found there would have to be a step sayer somewhere for it was always something in the house or something in the kitchen that was wanted. That little table over there is my helper. It holds my work basket and many a stitch can I put in while I watch the baking. There are my books and while you'd never guess it—even Buddie hasn't—just lift up that cloth a bit and you will see a bunch of letters, all nicely hidden, pen and ink where I can get them when I want to chat a while with pen friends. I found some lovely flowered cloth for curtains. Anyway, it is nice when the work is all done to go back to a clean cool house. Then I feel I am repaid for my work but I haven't done all I intend to.

Sisters, I want to know what you would do if you were just a girl twenty-three years old and not satisfied at home. Your mother dead and you had stayed home and kept them all together because you thought it your duty and then when you could go away and work for yourself you would hesitate because it meant someone else would have to help when you were gone and you had given up for so long that you felt you ought to stay and you could not look ahead to anything but more giving up till there was never a second that would be your own.

Would it be right to keep on giving up, or would it be best to let them know you were tired of being the underman, or is it wrong to feel this way about it? That is rather a long question but I want every sister to express her opinion.

If Mrs. Wilkinson knew how badly I want advice she would let all of you say your say about it. I shall appreciate it ever so much.

Your sister, MOLLY-JOE.

BLACK HILLS, S. DAK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

COMFORT has been coming to our family for nearly thirty years and if I were obliged to give up all of my magazines but one, I am sure COMFORT would be the one I would keep. I have been a subscriber only since I was married but father has always taken it.

I am the mother of three children, two boys and one girl, and what a responsibility we mothers have in moulding our dear ones' characters. As my children grow older I feel the responsibility becoming stronger. So many parents fail to realize the importance of every word spoken before their little ones, also each act. Children are quick to imitate and wrong much longer than they will remember anything wrong much longer than the good. Each one of us must be on our guard constantly so that our little ones may see the best there is in us.

Happy Mother, I wish I lived near you, for I think it would be worth while to know you. I should like to hear from you and will leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson.

I read not long ago of a little stone church which had the following inscription on its standard, "Do not work so hard for a living that you forget how to live." Surely there is food for thought. Many women work so hard to keep a home in apple-pie order that they forget how to live, just as some "work so hard for a living that they forget how to live." I want our home to be a true home for our children, one of pleasant memories and a happy childhood and I also want them to remember their mother as one who could, if necessary, leave some work undone in order to enjoy happy hours with them. We have them with us too short a time as children, so give them, also their father, as many hours as possible.

I was brought up to know how to do all kinds of work and never allowed one moment of rest until the housework was done so when I was married I was prepared for my work. I lived in the city all my life until after my first child was born and had taught school for years before my marriage. Three years ago we moved onto a large ranch in western Montana and my work became very heavy as we have had from 12 to 40 men to cook for and my family to raise. However, there was never a day but what I gave a certain amount of time to play with my little ones and as soon as the oldest one was old enough to understand stories I gave the hour after supper to reading and telling stories to him. I used to leave my supper dishes in order to do it and have never regretted doing so. I got up a little earlier to get them out of the way before breakfast. As soon as the children were old enough to help, each child was given a little task to do, then they knew that mother could give them just that much more time.

They have never heard their father and I quarrel, because we do not quarrel. We often disagree but never argue before them. They are fortunate in having a father whom I am not ashamed to hold up as an example for if they are as good and honest as he is I shall be perfectly satisfied. Discord between father and mother does more harm to children than one realizes.

Uncle Ruskin, I believe as you do about divorce. If

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE unexpected caller is greeted cordially enough but often, if she only knew it, her hostess' thoughts run something like this: "What shall I give her for refreshments? There isn't a thing in the house." The farm woman, secure in the knowledge that her hens and cow have not failed her, need not be worried. She knows she can set before them an appetizing drink of fresh eggs and milk that will taste better to them than anything else she could serve. The two recipes, given below, are good but the clever woman can add to the variety by experiments of her own. If you know something better, tell us about it.—Ed.

BLUEBERRY CAKE.—One-half cup sugar, one egg, butter size of small egg, one cup milk, two and one-half cups flour, two even teaspoons cream tartar, one even teaspoon soda, one cup berries, nutmeg. To be eaten with butter.

BLUEBERRY SHORTCAKE.—One cup sugar, two and one-half cups flour, one cup sweet milk, two spoons cream tartar, one egg, one spoon soda, butter size of an egg, one coffee cup of blueberries. Mix the cream tartar thoroughly in the flour, and dissolve the soda in the milk. Rub the butter and sugar together, add the beaten egg, then one-half the milk and flour. When this is thoroughly beaten, add the remainder of the milk and flour, then the blueberries.

TOMATOES WITH BACON.—Cut eight thin slices of bacon into small squares and fry to a light brown. If very fat, pour off a little of the grease and use for frying potatoes or fish. Add to the bacon one quart of fresh cut up tomatoes and cook twenty minutes, then



TOMATOES WITH BACON.

add four slices of bread that have been cut into small squares and very lightly browned in the oven. Season with salt, pepper and butter, pour into a baking dish, cover with fine bread-crumbs and brown in the oven.

RASPBERRY TAPIOCA PUDDING.—For a small pudding use one quart of raspberries, one-half cup tapioca, one-half cup sugar, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon lemon juice and one and one-half cups cold water. Put the tapioca on the moulding-board and crush as fine as possible with the rolling-pin. Wash it and soak in the water for three hours or longer, better over night if there is time. Put the soaked tapioca in a double boiler and cook until it is perfectly clear, then add the sugar, salt and lemon juice. Take the dish from the fire and stir in the raspberries. Rinse a bowl in cold water, pour the pudding into it, and set away to cool. At serving time, turn out the pudding on a flat dish and surround it with whipped cream.

BOUILLON.—The materials required to make two quarts of bouillon are: six pounds of beef from the middle of the round, two pounds bone, one tablespoon of salt, four peppercorns, four cloves, one tablespoon of mixed herbs. The meat should be cut into small pieces and covered with two and a half or three quarts of cold water. Heat slowly, add seasoning, and simmer till the juices are thoroughly extracted from beef, which will be in five or six hours. Boil down to two quarts, strain and set to cool. When thoroughly cold remove all the fat and strain through a cloth, if it is wished to be perfectly clear. Serve hot in cups. Other seasoning may be used if preferred.

WHITE SOUP FROM CHICKEN.—Take the bones and scraps of chicken left from frying and the gravy if there is any, add to it two quarts of cold water, salt and pepper to taste, a scant quarter teaspoon of cloves, half as much mace, half a small onion sliced and one-third of a cup of rice. Boil two or three hours or until the liquor is reduced one-half. About half an hour before serving add two scant cups of rich milk and a piece of butter half the size of an egg. If cream is used instead of milk no butter is needed. Make a thickening of one tablespoon of corn starch dissolved in a little cold milk, stir it into the soup and let it boil a minute or so, remove from the fire, strain and serve.

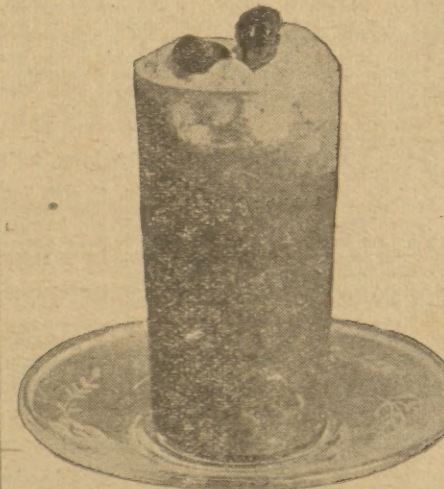
SALMON SALAD.—To one can of salmon add three potatoes that have been cooked and mashed; salt, pepper and mustard to taste, mix thorough with a little vinegar. Serve cold on lettuce.—Mrs. LIZZIE LAWLEY, West Frankfort, Ill.

CABBAGE SALAD.—One-half cup vinegar, fill the cup with milk, one teaspoon each salt, pepper and mustard, one large spoon of sugar and one egg; boil same as custard. Chop the cabbage very fine, and pour the hot custard over it.

COOKIES.—Cream one-half cup of butter, add gradually one-third cup sugar, one egg, well beaten, three-quarters cup flour, one teaspoon vanilla and one cup of chopped raisins. Drop from teaspoon onto buttered tin, two inches apart. Bake.—Mrs. H. M. B., Island Falls, Maine.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING.—One large spoon sugar, one dessert spoon salt, one of mustard, four eggs; stir well till mixed, add one tablespoon salad oil or melted butter, one cup of milk, two-thirds cup vinegar. Put in a dish and set in a kettle of hot water. Cook three minutes after it begins to thicken.

EGG DRINK.—Beat the yolk of one egg until it is a light yellow color; add one tablespoon of sugar and beat until creamy. Add any desired flavoring, vanilla,



FROTHY DRINK.

a grating of nutmeg or a pinch of cinnamon, and one-half cup of cold, rich milk. Beat again, and, lastly, lightly stir in the well-beaten white of egg. Top with one or two large raisins.

EGG COFFEE.—Prepare egg and sugar as above. Add one cup of cold, clear coffee and beat hard. Lastly, stir in the white beaten to a stiff froth and serve at once.

THEATRICAL SNOW.—Two pineapples, eight sweet oranges, one coconut grated, six bananas, one-fourth cup lemon juice, powdered sugar to taste. Peel the oranges, divide into sections, and remove the seeds and tough membrane. Put a layer of orange in the bottom of a glass dish, pour over it a little lemon juice and strew with powdered sugar; add coconut, banana cut in thin slices, and then a layer of pineapple. Repeat the process, using orange, coconut, bananas and pineapple, as before. The top layer is to be heaped high in the center and sprinkled thickly with coconut and powdered sugar and garnished around the base with slices of bananas. Coconut cakes or macaroons crumbled, may take the place of the grated coconut.

August Mornings

No other cereal dainty compares with Puffed Rice. Serve it every summer morning. Mix it also with your berries to double their delights.

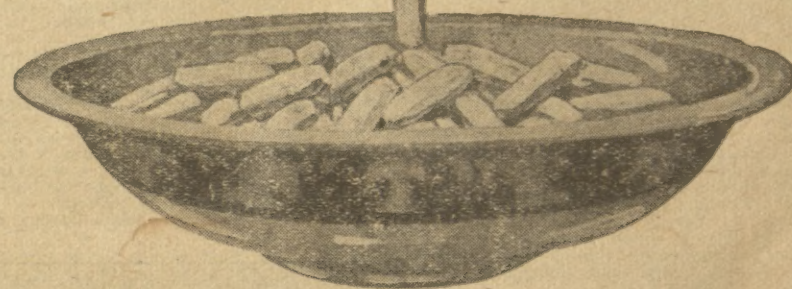
Crisp and douse with melted butter for afternoon confections. Use as airy, nut-like garnish on ice cream.

When you have such grain-made tidbits, serve in every way you can.

Toasted Rice Bubbles

We seal the grains in guns, apply an hour of fearful heat, then shoot the guns. Thus every food cell is exploded by its inner steam.

The heat gives the grains a delicious nut-like taste. The puffing makes them bubbles. So they come to you flimsy and flavory, ready to crush at a touch.



Puffed Wheat

is whole wheat puffed to bubbles 8 times normal size

Puffed Rice

is toasted rice grains steam exploded — airy, flimsy tidbits.

August Nights

Puffed Wheat in milk is the supreme supper dish. These are whole grains made wholly digestible, so all the 16 elements are made available as food.

Whole wheat is rich in minerals. Children should eat an abundance. Make this needed food inviting by serving in this flimsy bubble form.

Exploded Wheat

Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence. Millions now serve them, morning, noon and night.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

Her Two Suitors

By Wenona Gilman

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CHAPTER XXXVIII. (CONTINUED.)

HE put out his hand half blindly and placed it on her shoulder, but it quickly dropped away.

She turned to him suddenly, lifting shyly the eyes that drooped at once again, but something in the fleeting glance caught him.

His heart beat wildly. What was it he read there?

He caught her in his arms quickly, straining her to his breast.

"Dorothy," he cried passionately, "what is it? Oh, dearest, the end of all has come for me, anyhow. I am to be shut out of heaven one way or the other, and had better risk my fate. Dorothy, for God's sake, tell me what it is I read in your eyes? Who has taught you what love is? Answer me. I love you with all my soul, all my life, and have since the day you came to me, the gift of the storm. I know that it is to Sir Ralph Marbury's daughter I am speaking, and that I am only a one-time acrobat in a circus, but—Dorothy—if you love me—"

Not once had she moved in his embrace. Not once had she struggled to free herself.

There was even a smile on the sweet lips as she murmured softly:

"You have been a long, long time finding that out, Rudolph!"

His lips were upon hers before the words were finished, clinging there in a mad, passionate caress.

His arms enfolding her, while one hand pushed back the clustering curls from her brow.

"Sweetheart, love!" he murmured. "Oh, Dorothy, and you are quite content to be my wife? Think, dear. I asked you that once before, but you did not love me then."

"Nor did you love me."

"Not love you? Why, my darling, I would have given my soul for you."

"And you never told me?"

"How could I, when it would only have made you unhappy? Do you think I would have been selfish enough for that, knowing that you would no longer give me even the sisterly regard that you did then? Do you think I would have killed all your freedom in my presence? And then you—chose—him—"

"My pride chose him, Rudolph, not my heart! Even when I was his promised wife, it was you I loved—not he, though I had not realized it then. It was you I loved, and, oh, Rudolph, how my heart ached when you left me, because you would not be a party to my deception. How you must have despised me!"

"Never, my own love, never! There has never been a disloyal thought in my soul, never a moment when I did not worship you. And, oh, Dorothy, to think of your loving me! Me! And it is to me that you have given your precious heart! I can scarcely believe it true! When did you know, dearest?"

"When they talked of taking me away from you! I grew almost to hate my father and mother. It was like tearing the heart out of my body, Rudolph! And then I knew why! I knew that no other real love had ever come into my life but this. I could look back then and see so many things—understand so much that I never could before. Do you—remember—Miss Beaufort, Rudolph, and the conversation I overheard?"

"Yes, love."

"Oh, how I hated her, until I found you did not care! And then, when you promised you would never marry her, I was so sorry for her, Rudolph. I wanted to do anything—everything to make up to her for the loss she had sustained. Do you remember how hideously jealous I was?"

"Dorothy!"

"Oh, even you have not yet learned how deplorably weak and mean-spirited I am!"

"But I have learned that you love me—and now, when you might choose from the whole world! I know that you love me, a mere nobody at all, poor and humble, whom not a girl for miles around, save perhaps Miss Beaufort, would look at. I know that the whole world will laugh at your folly, Miss Marbury."

"Then let them!" she cried, happily slipping her arm about his neck as she had learned to do in childhood. "I don't care! I had rather be your wife than that of the greatest duke in the English peerage."

"But suppose your father should object?"

"Then let him. What is their claim upon me compared with yours? Oh, Rudolph, I half-believe I wish you would go back to the circus and take me with you. We have never been so happy since we left there!"

"But was not that because we were separated, darling? Do you not think you could be as happy with me in a ducal palace as in the tent of a circus?"

She laughed contentedly while her cheek lay against his so lovingly.

"That is reversing the order of things with a vengeance, isn't it?" she cried. "Oh, yes, Rudolph! I could share any fate with you, from the highest to the lowest; but it is going to be a very middle one, isn't it? I am going to be Mrs. Rudolph Griswold, the wife of Governor Fallows's private secretary. You see I have to come back to the name of Griswold, after all."

"And you are glad, dear?"

She turned and hid her sweet face in his breast, murmuring as she did so:

"Oh, Rudolph, I am glad of anything that gives me to you!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A TITLE.

"You have not told father, Rudolph?" Dorothy was standing beside him on the piazza at Ingle Nook, her pretty hand pushed through his arm, his hand holding it on the other side.

He looked down upon her fondly, so fondly that one might have called it adoration without overestimating.

"Not yet, love," he answered tenderly. "But I shall before the day is over. I have told him that there was something I wished to say, but that for certain reasons I should delay until this evening. He was very kind to me, though I think he suspects what it is I have to say, and is naturally a little disappointed."

"And is that the reason you hesitate to speak to him?"

"No, sweetheart. There is another reason, which you shall know in good time."

"More secrets, Rudolph?"

"No, darling; only a little waiting to save you disappointment."

He was looking very earnestly down the garden path as he was speaking, for almost the first time not giving her his absorbed attention. She followed the direction of his eyes, and saw a boy coming through the little wicker gate.

"Who is that?" she questioned.

"The messenger from the telegraph-office, if I am not mistaken," he answered, just a trifle breathlessly.

"You are expecting a telegram?"

"Yes."

"From whom?"

"Lord Austin. He went to New York this morning. He said he might telegraph me."

She looked at him curiously. There was such a funny sound in his voice, so—so muffled, when it was ordinarily so clear!

But there was not time for further questioning. The messenger from the telegraph-office was standing at the foot of the step.

He held a little black book in his hand, which he had opened, and was scrutinizing something inside very earnestly.

"Is the Earl of Dunleigh here, sir?" he inquired.

"Telegram came for him addressed to Ingle Nook, but none of us knew he was here."

"He is here," answered Rudolph curiously. "Give me the telegram."

Dorothy glanced at him, a little frown of perplexity between her eyes.

"The Earl of Dunleigh here?" she exclaimed interrogatively. "I didn't know that. He is Lord Austin's father, is he not?"

"No," answered Rudolph, tearing the envelope from the telegram.

"Why, Rudolph," she exclaimed, "you are opening it!"

Nevertheless, in spite of her astonishment and horror at his audacity in opening a telegram intended for another person, she read it over his shoulder:

"THE EARL OF DUNLEIGH, Ingle Nook Cottage, Village of Mayfair: Lord Austin and I will be with you this evening."

(Signed) "HENRY AUSTIN."

It told him everything, but Dorothy nothing. There was the same perplexed expression upon her countenance that there had been before when Rudolph took the book from the boy's hand and signed it.

She observed that his hand shook slightly as he affixed simply the name "Dunleigh."

"Please put your own name there as well," said the boy, who had not looked upon the opening of the telegram favorably.

Rudolph smiled.

"My name is there!" he answered gravely. "Take it back. You will find it quite correct."

The boy hesitated no longer, although he looked rather askance upon the man whom he now knew had been an acrobat in a circus.

Dorothy, however, was aghast. The boy had scarcely disappeared than she turned upon him, her voice tremulous with surprise.

"Rudolph," she cried, "what right had you to open a telegram to the Earl of Dunleigh and sign for it? I'm sure it is Lord Austin's father, because I remember hearing Kenneth Cameron mention it; and what does it mean, a telegram to the Earl, from Henry Austin saying that Lord Austin is coming? Who is Henry Austin?"

"He is the man you have known as Lord Austin."

"LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY;

Or,

When Hearts Are Burdened"

What prospect of a decent life can there be for a girl reared as the daughter of a professional gambler who includes burglary and murder in his repertory of crimes and is depraved enough to try to commercialize her youth and beauty?

What hope if she loves above her station and aspires to contract an honorable marriage?

Can she by any possibility rise from her despised position in the under world and cope successfully with an accomplished rival in the upper stratum of society?

If possible, "love will find the way"; but at best it will be a thorny path, beset with pitfalls and sprinkled with her tears.

The desperate struggle that the girl, thus pitifully circumstanced, makes for life, love and honor is strongly elaborated, with a wealth of thrilling incidents, in our new serial story, "Love Will Find the Way," by Wenona Gilman. It pictures in startling contrast life in the upper and under worlds in New York City. This intensely interesting story points a moral and is of an elevating tendency throughout.

Don't miss the opening chapters in September COMFORT; make sure by renewing your subscription now.

"Then who is the 'Lord Austin' to whom he refers?"

"His father."

"But—I—I don't understand it in the least. Who, then, is the Earl of Dunleigh?"

He did not reply at once. He led her to a chair, and while her eyes were never removed from his face, he pushed her gently into it.

It was not until he had taken his seat in front of her that he replied softly:

"It was in order that I might know the answer to that question before speaking to your father that I delayed asking his permission to make you my wife, darling. I wanted to be quite sure who it was that was asking his daughter's hand in marriage."

"But what has my marriage to do with the Earl of Dunleigh?"

"Everything, I hope, love, since you are to be Countess of Dunleigh."

"Rudolph! Are you jesting, or am I losing my mind? What are you talking about? It isn't possible that you are—Oh, pshaw! What absurdity is it that you are trying to make me believe? You are only fooling, of course."

"It would be a very poor jest, dear. While I was looking for your parents, Dorothy, I went to New York, as you know, to bring back the little clothes that meant so much in the identification of the baby that one of nature's freaks had placed in my charge. They were in a safety-deposit vault that Para rented years ago when I was little more than a boy. He took me there with him and had my name entered on the books and my description, and told me the password in order that I might be admitted to the vault without being compelled to go to law in the event of his death. He died, as you know, Dorothy, but I never thought there was anything in that vault beyond the baby-clothing that I saw placed there. I never went to the vault, therefore, until I wanted those clothes, and I found something that was nearly concerned me as the little clothing did you. It was a history of my own birth and the strange mischance surrounding it. You remember the night of Lord Austin's arrival here?"

"Yes, Yes."

"And of his start of surprise, noting my extraordinary resemblance to his uncle, Rudolph Austin, who, on his father's death, would have become Earl of Dunleigh, except that he had passed beyond earthly honors?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, it was my own father of whom he spoke, Dorothy—my own father, to whom I bore so striking a resemblance. I am not so fortunate as you, dear heart. There is no mother and no father waiting with open arms to welcome me. My poor father died in battle when I was a baby less than one year old, and my mother followed him from the shock. So that there are no dear ones waiting to welcome me to England, sweetheart, though I go there as the Earl of Dunleigh, possessor of one of the oldest names and one of the largest estates in England."

"How long have you known this, Rudolph?" she asked hoarsely.

"Never positively until the arrival of that telegram," he answered, seeing the drift of her thoughts, and taking her in his arms to comfort her. "I have suspected it for some time, but knew nothing definitely. So that it was Rudolph,

the ex-circus acrobat, that won your sweet, true love, my darling, though it will be the Earl of Dunleigh that will take you for his wife. Oh, Dorothy, darling, darling, don't look at me so reproachfully, as if I had deceived you. I can't help it, any more than you can being the daughter of Sir Ralph Marbury, and I wouldn't if I could."

Would you deny me the happiness of giving you even a greater name than you already possess? Would you deny me the happiness of surrounding the one I love with luxury and beauty? Would you take away from me the sweet knowledge that I am not dragging you down from your high estate by making you the wife of a circus attache?"

"But you love me, Rudolph, just the same?"

"Love you? Am I not the same Rudolph that taught you in your infancy to ride, to perform athletic feats, to be a girl of the circus, even though you never entered the ring? Am I not the same Rudolph that taught you your letters as well as how to love? Am I not the same, prince or peasant?"

"Oh, Rudolph," she cried, with almost childish glee, "they have all begun to run after me again as Sir Ralph Marbury's daughter, telling me that they always knew I was some one in particular, and that blood was always its own trade-mark, and all the rest of the folly; what will they do when they hear that I am actually the betrothed wife of the Earl of Dunleigh, and that you are the Earl?"

"Come, Dorothy," he said softly. "Let us go together and tell your father the story we have to tell. We have been together all our lives, my darling. There is no reason why we should be separated in this hour that means so much to our whole future happiness. Come, love, and let us go together."

CHAPTER XL.

CONCLUSION.

The sensation created in London social circles was not one whit short of the upheaval in America when it became known that Sir Ralph Marbury's daughter had been found after so many years of vain search and suffering, and that the son of Lord Rudolph Austin, the rightful heir to the title of Earl of Dunleigh and half a dozen other titles, had been discovered at the same time.

The sensation was even augmented when it became known that Miss Marbury would return to her native country as the Countess of Dunleigh.

And the stories that were told of her wondrous beauty and grace, and of the new Earl's inherit-

wound up the gala season at Dunleigh for that week, at least.

But at the end of it there was scarcely a drawing-room in England where Dorothy and Rudolph were not spoken of in the most glowing and enthusiastic terms.

"They have proven their claim to gentle birth more fully," Lord Arlington announced, "by the grace and dignity with which they have received the honors thrust upon them, than could have been done by all the papers and oaths in the world. A man and woman brought up as they were don't behave like that under such trying circumstances unless the blood is behind them. Dunleigh is a chip of the old block, and I must get about tomorrow to congratulate Lady Marbury on her most beautiful and charming daughter."

Sir Ralph and Lady Marbury were guests at Dunleigh with the old Countess of Brudnell, who would scarcely permit Dorothy to leave her presence, and the Austins still remained, while Miss Beaufort, of all the friends who had flocked about Dorothy just at the last when it became known that she was to be Countess of Dunleigh, was the only one honored with an invitation, an invitation which, it is needless to say, was accepted.

She had evidently forgotten her love for Rudolph, though she still admired and revered him above most men, but Henry Austin was gradually uprooting a love which would have been sinful under the circumstances, and there were many laughing comments on his attentions to the beautiful American. Mrs. Beaufort is delighted to have her daughter chaperoned by the Countess of Dunleigh, and so when circumstances make it impossible for her to remain longer in England, Rosalind is left behind at the earnest solicitations of the countess.

There is to be a drawing-room in January, and there is considerable speculation over the verdict of the queen, for, of course, the young countess is to be presented. Her superb gown has already come from Paris, and at Rudolph's earnest solicitation she adorns herself in it for his inspection. She looks rather aghast at the tremendous train that sweeps behind her, and then at him appealingly.

"How shall I ever be able to manage a ridiculous thing like that?" she asks helplessly. "I am perfectly certain that I shall fall over it in backing out of the old lady's presence, and—"

"Dorothy! Remember you are a loyal English subject now, and must respect the crown!" he interrupted, with an assumption of severity.

"Yes, I know," she cried, with suppressed wrath, "but what in Heaven's name is the good of wasting all that material, enough to make two more gowns? And then that absurd head-dress! I know I shall look like a guy, Rudolph, and be laughed at for my pains. All this trumpery is not becoming to me!"

"Nevertheless, you look like an angel!"

"Oh, you always say that, but unfortunately the rest of mankind don't agree with you."

"I have never heard a different opinion yet."

"Well, you don't suppose people are coming to you to criticize your own wife, do you, Mr. Silly?"

"There are no 'Misters' in England among respectable people," he asserted solemnly, though there was a twinkle in his eye which she understood.

She ignored his remark, however, and continued:

"I wish they'd let me appear in accustomed attire and give me gauze and tights, such as Clara Fulton used to wear. I'd make a sensation then."

"Yes, I think you would. You'd make a sensation in most anything. Pshaw, Dorothy! You are only trying to make me tell you for the millionth time that there isn't a woman in England who can compare with you, and you know it! You have been complimented so much that it is absolutely becoming food and drink to you. You are welcome to my opinion upon the subject all the time, and that is that you are the most beautiful woman, the sweetest angel that walks the earth, and—"

"Rudolph! Great heavens! what are you doing? Do you forget that this is my presentation gown, and that you will have it ruined if you persist in hugging me like that?"

"I don't care! There are plenty more where that came from, and the fortune of all the Dunleighs to pay for them with."

"Yes, I know, but I should never get another so lovely as this, nor so becoming."

Rudolph laughed.

"And yet five minutes ago you were calling yourself names and asserting that you would look a guy. Oh, Dorothy, what frauds and swindlers you women are! Take it off, do, please. If I have got to keep away from you don't put it on again until the hour of the reception. Let me play maid and help you."

"Do you want Celeste to be so shocked that she will never recover? I'm afraid you are painfully plebeian and American, Rudolph."

He laughed again.

"I thought I was getting through with my part capitally. Don't discourage me. But, seriously, love, do you never wish for free old America, and to be rid, for a little while at least, of all this tomfoolery, this pomp and show which has no depth and no sincerity to it? Don't you wish we could go back for a little while to a little cottage like Ingle Nook, with just dear old Nemo and the horses, to be quite alone, living for ourselves and our love?"

A little wistfulness came into the pretty eyes. Regardless of her grand costume she leaned her head against his shoulder and sighed a trifle.

"I suppose we shall get accustomed to this by and by and like it as they do," she said dreamily. "Of course, now it seems horribly unreal and stacy to us, but at least we have each other and our dear, quiet hours alone every day. And then too, we can cut it all and travel when it gets a little beyond us."

"Don't you think a month of Alaska, or Africa, or Zululand would be a benefit to our health after the drawing-room?"

She lifted her lips for the kiss which she saw descending, and answered softly:

"Wherever you are, Rudolph, there is my happiness and my desire."

THE END.

Balked on the Walk

Among the enthusiastic fair sex in China the Western style of marriage wins great popularity. A young couple were being married in the regular Occidental fashion.

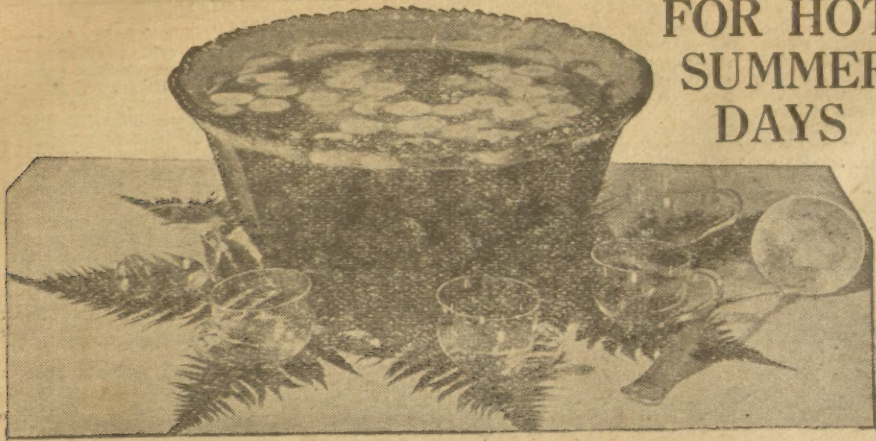
The minister asked: "Do you take this man to be your husband and you will always love him?" She nodded her head.

Then he continued: "Will you go with him wherever he goes?"

"No!" was the answer. "How absurd! He is a postman and walks nine miles a day."—*Far Eastern Republic.*

Forest lookouts lead lonesome lives, but not devoid of excitement. At Mount Eddy in the Shasta region of California, recently, the United States Department of Agriculture Forest Service is advised, lightning struck the lookout station, tore a four-foot hole in the wall and stunned the lookout, J. S. McClellens. He recovered just in time to save the house and his own life. Thirty-five lightning fires were caused in that vicinity the same day.

REFRESHING DRINKS AND SALADS FOR HOT SUMMER DAYS



By Violet Marsh

Health in Vegetables

COLD fruit drinks are first aid to health and comfort during the hot, sultry days that tax our strength and ambition. Such drinks should be neither too strong with fruit, nor over-sweet. They should be cold, but not iced. The fascinating custom of sipping drinks through a straw is more healthful than rapid swallowing, and should be encouraged if possible. A stalk of clean straw from the field will provide an abundance of straws for a small outlay of time.

PLAIN SYRUP.—It is well to make a quantity of syrup in advance, and have it bottled ready for use. To one quart of cold water add two pounds of granulated sugar. Let it stand until nearly dissolved. Bring to the boiling point and add two pounds of granulated sugar. Let it stand until nearly dissolved. Skim carefully and bottle.

GRAPE LEMONADE.—Squeeze juice from fresh grapes, add one-fourth glass of lemon juice to each glass of grape juice. Add water and syrup to taste.

FRUIT PUNCH.—To one quart of syrup, use grated rind of two and the juice of six large lemons, the grated rind of four oranges, one quart of fresh grape juice, one pint of fresh cherry juice, or one-half pint of bottled cherry syrup, one cup of pineapple juice, and two thinly-sliced ripe bananas. Stir all together and let stand over night. Dilute with water to taste, adding more syrup if necessary. Just before serving add one cup of strong tea.

LEMON SYRUP.—Two pounds of sugar, the grated rind of three lemons and three pints of water, boiled together ten minutes. Add the juice of the lemons to hot syrup. Bottle for future use.

COLD GINGER TEA.—Add one teaspoon of ground ginger to one pint of water and simmer ten minutes. Strain through cloth. When cold, add one-third cup of lemon syrup and sugar to taste.

CURRENT WATER.—Mash one pint of stemmed currants and mix into one quart of water. Strain through a cloth. Sweeten with syrup. Any of the berry juices may be used in the same way.

Preparing the Fresh Vegetables

Practically all green plants contain a large percentage of water with a larger or smaller percentage of starch and some nitrogenous material, sugar, gum, other carbohydrates, crude fiber and mineral matter. The fruits and seeds of some plants are rich in fat, but the plant itself rarely contains any appreciable amount of this constituent. Most vegetables contain small amounts of volatile essential oils, or other bodies of pronounced flavor, and owe their characteristic taste to such constituents; sugar and acids when present, as they often are, and mineral salts, found in all vegetable foods, also contribute their share towards the flavor.

SWISS CHARD is a variety of beet in which the leaf stalk and midrib have been developed instead of the root. The green tender leaves are prepared exactly like spinach; without the addition of water except what clings to the leaves from the final rinsing. The midribs of the full-grown leaves may be cooked until tender, chopped and seasoned with salt, pepper and butter.

BEET GREENS are washed and cooked without separating the roots from the leaves. Use as little water as possible, that the valuable juices may be retained. Season with butter, salt and pepper. Unfortunately, of late years the leaves are attacked by insects; therefore they must be examined, leaf by leaf, and all which are infested rejected.

LETTUCE which is overgrown and headed makes delicious greens. Use no additional water after rinsing, cover closely and steam-cook on back of stove.

GREEN PEAS should be cooked as soon as possible after gathering, and are at their best just before the pods are full. Add boiling water until you can just see it, and then boil hard until the skins begin to shrink which with some varieties require about 25 minutes. Overcooking spoils the color and flavor. The addition of a little sugar to the water in which they are cooked brings out the flavor. Never add salt until the peas are done.

SUGAR PEA Pods containing tiny peas make a delicious dish. String them the same as bean pods, and cut into two or three lengths. Cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and season with salt, butter and a dash of white pepper.

SPRING BEANS of the stringless varieties raised by our progressive farmers constitute one of our most healthful, nutritious vegetables. Where the beans are partly grown, the food value is greater,

and the flavor is improved. If the pods are wilted, soak over night in cold water. String and snap into inch lengths. Have the water in which the beans are to be cooked boiling hard, with a good fire under the kettle. Add only a handful of pods at a time, so that the temperature of the water will not be greatly reduced, and do not add the next handful until the water boils again. Continue until all the pods are in the water. This process requires a little more time, but the results are better, and the beans cook in about half the time it requires where they are all added to the water at one time. Add salt when about two-thirds done.

SCARLET RUNNER BEANS in this country are raised almost exclusively as an ornamental plant, but in Great Britain are highly prized for the table. Prepare and cook the same as string beans.

GREEN LIMA BEANS are shelled and covered with boiling water. Bring to a boil quickly, and then set where they will slowly cook until done.

TURNIPS are frequently spoiled by overcooking, which renders them rank-flavored and dark in color. Peel and slice, and drop into boiling water. They are done when the softest parts can be easily pierced with a fork. A corky turnip will never cook soft, so as soon as the test can be applied to the softest parts, the turnip should be drained, cut into small pieces and put through the potato masher, discarding the coarse portions which will not press through.

Add a little salt just before they are done. Season with salt and pepper, butter or heavy cream.

ONIONS are eaten raw, boiled or baked. In peeling, if they are held in a pan of cold water, no unpleasantness will be experienced. Cover with boiling water, cook ten minutes, drain and add fresh boiling water if a mild flavor is desired. Or, instead of adding more water, add one pint of hot sweet milk to a quart of onions, and simmer until done. Beat together one tablespoon of butter and one level tablespoon of flour. Add one level teaspoon of salt, and one-fourth of a teaspoon of pepper. Gradually beat in about half a cup of the milk in which the onions are cooking. When smooth, stir the mixture into the onions and milk. Cook ten minutes longer and serve.

Onions are baked whole in a deep, closely-covered dish. They are very wholesome and beneficial.

GREEN PEPPERS are stuffed and baked. Use only tender sweet peppers. For six medium-sized peppers make a dressing in the following manner: Soak in cold water enough stale bread to make one pint when the water is pressed out. Season this with one teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of butter, a little parsley, chopped celery and onion juice. Cut off the stem end of the pepper and remove all the interior, being careful to take out every seed. Fill the peppers with the dressing. Place them on end in a shallow baking dish and pour around them a sauce prepared as follows: Put into a saucepan one tablespoon of drippings, and when warm add one tablespoon of flour. When smooth and lightly brown, add one and one-half cup of water, or thin gravy. Cook five minutes and pour around peppers. Add chopped meat to the dressing if desired. Bake in a moderately hot oven one hour, basting frequently.

EGGPLANT is cut into slices about half an inch thick and pared. Sprinkle the slices with salt and pile them upon one another, and then put a plate with a weight on top of the slices. Let them rest for an hour. Beat one egg well with one tablespoon of water and half a teaspoon each of salt and pepper. Dip the slices of eggplant in the egg, then in dried bread-crumbs. Let stand for twenty minutes and then fry brown in deep fat.

SQUASH is boiled, steamed or baked. Summer squash are gathered while the shell is very soft, and can easily be pierced with the thumb-nail. The whole squash is cooked soft and mashed, including the shell and seeds. Hard-shelled varieties are first cooked and then scooped out of the shell. Squash is flavored with butter, pepper and salt.

GREEN CORN is often spoiled by overcooking. If a large quantity is to be cooked, it is better to use two or more kettles, for when the corn is crowded into a kettle of boiling water, the temperature is very much lowered and the time of cooking must be increased. When the temperature of the water is not lowered greatly, the corn will cook in ten minutes, if it is young and tender.

NEW BOILED POTATOES are just covered with boiling water to which a little salt is added. As soon as they can be pierced with a fork, they are drained and the skins rubbed off. Have a little melted butter in a saucepan, put the boiled potatoes in and shake them about until they are

well buttered. Remove to a hot dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

CAULIFLOWER is a most delicious vegetable when properly prepared and cooked. Overcooking spoils it. Remove all the large green leaves and the greater part of the stalk. Put the head down in a pan of cold water which contains to each quart a teaspoon each of salt and vinegar. Let it soak in this water an hour or more, to draw out any worms that might be hidden in the vegetable. When ready to cook, put the cauliflower into a large stew-pan, stem end down, and cover generously with boiling water. Many tie the cauliflower in a piece of thin muslin to prevent it breaking apart. Add a teaspoon of salt to the water and cook with cover partly off. A large, compact head should boil half an hour, and the smaller ones about twenty minutes.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS are a species of cabbage which forms in many small heads about the size of an English walnut on the stock of the plant. To prepare, remove the wilted or yellow leaves from the little heads or "sprouts," cut the stock close to the head, and soak in salted water one or two hours. Boil rapidly for fifteen or twenty minutes. Season with butter, salt and pepper.

CABBAGE has greater food value when eaten raw, because the relatively large amount of sulphur it contains is likely to render the cooked vegetable indigestible and cause flatulence in most cases. Raw cabbage crisped in cold water, then shredded and mixed with a little boiled dressing is a delicious and healthful salad. Overcooking should be avoided. Cabbage should be coarsely cut up, and soaked in cold salted water, then dropped into rapidly boiling water, a little at a time, keeping the cabbage well under the water. When rapidly boiling, partly remove the cover, but not enough to check boiling, and cook between 20 and 30 minutes. By this process the cabbage retains its color and natural flavor, and is tender but not shrunken as when cooked until it is discolored. Mince and season with butter, salt and pepper.

CARROTS are very important in the diet, from the standpoint of health. Young, tender carrots eaten raw are very beneficial to the blood. It is an old saying, "Carrots for beauty and beets for strength," and while this cannot be taken literally it has a great deal of truth in it.

Scrape the carrots and slice, or cut into long, thin strips. Cover with boiling water and cook until tender. The advantage of cutting into pieces is that it requires much less time to cook the carrots, and consequently less of the vitamins are destroyed. Add as little water as possible while cooking. If it becomes low, set the stew-pan on the back part of stove and slowly finish cooking by their own steam. Remove carrots, season the liquor with butter, salt and pepper and pour it over the carrots. Or make a white sauce of the carrot water and pour it over.

Carrots may be candied the same as sweet potatoes. Boil same as for table and spread in baking tin. Boil down the liquor, add a little brown sugar, a pinch of cinnamon and salt, and some butter. Pour it over the carrots, and place in a hot oven to brown.

STUFFED BEET SALAD.—Boil new beets of uniform size, plunge into cold water and scoop out the centers to form cups of the beets. Slice a bit from the bottom to make them stand in a bed of lettuce leaves. Mix together some chopped hard-boiled eggs, some chopped celery and cucumber, and some of the beet with mayonnaise or French dressing.

TURKISH SALAD.—Remove seeds from one green pepper and chop. Put together one cup of tender chopped celery, one cup of chopped summer apples, half a cup of chopped walnut meats, one tomato cut into small pieces, and the pepper. Toss together, add mayonnaise, arrange in a bed of lettuce leaves, and serve.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING.—One tablespoon of salad oil mixed with one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of mustard, and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. Add two whole eggs and beat five minutes, then add one-half cup of vinegar and beat one minute. Add one cup of fresh milk, stir it in and set the mixture into a pan of boiling water to cook until it is the consistency of thin cream, which will take about ten minutes. It should be stirred constantly. If butter is substituted for oil, it is added just before the dressing is taken from the fire. Cool and put into a glass jar. This dressing will keep indefinitely in a cold place, and is excellent with nearly all kinds of cold cooked vegetables or raw cabbage.

FRENCH DRESSING.—In a small bowl put one-fourth teaspoon of salt and one-eighth teaspoon of white pepper, and a dash of cayenne. Add a little salad oil and stir well, then gradually add the remainder of the oil, four tablespoons in all, stirring all the while. Lastly, stir in four tablespoons of vinegar. Dilute the vinegar a little if very strong.

GRAPEFRUIT SALAD.—Grapefruit freed from all skin, strips of ripe banana, fresh cherries and the tiny leaves from the lettuce heart were used in this salad. Make a dressing of salt, sugar, a dash of cayenne, lemon juice and salad oil, the same as French dressing.

Green Corn—Dried or Canned

With careful preparation, sweet corn may be dried and stored for winter use. Many housewives consider this process superior to that of canning for corn.

Corn intended for drying should be gathered when in the milk stage, before glazing and hardening have begun, and when the corn is in an ideal condition for immediate table use. Gather only as it can be prepared for drying, as corn deteriorates rapidly. Husk the ears and trim off any injured kernels. Place the ears in wire baskets and plunge into boiling water for eight to 12 minutes to set the milk. It is well to first divide the corn into lots, if there appears to be much difference in age, keeping the older a few minutes longer in the boiling water. Blanch the corn in small lots and over a very hot fire, so that the temperature of the water may be nearly maintained.

Remove corn from the water; drain and cool until it can be handled. Cut from the cobs with a strong, sharp knife, taking care that none of

the cob is removed with the kernels. Spread the kernels upon trays to a depth of one inch if drying is done in a drier, or spread evenly, one kernel deep, if dried in the sun. Stir thoroughly several times while drying, whatever process is used, that any compact masses may be broken up.

Few localities afford a sufficient degree of dryness to finish the corn by the unaided heat of the sun, so that it is essential to finish the drying by placing the corn in large shallow pans in the oven for two hours, stirring it frequently. The temperature of the oven should be about 160 degrees, which is a "moderate" baking heat. The finished product will be hard, and have a semi-transparent appearance. Do not allow the corn to stop drying from the time it is started, or it will surely spoil by souring. If sun drying is interrupted by cloudy weather or showers, remove corn to indoors that the drying may continue.

The Invaluable Tomato

As a convenient and healthful food, the tomato has long since been regarded as the housewife's good friend. We all know that if the soldier and sailor can have plenty of canned tomato that he will not suffer from the various diseases of malnutrition, due to lack of vegetable and fruit acid in the diet.

The dietitians and other scientists are doing much research on the theory that the vitamins contained in uncooked food are essential to health. One of the latest discoveries is that the tomato contains an essential vitamin, which is not destroyed by cooking. Another claim is that this vitamin is the same as found in orange juice, and that tomato juice will take the place of orange juice for babies who are fed on pasteurized milk. The temperature maintained in pasteurizing milk destroys a large portion of the vitamins that the raw milk originally contained and that is why babies have been found to gain rapidly where a teaspoonful of strained orange juice was fed between bottles; the dose lessened if the bowels are over-relaxed.

All this leads up to the need of a large store of canned tomatoes for winter use, and a daily consumption of the fresh tomatoes while they are to be obtained.

TOMATO SALAD.—Choose tomatoes ripened on the vines if possible. If very ripe, they are peeled without plunging into boiling water; otherwise, pour boiling water over them, and let them stand about one minute. Lettuce, crisp cucumber and tomato make a delicious combination served with French dressing.

TOMATO FRITTERS.—Reduce one quart of tomatoes to one pint by boiling. Season with salt and pepper and cool. Add the well-beaten yolk of one egg, and fine bread-crumbs to make a stiff batter. Drop by spoonfuls into deep fat and fry brown. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

RING COOKIES WITH RAISIN FILLING.—Cream together one cup of sugar and one-half cup of shortening. Add one well-beaten egg, one teaspoon of lemon extract, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half cup of milk and three cups of sifted flour mixed with two rounding teaspoons of baking powder. Roll thin and cut with large doughnut cutter, if the ring cutter is not convenient. Bake in a rather hot oven about ten to twelve minutes.

FILLING.—Three-fourths cup of sugar, one and one-half tablespoons of flour or corn-starch, one cup of clean raisins chopped fine, a little salt and one cup of boiling water. Cook until thick. When cold, spread between cookies.

Interesting Facts about Common Expressions

By Kay MacDoe.

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NOWADAYS the word "honeymoon" is generally used to designate the holiday spent by a couple immediately after marriage before settling down. The expression originated among the ancient Teutons. It was customary for newly-married couples to drink a kind of wine made from honey during the first month or moon after the wedding. The term was also used with reference to the phases of the moon which is no sooner full than it begins to wane.

"Kick the bucket," a slang expression meaning to die, is said to have had its inception in this way: A man by the name of Bolsover stood on a bucket while arranging to hang himself by tying a rope around his neck and then to a beam which he could reach only by standing on the bucket. When the preparations were complete he "kicked the bucket" out from under his feet and succeeded in accomplishing his purpose.

The name "calico" was given to a fabric of cotton cloth which was first manufactured in Calicut, Madras, and was first brought into England in 1631.

The term "Yankees" is probably a corruption of "Yengees," the Indian pronunciation of English, or perhaps of the French "Anglais." The British soldiers first applied it to the New Englanders as a term of reproach, later to distinguish the people of the North from the Southerners, and lastly during the World War to Americans in general.

The word "News," which is used to designate what the newspapers print, had its origin in a most interesting way. In the earliest chronicles

printed, the publishers had this sign (W—E)

on the front page of the paper, indicating that happenings from the four corners of the globe were printed in its columns. Later some ingenious man arranged the four letters in a straight line at the top of the first sheet like this: N. E. W. S. Of course each one of the letters stood for a point on the compass but in time the origin of the word was forgotten and today the word is used by everybody without the knowledge of its proper significance.

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Cubby Bear's Grandpa in the Circus

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"W HEN will you tell me the story of Grandpa Woolly Bear's red cap?" asked Cubby wistfully. "As well now as ever," answered Grandma Bear briskly. "Oh, here is Racky Coon at the door," said Cubby. "Good morning, Racky. Come in."

"Then we can wait until some other time for the story," said Grandma Bear. "Oh, no! I am sure Racky Coon would like to hear it, too!"

"Indeed I would," said Racky. "What is the story about?"

"Oh, it is a wonderful story," Cubby told him, "about my Grandpa Woolly Bear. He was captured when he was a little bear, and lived for a long time with some children—Plumpty and Carl, and little Lily. He gave them rides on his back, and in a cart. Then one day a strange man came and led him away. See, this beautiful red spangly cap belonged to him."

"Grandpa Woolly Bear did not stay long in his next home," said Grandma Bear. "He lived in a pen with a high fence around it, and cruel boys used to throw stones at him, and poke him with sticks. It made him cross, and he growled and showed his teeth at them."

"Then he was put into a big box, slats were fastened across the open end, and he was put into a car drawn by a horrible black creature that shrieked and puffed out clouds of smoke. Then, when his ride was ended, he was taken to a strange place where all was noise and confusion, and placed in a large cage with iron bars. The cage stood on wheels, and afterward he had many a ride in it. There were many people hurrying about, and enormous tents, and animals from many lands whose names Woolly did not know, though he afterward became acquainted with some of them. Most of them were in cages like Woolly's, but the great elephants were too large for cages."

"What are elephants?" asked Cubby.

"They are ungainly creatures of wondrous size, and have thick gray skin, without fur or feather to cover them. But the strangest thing about them is the nose (at least Woolly supposed it was a nose), as large around as the trunk of a fair-sized tree, and long enough to touch the ground."

"Oh!" cried Cubby Bear. "Grandpa Woolly must have been joking when he told you that!"

"Oh, no!" said Grandma Bear. "It was really so. Then there were queer, spotted leopards, looking a little like our Policeman Bob Catt, but very fierce and cruel; and lions with manes, whose roar was enough to make Woolly cower in the darkest corner of his cage. You have seen little Greenie and Blackie Snake, but what would you think of a great snake with a body as large around as Racky Coon's, and as long as from our door to that pine tree over there—a snake with a big, flat head, fierce eyes, and a long, forked tongue which darted in and out of his mouth, while he hissed wickedly?"

Cubby and Racky were listening breathlessly, and did not answer.

"There were snarling camels with great humps on their backs, and an unwieldy hippopotamus that liked to lie in the water—so heavy and dull that he seldom moved. The cage next to Woolly's was full of queer, chattering little creatures, who climbed all over the cage and gambled and quarreled together."

"Who are you?" one of them asked Grandpa. "I am Woolly Bear," he answered. "Well, I am Monkey Munk," said the other, "and this place is a circus. What tricks can you do?" "Not any," answered little Grandpa. "Then you will have to be trained," Monkey Munk told him. "Every animal has to that knows enough to learn, and I have heard that bears can do almost anything." Of course Woolly felt pleased at that.

"It was as Monkey Munk said. A trainer with a whip took poor Woolly from his cage, and his training began. Some things he could already understand, and he easily learned more, so the whip was not much used, and soon he could do many tricks, which brought shouts of laughter from those who watched him. The circus traveled from place to place, giving two performances and a street parade every day. The traveling was done in the latter part of the night and early morning."

The first day Woolly did his tricks in the ring for all the people in the big tent to see, he was given his beautiful red cap. He danced, jumped through a hoop, wrestled with a clown, and

climbed a pole. But the thing people laughed at most was when he wore a white cap and apron, and wheeled a little carriage, in which rode Monkey Munk, in a long, white dress.

"Children who came to see the circus were sometimes allowed to ride on Grandpa Woolly's back, which they seemed to think great fun. He had a saddle and a bridle."

"Every day when the sun was high overhead

a fine red, white and blue flag, while he walked on his hind paws. His trainer led him by a little chain at first, but afterward he marched all by himself, and felt very grand indeed in the big parade, while crowds of people standing on the sidewalks cheered.

"One summer day, when the afternoon performance was over, and Woolly's trainer was putting his saddle on for some children who wanted

long, yellow, curling hair like Lily's. It was not Lily, but some other little girl, as Woolly found when he came near her. The strange child with hair like Lily's screamed with fright, and clung to the man who was with her. Poor Woolly! He was so disappointed he whined with grief, and to add to his trouble, his trainer whipped him and shut him in his cage. He was given no supper that night, but as he was looking unhappily out through the iron bars, a piece of bread came flying in, landing at his feet. He looked up to see where it came from, and there was Monkey Munk, grinning across at him from the next cage. Woolly Bear felt a little comforted as he ate the bread, knowing that he had at least one friend.

"Then followed the evening performance, and in the night, workmen took down the great tents, and when everything was packed ready for moving, they set out for their next stopping place, traveling by starlight."

"For a few hours Woolly slept, then was wakened by the song of a bird by the roadside. He looked out of his barred cage on wheels, and saw a rabbit, half-hidden among the bushes at the side of the road, watch the slow-moving circus wagons with timid eyes for a moment, then plunge off into the safety and freedom of the forest. It was early morning now, and the sun was up; a dewy, warm, sweet summer morning, and the road they were traveling wound through the woods. Tall trees rose on both sides, with glimpses of woodland paths leading away, away into the greenness."

"Along the road, before him and behind him, stretched the long line of circus wagons. He heard the gruff voices of drivers urging on their jaded horses. The smell of the earth was in his nostrils—he sniffed eagerly the sweet morning air."

"Oh, to be free once more! To roam through the forest paths as he had done in his babyhood, with his mother and brother! Perhaps he might find them again—who could say? He did not realize that upon this big earth were many, many forests, stretching mile upon mile. And how far he had traveled with the circus he had no way of telling."

"When they reached the village where they were to stop that day, though it was early, crowds filled the streets to see the coming of the circus. They passed a little pond just at the edge of the village, and Woolly looked at the cool water longingly."

"The great tents were set up once more, the animals fed, and all was made ready for the noon parade."

"All through the hot forenoon, in all the confusion and noise, the thought of the cool forest, the dim, sweet-smelling forest, with its free, happy life, stayed in his mind. Oh, to leave this noisy circus, with its poor, trapped, caged creatures!"

"When the sun was high overhead, Grandpa Woolly Bear's cap was placed on his head, his sash tied over his shoulder, and the flag put into his paws. He took his place in the long line, the bands began to play, and the great parade started out. Up one street and down another they went, and turning a street corner, Woolly caught sight of the little pond he had seen that morning. That way lay the road back to the beautiful green forest."

"Why, why, Grandma," said Cubby Bear, "there is a little pond at the edge of the village not far from here, where I went at night to see the merry-go-round."

"Yes," said Grandma Bear, talking fast in her excitement, "it was the very same village! Listen!"

"A sudden idea came to him—Freedom! He would leave all this—now, this day, this very minute. He would go back to the sweet-smelling woods which seemed calling to him: 'Come, come!'"

"He threw down his flag, and flung away his scarf. With a sudden bound he left his place in the procession, dashed through the crowd, which with screams parted and made way for him, and ran, ran, ran, for life and freedom."

"The straight country road stretched before him. On and on he flew. He was hot, and tired, and thirsty. At last he came to the edge of the forest; yes, Cubby Bear, our own Pleasant Forest! He did not dare to stop yet, but kept on until he reached the Big Brook; then, sinking down beside it, he drank and drank from its cool waters."

"Safe at last—safe and free! And though he did not find his mother and brother Woolf-wow, he found good friends and had a happy life."

"And that, Cubby Bear, is the story of the red cap, and of how Grandpa Woolly Bear came to live in the Pleasant Forest!"



CUBBY BEAR WAS LISTENING BREATHLESSLY AND DID NOT ANSWER.

they had a great parade. The bands made music, the horses and ponies and elephants were all in line, and the big animal cages were drawn through the streets. For a long time Woolly Bear rode in a cage with his friends the Monkey Munks, but then this red cap was put on his head, a red scarf tied over his shoulder, the fringed ends hanging down, and he was shown how to carry

a ride, Woolly made a sudden dash across the sawdust-covered space. His trainer started after him with a whip.

"I hope he got away!" cried Racky Coon. "I would have tried to long before."

"He was not trying to," said Grandma Bear. "Among that crowd of people he had spied someone he thought he knew. It was a tiny girl, with

SEPTEMBER COMFORT

Home-Outfitting Number

The opening of the schools next month is a reminder that September is the time to begin planning, buying and otherwise preparing to outfit the family and the home for autumn and winter, and our coming Home-Outfitting Number will offer a lot of helpful hints for solving the problems which the housewife faces at that season. The following are some of the

Special Features for September

"Practical Clothing for School Wear" Considered in its relation to health, comfort, serviceableness and economy.

"Household Sewing" Making new, making over and repairing family clothing and home furnishings.

"Don't Forget the Collar" A dainty collar adds wonderfully to a woman's appearance. This article, with photo illustrations, tells how to make a variety of pretty collars from inexpensive materials.

"The Mediator" Why is it that a young widow, when she sets her cap for a man, usually wins out against all maiden rivals? But this story tells how the man who won the widow beat his rivals to it.

"What a Child Should Eat" Food necessary to health for children, and how to prepare and serve it.

"Fall Pickling and Preserving" Recipes for preserves, jellies, pickles made from fall fruits and vegetables.

"Cubby Bear Goes to Cloudland" and incidentally scares a picnic party away from their lunch which Cubby and his friends feast on.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 394 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive September COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss September COMFORT.

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August, 1921.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Plan ahead.
Read and reflect.
Prepare or despair.
Waste is a destroyer.
Opinion is a pendulum.
Think your own thoughts.
Work will make us love life.
A kind heart is a letter of credit.
Make your chance and then take it.
Folks want a lot of loving every minute.
Friendship is a medicine for all misfortune.
Liberty is the power to discipline one's self.
We are not punished for our sins, but by them.
Seeds of folly will yield a harvest of regrets.
Set your sails, for you cannot change the winds.
Forget your troubles and remember your blessings.
A vagabond is a bond that rarely increases in value.
Expect nothing from him who promises a great deal.
Whoever borrows trouble can afford to be liberal with it.
A man's nature is much more important than his education.
The highway to heaven begins with the love of man for man.
Give light and your fellow men will be aided in finding their way.
Do not let your knowledge consist of mere words and phrases.
The storehouse of the imagination is filled from the external world.
Intelligent planning for wise spending is the very essence of thrift.
Honor and honesty do not mean exactly the same, but one includes the other.
It is easier to rescue burning straw from the fire than to save a fool from himself.
No university has ever wrought a crown of learning that will cover the ears of an ass.
The philosopher stands in amazement before existence itself, and makes this his problem.
Nothing develops a human being so much as meeting squarely every single obligation assumed.
A steady stream of kindness is more valuable than any occasional act of overwhelming generosity.
Knowledge is the freest, the most inexpensive thing in the world, and we think less of it than of everything else.
One art in governing justly consists in not hearing only those who speak, but in finding out the wants of those who are silent.
If a man's thoughts are to have truth and life in them, they must be his own fundamental thoughts, for these are the only ones that he can fully understand.

Come and
Join the

Happiest Family
in the World



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and listen to the good news I have this month: Billy and I are preparing to go away for the whole month of August. We are going to have a real thirty-day vacation, somewhere seven miles from a railroad and several hundred from Brooklyn's trolleys, subway and elevated. I am eager to start, of course; but as for Billy—he has nothing else on his mind, and in his stomach little but an accumulation of railroad folders and time-tables. He has gathered together enough paraphernalia for a trip to the Tyrolean Alps, and enough travel data to carry him around the world instead of to a little town in the upstate hill country. With a thought to diet and a view to the use of his new pivot teeth, he has been making investigations concerning the digestibility and flavor of mountain plants and grasses; and he has bought a large black portfolio—which he calls an "herbarium"—where he plans to mount and retain specimens of all the vacation-found green things that are new to his eye and tongue, and which do not appear in the lowland meadows of Prospect Park. Of a morning, as he reads his mail's arrival of vacation data and Department of Agriculture bulletins, he will say, perhaps: "You are quite ready, I trust, Uncle Lisha; so that we will have no delay in getting off? My own preparations are entirely made—except a pedometer and a pocket filter which I am going to purchase downtown today."

He has not seen me make any move toward packing, save that I have resurrected an old army blanket and poncho; and I really believe he has grown grayer than ever through the fear that my unpreparedness might delay us a day or two. But Billy's worries are quite unnecessary, although I do not bother to allay them. My vacation experiences have taught me that the lighter I travel the lighter heart I have. Although my anticipations of our coming fun are not so busy and obvious, I am just as ready and eager as Billy is to get away from the summer smells of gasoline and spoiled cabbage, and we will both be at the station in time to make good our purchased transportation.

City-chained all through July, Bill and I have watched the ebb and flow of the dwellers about us. The change found at mountain and shore by the town's vacationers is much needed during the hot months, and the rest's total value to themselves and their work can hardly be calculated. Each year the pressure of city life grows heavier, the complexity increases, the struggle intensifies. And so vacations are more necessary than ever. The tasks of today require of the world's workers a quality of work which can be well done only by an occasional relief of tension—often sought and longer in duration. Fortunately, because of this increase in tension of modern living, enlightened and corporate industry has begun, in the last decade, to intelligently regard what may be called labor-life. Many of our Captains of Industry (often Captains, too, of Thought) have come to know that the best sort of product can be turned out, and most promptly turned out, only when the health and happiness of the laboring producers are regarded first of all. We need to remember that this is so. Whether we work for ourselves or others; or if we employ labor for our own industry and profit, we should pause to consider thoughtfully what changes are necessary in our days, our working conditions and in our own life—that life for all may be made happier and more healthful.

I have always felt that, with the aid which steam and electricity have given, we should rightly be able to gain more of a "vacation" through life, and still produce all that our complex civilization requires. Machines should be our slaves and ourselves not so much the slaves of machines. A scientist tells us that a century ago the average work-power of a man was but one-fifth of what it has become today. Yet still we toil far more than a fifth as long as in the past, and it is easy to see that we do not make five times as satisfactory a living from our labor. To our aid the years have brought many powerful new agencies, born of man's search for knowledge and his mastery of the earth; but we seem to have failed lamentably in placing these geni properly at work, or to have gained greatly from rubbing the Lamp of Aladdin placed in our hands. Yet the opportunity is always with us and constantly growing. We will be wise and clear-sighted enough to win through to our treasure some day. Time is so comparative and humanity moves so slowly—mistaking and retrieving mistakes—that discouragement is easy. But vision lifts beyond all periods of years and the spiral man traces is an ascending one, however small the gradient. We have, through more than a century's development of our country's resources, accumulated an enormous wealth of capital. In the future our problem will be to use this capital so that all of our great new sources of power can be intelligently applied; that hours of labor may be shortened by steel slaves of engine and dynamo, and that we may thus produce all the world needs with the greatest amount of "vacation" left for the world's workers to spend in winning health and happiness. All civilization is the result of properly applied leisure.

And while waiting for the world vacation of the future years, we can be glad of our rest periods of today and use them to the best advantage. Many of the city neighbors of Billy and me have been given a chance this summer to touch the soil, breathe pure air and return with renewed strength and some newly-gained wisdom. For the town worker profits much from the opportunity to look back upon the city's money-earning turmoil from the top of a green hill, and in having a bit of time each summer to learn from the teachings of the sun and wind how simple are the greatest joys of life. The truest education in the world comes from out-of-door living; it can never be won in city streets. May the vacations of all of us grow longer and come more often, that our work may be better done—and that Billy's herbarium may be filled!

And now for the letters:

DADE CITY, FLORIDA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:
I've just finished reading the League of Cousins in COMFORT and I laughed until my timbers ached—the expression goes about here. I certainly enjoy reading the letters. I liked the one Happy Pete wrote. I like to read boys' letters—that is, real boys' letters

like his. It's raining here this morning and I've got to stay on the porch until it stops. You see I'm not a shut-in; I'm a "shut-out," as I'm taking the T. B. cure. I have not got it, but I'm just preventing it, and I sleep on a porch swing bed on the open porch all night and rest out in a hammock under the trees in the daytime. I've been resting around in this way for about thirteen months now and the doctor says I can go to town to see him at the end of another month. I like my doctor fine, as he says I can eat all the ice cream I want.

I have not been off the farm or plantation since the 8th of March last year. I weigh 114 pounds and am five feet, four inches tall. Maybe you would like to know what I look like: I have flaxen hair, gray blue eyes, plenty of nose, and light complexion when I am not tanned. Here goes for some history: I came to Florida five years ago from Michigan. The rest of the family now call me a "cracker," but one shipped in is not a "cracker" until "broke," and I've got a whole dime saved up—so you see I'm not a "cracker" yet. I am now seventeen! The rest of the family consists of father, mother, three brothers and one sister. Also one Ford, three black cats, one black and one white dog, two mules (one is named "Circumstances"), ten milch cows and some other young stock, about 35 little chickens and 60 or 75 large hens. These all seem like members of our family even if they are not people. We do general farming and run a dairy. The name of our farm is "Whispering Pine Plantation." You see I'm in the habit of saying farm, although plantations are southern farms.

We have a steam syrup cane-mill. That is we make syrup by the steam process. We made 1600 gallons of syrup last year from nine acres of a Japanese cane. This year we are planting more. Say, you are ignorant of farm life if you don't know what a pump jack is. Your ignorance sure does amuse me. We have one on our pump, as all our water is pumped into a tank before being used. Billy the Goat is wiser than you are. I do believe. The reason I'm writing this long letter is to scare Billy into it, so that you may have a better chance of slipping by with some of those interesting letters from members of our League.

This does not sound much like a high school student's letter, nevertheless it is—one of Pasco county's at that. But I don't want you to judge my dear alma mater by this letter—for Pasco turns out better students than I am. But, cheer up, I am only a fresher. Lovingly your niece, IDA DORIS MAY DEWITT.

Ida May, you've got so many names I'll have to pick out more than one to call you by so that not so many will go to waste. I was much disappointed to hear that you were not a genuine "cracker." I have always wanted to know what a simon pure, whole wheat, brown baked Florida cracker was, since the time when I was told of a big southern farm called "Uneeda Plantation." When I asked why such a name, they told me it was because the place was owned by "crackers." The two brothers that owned the place had seventeen children, and I suppose one would have to consider these cracker crumbs. This custom of names all seems strange to me and I can't understand it yet. Would a Florida "cracker" who ran a dairy farm be known as a "milk biscuit"?

Ida Doris, you are having a great time resting around, and I'm glad to know you are about all rested out and will soon be able to help your brothers and sisters wrangle with the Ford, the cats and dogs, the mules, the syrup mill and all the other things, animals and machines which you have scattered about under the whispering pines. If I were going to pick out a job on the plantation I would want to help in the sorghum factory, and be free to lick my fingers as often as I liked. Sixteen hundred gallons is a powerful lot of "long sweetening," Doris May, and enough to slather up many thousand cords of hot waffles—one of my favorite dishes. Billy, poor chap, cannot eat waffles. He says that they are too indigestible—his stomach having always been delicate!

May Ida, you talk in a superior way about this thing called a "pump jack," and yet you never tell me at all what the darn thing is! For all of you I can go on being just as ignorant of "pump jacks" until I die in disgrace! Why even Billy don't know, for I've asked him! I think you might have revealed the secret and let me find out this bit of information which is probably known to every cracker and milk biscuit in Pasco county.

TULLAHOMA, TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:
I guess you are a little surprised to get a letter from "ole" Tennessee. I am a little boy twelve years old. I will describe myself: I am of light complexion when I haven't a whole lot of dirt on my face. Right hair and blue eyes. I live close to a little summer resort called Ovoca, and on a farm about four miles from Tullahoma. I haven't a pet goat like Beulah, but I have got a big black dog and I will send you his picture some time. And be sure to ask Billy if he likes cabbage leaves. If he does, I think I can furnish him some this fall.

Your nephew, BURTON ANDERSON.
P. S. Please excuse writing. I haven't any brothers or sisters. I will be thirteen years old November 9th, 1921.

There were a lot of things I liked about your letter, Burton. I am not going to tell you here the things that pleased me, for fear that you might blush and stain your light-brown complexion. There are a good many of the girl cousins, but, who are all fussed up on the powder puff question; but you, I am glad to see, are willing to go on applying, in healthy boy fashion, Old Mother Earth's celebrated complexion cure. And when you need a bleaching soap, you can get it by plenty of hot water and soap—not forgetting to bleach behind your ears, I hope! Although you are too polite to say so, Burton, I know you are glad that you have a dog and not a goat for a pet. A goat falls about as far short of being a pet (anyway, the GOAT I have on my hands) as an elephant does of being a lap dog. And speaking of dogs, you must be sure and send me the picture of your black playmate, Burton. I'll paste it in Billy's album and, if you tell me your pet's name, I'll print this right beneath his picture in white ink. I asked Billy about the cabbage leaves and he wants you to quote him a price. In ten lots, P. O. B. Tullahoma, on Danish Ball Head cabbage leaves, 200 pounds to the bale. All leaves to be crisp, green and guaranteed free from worm holes.

OLIVIA, MINNESOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:
Here comes a new niece to join your happy circle of cousins. I live on a farm ten miles from town, with my father, mother and two brothers. My youngest



A War on Film

On the film that ruins teeth

Dental science has declared a war on film. Millions of people, half the world over, have joined it. And leading dentists everywhere are securing new recruits.

This ten-day test will show you the results. Make it and note the change that comes in cleaner, prettier teeth.

Makes teeth dingy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It makes white teeth look dingy. And most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious troubles are now traced to them.

Failed to end it

Old teeth cleaning methods have failed to end film. Much was left to night and day threaten serious damage. That's why well-brushed teeth discolored and decayed.

Dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found, and able authorities have well proved their efficiency.

Now those methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste based on modern dental knowledge. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

These five effects twice daily

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay.

Every application brings these five desired

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brother is sixteen and is a boy scout. My oldest brother is twenty-seven. I have a sister who is married and lives in Boone county. My hair is very dark brown and curly and my eyes are also dark brown. I am four feet, ten and one-half inches tall, and will be fourteen in August. I can cook, bake and do all kinds of housework. I do most of my own sewing, can crochet and am now piecing a quilt. Mamma thinks girls should know how to do all kinds of housework before they do for much fancy work. I am raising brown leghorn chickens this summer. We are all members of the Methodist Episcopal church. I certainly do enjoy reading the cousins' letters and your answers to them. I would like to hear from some of the cousins. I will close hoping that Billy the Goat will not eat this letter.

Your niece, LORENA THURSH.

Lorena, you send in a bird of a letter—a genuine thrush note. I wish I was sure that many of our cousins would sing the same song. No one can say that housework is not healthful after hearing about the rate of your growth. Why, you say that you expect to mount from four feet, ten and a half inches up to fourteen feet in the course of a couple of months! Billy the Goat insists that you mean fourteen inches and not feet. But even then that would be a real phenomenal rate of growth and some tall sprouting. As to color, Lorena, you seem to be a real thrush. You say you are dark brown, with eyes to match. It is always well to have eyes that harmonize. A girl who has red hair and green eyes may always seem a bit too variegated as to coloring and every time she shook her head I would think of a pin-wheel in motion on the Fourth of July.

If your brother is a boy scout, Lorena, you are certainly a "girl housekeeper." Campfire girls and girl scouts are all very good as out-of-door associations and accomplish valuable work, but one of the best movements in the world would be an organization of "girl housekeepers." It is well to know how to build a satisfactory camp fire and to be able to swim a hundred yards, but how about being able to put together a pretty frock or baking delicious home-made bread? It would interest me a lot to know just how many of our junior girl cousins of about your age, Lorena, can bake good bread. No, I did not say anything about fudge or maple walnut cake, I said bread.

Every year our kitchens are becoming more deserted and we live with a can opener in one hand and a box of pepsin pills in the other. Everything from a sweet potato to a codfish can be bought in a can nowadays. Probably a canned breakfast of soft-boiled eggs, toast and coffee will be the next product of a factory kitchen and a magazine advertisement. All this is more fatal than it is funny. Anyone that has ever raised young stock knows how important is the matter of proper feeding. We will feed a young colt or a registered calf carefully and sensibly and will regulate our own diet injuriously and foolishly—often because fresh, properly home-cooked foods are not forthcoming. If the blood is the life of man, the stomach is the place where blood—good or bad—is made. I believe a great amount of unnecessary illness of city and country living—particularly rheumatism and stomach disorders—could be avoided if all housekeepers early in life had a foundation knowledge of modern dietetics and, in addition, the practical training which you, Lorena, are apparently having from a wise mother. If you are being taught to cook and bake well, you are a lucky girl and will have a fortunate bird of a husband some time who will bless his mother-in-law when he takes up a knife and fork at home three times a day. And you are having the proper training to become a good mother to any little brood of young thrushes, who are certain to be as well taken care of as any nestlings that ever came out of the woods of Minnesota. Your mother, too, is right about the proper relation of housework and fancy work. Who would want a piece of a quilt—no matter how nice a piece or whether silk or velvet—when a piece of pie or gingerbread could be had instead? Lorena, I am going to nominate you as Head Worker of the Girl Housekeepers of America, Minnesota State Kitchen Council, Olivia Branch. All cousins in favor will please signify by saying Aye! And those that say No will not get any pie—or even a piece of that calico quilt.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:
This is my third attempt at writing, but I miss Billy the Goat ate my other two letters. If I get this one I'll not try any more. I'm a boy that's really
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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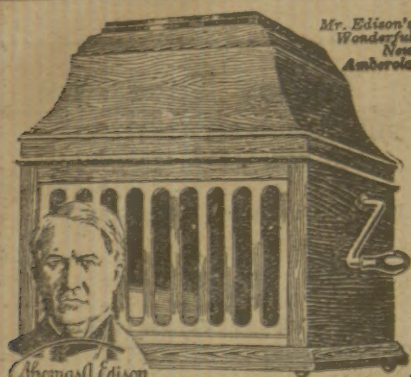
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The Girl at the Spruce

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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WINSTON LOWELL finished his dinner, and lighting a cigar leisurely strolled out upon the piazza of the Spruce Hotel. Here he dropped into one of the rustic rockers and obliterated himself in the gloom of the night, his presence indicated only by the flicker of his cigar and a faint whitish mist emanating from his summer flannels.

But only for a moment did he enjoy his privacy, for presently a firm, shapely hand was laid upon his arm, a hand upon which sparkling gems rested. There was nothing familiar in the touch, but there was genuine camaraderie in it. Then a voice said:

"You are Mr. Lowell?"

He uncrossed his feet and straightened up in his chair.

"Yes," he replied, as he faced the girl.

He could not see her face, it was in shadow, but her voice was engaging and her silhouette beautiful.

"You must think me dreadfully presumptuous, but at a summer resort like this, one must make her own friends if she hasn't brought any along. And as you seemed to be alone, I ventured to be bold and address you. We've arranged an excursion on the river, the young folks of the hotel and I, and we'd like to have you come along, if you don't mind. It's a Dutch treat. Shall you care to come?"

There was much truth in what the young woman said, so Lowell did not feel that she was committing much of a solecism in addressing him. And knowing that summer resorts are places where outrageous flirting is winked at, he fitted his humor to the occasion, and replied, gallantly:

"Why, yes, if you'll care to take me."

She laughed a tantalizing little laugh.

"Oh, you'll soon forget me when I present you to the rest of the people. We've a regular crowd here, and I know you will enjoy yourself. Very well then, you may join us now, if you will."

At her invitation he arose and sauntered by her side to where the young people of the hotel were collecting. They were a merry crowd, probably clerks and stenographers for the most part, but all were well clothed in the latest style and probably felt very much as if they deceived the others into believing that they were of society's elect.

And now for the first time, Lowell had a chance to observe his guide. She was an animated young woman of perhaps twenty-two. Her eyes glowed in the light that flashed from the garden electric and there was something in her face that drew one on. As for the manner in which she was gowning, well, Winston Lowell wasn't much on that sort of thing, but he knew an expensive article when he saw it, and he knew that the handsome thing of old rose georgette crepe with its silvery ornament cost something. And her jewels! A wonderful dinner ring, and two or three others of expensive pattern adorned her hands, about her throat suspended a flashing diamond lavalier, while upon her bosom rested an extravagant cameo in a frame of diamonds. They glinted and sparkled and threw off dazzling iridescences at her slightest move. And yet she wore them as unobtrusively as a married man wears his wedding ring.

At last all the young people were assembled, perhaps twenty in all, and they started down the steep bank upon which the "Spruce" was located, the hotel gaining its name from the myriads of wonderful spruce trees growing about.

"Will you carry my sweater?" the girl asked of Lowell, handing it to him as she spoke.

Obviously he took the silky thing which was marked with the name of a famous modiste of New York.

But if the girl showered this little attention upon him, she did not neglect the other chaps. She had a word for each, and a smile for all, and that she was not selfish was shown in the way she skillfully matched up the boys and girls, always managing to eradicate herself whenever a chap grew too attentive.

"I don't believe I told you my name, Mr. Lowell," the girl began as they were seated in the boat she, by some chance, sitting at his side. "It is Valbergia Van Astor."

"Valbergia Van Astor," he repeated as if acknowledging her name, and yet his mind was running back upon the name. He was acquainted with the Van Astors of New York, but he disliked asking whether she was connected with the family he knew and how. So he merely said:

"Of New York?"

"Of New York," she replied, smiling at him. He was a little surprised. If indeed she came of that wealthy family, he wondered why she should be spending her time at the "Spruce." While the "Spruce" was a high-class hotel, and catered to a high-class clientele and made pretensions to exclusiveness, yet compared with Atlantic City, Newport or the Adirondacks, it was a modest-priced place and he wondered why she did not go to the usual haunts of the opulent.

He thought about it for a while, but after watching the girl's animated face, he came to the conclusion that she had probably come to the Spruce for a good reason—at the other places she would know everybody, while here there was a certain genre illustrative of a life she had hitherto not known. To make new acquaintances in an off-hand way was interesting. Perhaps that was her reason. As for himself, he had come to the Spruce because he did not know anyone there, he wanted a rest and he could hide his wealth under a modest exterior. So if he had reasons for shunning the watering places which friends of his own social strata would haunt, why could she not have like reasons?

Anyhow, he was aware of a new zest to the place and he began to enjoy his stay in a new way. The apparent putting on of the girls and the swagger carefree Oh-but-I'm-a-devilish creature affected by the lads, amused him, these lads who were social lions and clubmen for the space of their vacation, after which they would return to their everyday employment to dream of the impressions they had made.

The excursion on the river was lovely, the night air so cool, the night wind so gentle, the night creatures so in tune. The little waves plashed against the launch; now she encountered another and as the little crafts passed, they rocked in the wash of each other's wake.

"Let's sing!" exclaimed Valbergia suddenly, and immediately she started "Juanita." Of course, everyone knew it, and all soon were singing with tenderest accent. Then naturally she suggested "Love's Old Sweet Song." "How Can I Leave Thee," and other sentimental gush quite in keeping with the spirit of the party.

"I've never enjoyed my stay anywhere as I have here, Miss Van Astor!" exclaimed little Eddie Fenton. "Do you know, I believe I'll stay another week. I hadn't intended to because I was going to spend the balance of my vacation at Goblin Lake."

"That will be lovely," cooed Miss Van Astor. "And you'll not miss the marshmallow roast we've planned for next Tuesday."

"We'll have a moon then," volunteered another. "Oh, you're mooning without the moon," retorted pretty Sadie Smith who was in the notions at Silverton's, the local emporium of Creighton, Iowa.

Thus the conversation went on, witty or otherwise, but every remark brought forth its laugh.

and Valbergia was particularly cordial to everyone.

The launch ride came to an end at last, and with many sighs, the crowd clambered from the boat.

Again Lowell found himself practically the partner of Miss Van Astor. Slowly they mounted the stairs, he giving a gallant hand, and when the top was reached, the couples strayed off here, there and the other place.

The effect of the night was not lost upon Lowell. He was young, clean, with a touch of romance in his nature. He talked animatedly, then gradually his voice fell, and he spoke almost in a whisper. And Valbergia listened, as she walked close at his side.

Then suddenly, his arm stole about her waist and he drew her to him.

"Oh, Mr. Lowell, please, don't," she said, softly, lowly. There was terror in her eyes, and though she put the arm from her, she did it carefully so as not to offend.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I'm glad you repulsed me. You will forgive and forget my impulsive action?"

Her eyes filled with tears, as she responded:

"I forgive you. I know young men sometimes do those things carried away by the impulse of the moment and then are sorry for them. I forgive you, Mr. Lowell."

"You are kind," he answered, but he could not suppress a note of relieved joy in his voice.

As it was now quite late, they sauntered to the hotel and he bade Valbergia good night and went to his room.

Slowly he undressed, then for a time he sat at the darkened window looking out at the stars.

What a girl he had become acquainted with that night! Which of the Van Astors could she be? Was she connected with the family he knew? A cousin? Should he telegraph and find out? But why interfere? If she chose this unchaperoned course, it would make her more interesting. And that she was a person of discretion as well as charm delighted him.

The next morning when he awoke, as he looked from the window, he saw Valbergia with several of the girls, and, of course, a mob of men about her. She was seated in a great seven-passenger automobile which bore a New York State license. A noble English hound curvetted about the machine.

There was considerable discussion as to who should ride, the upshot being that the car sped away with Valbergia at the wheel, and eleven other occupants gracing the machine, some on the mud-guards, and one even sitting upon the hood. (He probably didn't stay there long.)

As the days passed by, Lowell found himself growing more and more interested in the girl, and he was not long in deciding that he had fallen in love with her. Not like the other chaps had, in a vain-glorious, open way, but in the way that honest love takes root in the heart. He was the quietest of her admirers, and for that reason his love hurt, so carefully was it hidden and suppressed. And he could not say that he had received any special encouragement. Sometimes he thought that Valbergia showed him some special favor but suddenly it was gone, and he felt it only imagination. All the boys bragged of the times they had proposed and were rejected, and of their determination to hope until the last possible moment.

It was surprising how Valbergia held the people there. Some came to stay a few days, but Valbergia always had some frolic scheduled for a day or two beyond and they stayed over. The Spruce was always filled, and rooms were at a premium, while nearby resorts had place to spare. And it was Valbergia, always, who brought the newcomers into the happy "family circle."

Thus the time passed and Lowell found himself waiting and lingering, hoping that the guests would drop off. But on through September they came until the Spruce was ready to close for the season.

For the last evening, Valbergia proposed a last grand marshmallow roast for everybody.

So off to Moon-rise Rock they tripped, and soon an immense bonfire was raging and all gathered about it. Lowell observed the circle of faces and noted that he was the only one left of the original crowd who had enjoyed the first marshmallow roast he had attended.

But suddenly Valbergia arose and quietly disappeared.

Lowell, however, had watched her steal away and now he followed after. Tonight was the time, now or never, to learn his fate. He loved her, and happen what would, he must tell her. He had observed her the whole while, and though she had been gay, there had never been any time when modesty or delicacy had been wanting. She had always conducted herself properly.

He sought and found her in a little fairy grove, sitting on a fallen tree that had prostrated itself in the river. The grove was deserted. The girl, evidently believing herself alone, sat, her face relaxed and just a trifle drawn. The moonlight beat down upon her. Never before had she seemed so lovely, and now, for the first time, Lowell felt that something was troubling her. He had had a semi-conscious idea of this. Now he felt sure of it. And, too, in the last few weeks, he felt there had been a certain amount of artificiality in her manner.

But he teasingly whistled, and immediately her attitude changed. She was the gay Valbergia once more.

"Well, I thought I'd say my adieu tonight," he began banteringly as he sat down beside her on the fallen tree. "Tomorrow I may not have a chance."

"Why not?"

"Too many admirers," he laughed. "They will grovel and weep at the loss of their divinity." "The silly lads!" she exclaimed with some little temper. "How foolish they can be, though some of them have been dear, nevertheless. You, alone, have been sensible."

"I had my lesson early, you see," he replied, leaning toward her.

A wave of color came to her cheek. He saw it rise in the moonlight.

"I thought we were to forget that," she said tensely.

"Yes, we were," he responded, "but I have a confession to make. Did you know I did that to test you?"

"Test me?" she queried, wonder in her voice.

"Yes, to find out if you were true steel. I did find that out, and now, can you think of that as the beginning of a deep and honest love?"

"Oh, Mr. Lowell," she interrupted, and there was genuine misery in her voice, "am I not to get through the season without your proposal, too? I didn't mind the others so much, because I knew they were made in a silly-season fashion, and I'll wager that many of those chaps don't even remember me at this short time. I felt that they were making a fool of me, as it were—and I don't want you to do that. I want to think of you and have you think of me with proper respect."

"I shall. And I shall think of you in another way, too, as of the girl I love. You do believe I am sincere, do you not? That first evening you appealed to me, that I could not help trying you, and when you repulsed me so gently, so kindly, I knew the metal of which you were made."

"But you don't know me; you don't know a thing about me. Why I am here and all that."

"I know you are Valbergia Van Astor, and the Van Astors are one of the finest as well as oldest

families in New York. I know one branch, not yours, but all are wealthy and respected. And as for coming here, I presume you found more pleasure in making new acquaintances in the manner you did than spending your time at those places to which we are accustomed to go and where we know everyone and where we must mingle with the same stupid people we know and ignore everyone not of our set. That is why I came here, to get away from our conventional crowd."

"Oh, dear," the girl groaned. It startled him.

"Valbergia," he cried tenderly.

"Oh, why wasn't I spared this? But I might have known!"

"I do not mind the daring way you spent your vacation. And I know I enjoyed it here vastly more than I ever did at Atlantic City or the Adirondacks!" he comforted. "Of course, wealthy society girls like you are not supposed to do things like this, but I like spirit."

"Wealthy society girls! How do you know I am a wealthy society girl?"

"Why!" he exclaimed, dumfounded. Your name, your clothes, your car, your jewels."

He got no further, for, with an inarticulate cry, the girl tore the gleaming lavalier from her throat, the cameo from her breast and the rings from her fingers. Then before he could stop her she had hurled them into the river where they disappeared with a light "plop."

"My word, Miss Van Astor!" he exclaimed, distressed. "Why did you do that?"

"Why?" she demanded. "Why?" Because they are paste. Paste, Mr. Lowell, paste, just as my whole existence here this summer has been. Paste, imitation, counterfeit, mockery, misrepresentation!" she stopped breathless.

"Valbergia!" he expostulated, aghast.

"I played my role well," she went on, "if one of society's elect such as you are, was indeed deceived. But my whole time here has been a sham. I did what I did for money, Mr. Lowell. Cold, hard money. It was an idea of mine. I am just a poor stenographer, Mr. Lowell. She stopped.

"I don't understand," he said gently.

The girl resumed less tempestuously:

"I know that summer resorts are sometimes the most stupid places if the crowd doesn't happen to be congenial. I knew I possessed the faculty of 'getting people together,' so I wrote to Mr. Maitland, the proprietor of the Spruce, and laid my plan before him, and he immediately seconded it."

"I was to come to the resort as 'Miss Valbergia Van Astor, of New York.' Fortunately I did not need to deceive in regard to my name or home. The name is really Van Astor and my home is New York."

"So I arrived with my car—it's Mr. Maitland's, but nobody suspected that—my maid, my dog and my baggage. Naturally enough, I was at once taken for a society belle and heiress, though I never told anyone that I was, it was inferred, since I had one of the best rooms at the hotel."

"Mr. Maitland allowed me to purchase as rich clothing as necessary. It was part of the investment."

"Whenever a new arrival came, it was my duty to draw him or her into the magic circle. I pretended that I wanted to make everyone feel at home, and I did it. My social position allowed me privileges that in any other girl might have been liberties. I arranged nice little parties, excursions upon the river, and all that. I kept close watch on the length of time people were to stay, and whenever I knew they had additional time to spend, I endeavored to make them stay their full vacation and accomplished this by arranging some special party for a few days beyond the time they intended to stay. And so they stayed, and thus I managed to keep the rooms full when they had not been previously booked."

"My clothes were many and expensive, but my jewels were paste. However, as everyone thought I was the real thing, in heiresses, no one questioned the glimmer of my diamonds."

"My position at times was precarious, the lads would insist upon making love to me. I had to listen, but I allowed no liberties, though when some of them forgot, I had to be careful how I squelched them. And I had to be very careful so that the other girls would not be jealous. Now you know the whole sordid story. It is one to be proud of, is it not? But it offered money, and a chance to spend my vacation without expense. And now, after hearing all this, you would offer your heart to such a fraud?"

She covered her face with her hands.

He slipped his arm about her and drew her to him.

"I offer myself to the truest-hearted woman who ever breathed. You may have done what you did for dollars and I respect you for it and admire your ingenuity for earning money in so original a way. You gave value received for everything you got. And, if you were the adventures you want me to think you are, you might have accepted me without scruple and left me to find out all this, and then had I wanted to withdraw—well, breaches of promise suits are expensive pastime. No, no, you dear little fraud," and he used the word with his tenderest accent, as he gently drew her hands from her face, "you dear little cheat, you're not going to fraudulently cheat me out of my heart's desire."

Editorial—The Longworth Bill

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

The Longworth bill provided for the appointment of a commission to make a thorough investigation of the second-class postage situation and report to Congress the facts and figures as the basis for an equitable readjustment of rates, and also would have cut out meanwhile the last raise of zone rates. But the committee on Post Offices and Post Roads to which the bill was referred, late in June blocked further action on the matter by refusing to report, thereby pigeonholing the measure indefinitely. It was confidently expected that the Longworth bill would be passed in time to prevent the latest raise of zone rates from going into effect July first, and therefore the sidetracking of it in committee is a sore disappointment as well as a cause of serious anxiety to the periodical publishers. What caused this unexpected and seemingly unfair attitude of the Committee is an open secret; it was due to the pressure brought to bear through the activities of the same interests that instigated the adoption of the zone rates of second-class postage. In our next issue we shall tell what these interests represent, and explain how they have operated and exposed the selfish motives by which they are actuated. The Longworth bill is still pending before Congress, and we wish to show Comfort readers how it concerns their interests as well as the interests of the periodical publishers that it should be given an early passage.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

New Jersey Judge Bans Mixed Juries

Mixed juries are barred hereafter in Atlantic City. This edict was handed down recently by Judge Louis Repetto of the district court there. The judge doesn't object to women as jurors—they have proved excellent, he told them recently, but a jury composed of both men and women he feels would be disastrous.

"There would be too much 'hiding'—joking and that sort of nonsense," said Judge Repetto today. "You know how it is when a group of men and women are together. They are not serious. The social amenities are usually observed, and their thoughts might not be on the case before them."

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When Truants Meet

by Homer Kingsley



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INSIDE the schoolroom it was stuffy, there was a shuffle of small, restless feet, and a hard, staccato voice of Miss Simonds explaining something about how old Mary is if her age is twice the age of John, divided by that of Samuel. And beyond the window, where Morg's eyes longingly strayed, the California woods and field, touched with color and mantled in the early haze of autumn, called to adventure and the open road.

Bright yellow was the fresh wheat stubble, and dashed with crimson the woods on bushy hill, and far beyond, the Coast Range mountains steeped in haze deep and mysterious as the sea. From somewhere in that alluring out-of-doors came the clear, liquid whistle of a Bob White.

That was too much for Morg. Waiting until Miss Simonds' back was turned, he reached the window in a couple of stealthy strides and dropped softly out, pausing just long enough to execute a time-honored gesture of contempt toward the amazed and horrified countenance of young Thomas Appington, who sat across the aisle from him, but who regarded him in virtuous aversion.

It was necessary to approach home with some circumspection at this uninvited hour in the morning, but a friendly window again saved him from publicity which attends the use of doors, and he reached his own room without attracting the attention of any of the family.

Ten minutes later he emerged, clad in a stained and ragged canvas shooting coat that reached to his knees, and armed with a double-barreled shotgun as long as himself—a nicked and battered weapon, but oiled and cleaned to the point of highest efficiency.

Once off his home block, Morg threw off all semblance of stealth and strode along whistling at the top of his notes. The first to hear was Logan's big red setter, "King," that came bounding across the lawn, fairly writhing with delight, and then down the street, gaily hurrying fences, he saw Stewart's white Llewellyn, "Jim Go," and he, too, was formally annexed to the expedition. But Gardner's fat, old Gordon setter, which was blind in one eye and always ran over his points, was emphatically rejected with a sharp kick in the ribs.

Before he was out of the village, Morg had acquired a selection of five of its best bird dogs, for all of them knew him well and but for him most of them would not have gone hunting once a year.

Out of town and well upon his way across the field, Morg, strangely enough, fell into deep and apparently serious meditation. No one who knew him casually would have suspected it, but he was wrestling with a disturbed conscience. To his fellows Morg was a romantic figure, who scorned all parental and pedagogical control, a gay and carefree anarchist. To himself, he was a weakling who could not resist the allurements of a freedom all too easily attained. True, he loved that freedom as an eagle loves the upper spaces, but also he remembered that he was Morgan Hawkins Vandivier the Third, and the son and heir of one of the very first families that had settled in old Virginia. His father had told him so, over and over, as if he might forget that blood and heritage counted so much out in the big, open West.

He had often heard the whole history of the Vandivier family and of its fighting men—from the Norman conquest to the last great war—from the days of old Virginia to wealth of the golden West. His father had died four years ago when Morg was ten, and his mother ever since had taken in boarders and made clothes for his two elder sisters, who were supposed to get married, but didn't. And Morg, as he had often heard Mrs. Appington, the mother of the correct young Thomas Appington, remark, had just "run loose."

Somehow that remark, made by Mrs. Appington, seemed to gather all the injustice of his life and fling it into his face. There was Thomas who was just a common gink, he probably did not know who either of his grandfathers were. And yet, he was a star pupil and the teacher's favorite. Why? Because he couldn't help it, because his fond mamma stood over him every night and made him study, and also because he didn't have the nerve to do anything more interesting anyhow! He would like to see the timid Thomas get out of school the way that he, Morg, had done that afternoon! And yet, he hadn't intended to do it, either. If that quail had not called—oh, well, nobody cared what he did anyway!

Thus soliloquized Morg, outwardly a joyous truant, but within a man of sorrow. For always deep in his heart was a consciousness that he had never had a fair chance to live up to the glorious name of Vandivier. Once, on Armistice Day, he had seen the cadets from a nearby military school march through the streets, and this son of many soldiers had thrilled to the sound of their drums and their rhythmic marching. To go to a military school, and then to be a soldier, had become his vision. It meant everything worth while in life to him—everything except hope. For his unmarried sisters stood squarely and apparently permanently between him and any considerable share in the scant family income.

Morg's reverie came to a sudden end as he was crossing the Harkness pasture. Glancing up, he was amazed to discover that all of his dogs had disappeared. Then he glimpsed a couple of them holding a staunch point a hundred yards away in the edge of the woods. Partridges do not stay in the woods; he knew that it must be a covey of pheasants! Breathless with excitement, Morg trotted across the pasture, with his long coat bombarding his knees with shell-filled pockets.

Shouting "steady!" to his dogs, he cautiously approached the stand. The carpet of brown leaves exploded in a thunder of wings, and eight big, brown pheasants went booming through the woods. At the double crack of the shotgun, one of them pitched down, clean-killed, and a second towered a hundred feet into the air, then set its wings and sailed downward on a long slant into the tangled forest at the head of the creek, about a quarter of a mile away. Morg paused just long enough to recover the dead bird, then set out in pursuit of the other, for he knew that when a

bird comes to the ground with its wings set it is fatally hit.

The steep sides of the creek were covered with undergrowth, scrub oak and brush, growing higher than his head, and the bottom held a tiny stream of water now almost disappeared at the close of the summer. This creek had a history, convicts had often hidden in its bushes, for the great state's prison was not so very far away. One man had died in the bushes many years ago, and people had said that the creek was haunted. These and other yarns he had heard about the place came vividly to his mind. The shallow water filled his shoes and chilled his feet and he felt decidedly depressed.

His dogs had gone, too, after the rest of the covey, so that he would have to find the bird unaided. But Morg came of fighting stock, and he was determined to have that pheasant, if it took the rest of the day. After half an hour of painful progress, he saw before him a jutting ledge of rock with some tall pine trees just beyond. This he knew must be near the head of the creek, and he had marked it down as the place where the bird had fallen. By walking a rotten log he reached the ledge, got a toe-hold in a crack, and carefully raised himself until he could look over. What he saw almost caused him to lose all holds and tumble over backward.

Beside the stream crouched a man whose whole face was a mass of blood. The eyes, wild and fearful, looked into Morg's through a tangle of hair. The attitude was that of an animal at bay. For a moment Morg returned the gaze, too astonished and frightened either to speak or act. Still watching him, the man went on tearing what he held in his bloody hand and putting bits of it into his mouth. Then Morg noticed the feathers that were scattered about, and he suddenly realized that this man was eating his pheasant raw.

That put quite a different face on the matter. Naturally, one wouldn't eat a pheasant raw without getting more or less bloody. This was no monster at all, but simply a man who was lost in the hills and the creek and was starving. Thus reasoned Morg by way of reassuring himself. Then, summoning all of his courage, he slid down the other side of the rock and advanced toward the stranger with his gun in the hollow of his arm. "Hi, Bo!" he saluted cordially.

The stranger, having finished his raw bird, deliberately turned about and washed his face in the pool of water before he returned his greeting. "Hi, kid!" he replied, in a rather feeble voice. "Did you shoot that bird?"

"Yep," said Morg. "Well, it just about saved my life. Hadn't it nothin' for two days, and the bird came pitchin' through the trees and fell almost at my feet. Shows the Lord looks after a feller—"

"I've got another," interposed Morg. "I'll cook it for you if you want."

The stranger smiled very faintly. "Never mind cookin' it," he said. "I don't care nothin' about cooked birds, and I'm prejudiced against the use of fire; it makes too much smoke."

"Well, I've got some biscuits," said Morg, pulling from his pockets two recently baked ones and offering them.

The stranger seized them and devoured them in great mouthfuls, while Morg watched him. He was tall and lean, with high, thin features, and deep-set, burning eyes that were in sharp contrast to his pale face.

When he had finished the biscuits he filled and lit a pipe and puffed in evident contentment, while Morg leaned against a tree and idly watched a couple of jay birds flirting and quarreling in its topmost branches.

Suddenly, he became conscious of the stranger's eyes. Turning his own ever so little, he saw that the man was staring at his gun; saw him carefully put away his pipe; saw his limbs gathering and his fingers working nervously.

Morg knew that in another moment the man would spring upon him. But he came of a line of men who were trained to action. Without ceasing to watch the jays, he slid his right hand quickly along the stock of his gun until it encountered the hammer, and cocked it with a loud click. At the sound the stranger expelled his breath in a long wheezing sigh and settled back.

"Kid, you ain't no fool," he remarked.

Morg regarded him kindly and smiled.

"I s'pose," pursued the other, "you'll go back to town and tell about me bein' here."

Morg flushed a bit at this.

"It ain't none of my business, you bein' here," he said emphatically. "I ain't goin' to tell tales."

"Thanks for that, Buddy," said the other. And then he seemed to fall into deep thought.

"Buddy," he said finally, "you can think what you please about my bein' here. I guess anybody can see I ain't campin' out for pleasure, but I want to tell you one thing; accordin' to my understandin', I'm an innocent man."

Morg with the instinctive politeness of a thoroughbred, changed the subject.

"Goin' to be here long?" he enquired.

"Can't tell, Buddy, but likely I will."

"I'll bring you some more chuck tomorrow," Morg volunteered.

"Buddy, if you do, the Lord will reward you. And remember I ain't after no publicity. . . . The shortest way out is right up the side hill here."

Morg went to school the next day, but he found it harder than ever to keep his mind upon algebra. Constantly, his thoughts harkened back to the creek and the canyon where the stranger was hiding. The fugitive and the mystery that surrounded him possessed his imagination to the exclusion of everything else. By a mighty effort, he remained at school until dinner-time; but an hour after recess he was tramping across the Harkness pasture again, his pockets stuffed with all of the food he had been able to hide while at the table, and flier from the cupboard after dinner.

He went along the side of the canyon by the way that the stranger had shown him, and found the man sitting beside the spring as before. But his attitude was one of concentrated attention.

"Listen, Buddy," he said, in a hoarse whisper, as he glanced up at Morg.

Both of them held their breaths. It was still as only a late summer afternoon can be. From

away down the dell came the bark of a gray squirrel; but from afar down the valley came the faint whirr of a reaper. Then, farther, and fainter, yet, as though from the other side of the hills, they heard a long, mellow, deep-toned trumpet note—the unmistakable bay of a hound! The stranger's jaw dropped and into his eyes crept the look of despair.

"Buddy," he moaned, "it's all up. They got the dogs on my track. The track's old now; it may take 'em a long time to find me, but it ain't no use to run—there's no place to run to. I'm advertised in every post office and railroad station in the state."

Morg listened in wide-eyed wonder. The far voice of the hound, and the terror that it aroused in the man, deeply impressed him. Not knowing what to say he produced the bread and bacon and apple pie that he had brought and spread the feast before the stranger. The sight of food seemed to break the tension.

"Bless you, Buddy! If I can't run, I can eat."

The man now seemed resigned and even relieved. He was inclined to talk of other things.

"Why ain't you in school, Buddy?" he demanded.

"Aw, I get tired of school," Morg explained briefly.

"That's just the way I used to be," said the other, "and then I got tired of working and took to the road. When I finally got a job I liked, I got tired of takin' the lip of a snippy gink of a foreman and I told him so and we went at it and his head smashed against a stove."

"That's the trouble about gettin' tired of things. It grows on you. Once you get the habit of doin' what you please it's all off. Take it from me, Bud, you want to go back to school and stay there. Want to know what'll happen to you if you don't?" and the stranger leaned forward impressively and fixed his deep, twinkling eyes upon Morg's.

"Well, you'll be smokin' like me likely!"

The argument struck home. Morg had often dreamed of future triumphs with always the military school as the first step, but he had never considered the alternative. However, he did not propose to show any weakness before the stranger.

"I'm goin' to military school and be a general," he explained casually. "I don't care nothin' about ordinary school. All my dad's folks was generals."

"Maybe you got money, then?" queried the stranger, as he took the point of a liberal triangle of pie.

"No, I ain't got the money yet," Morg admitted, "but I'm goin' to get it somehow."

"Goin' to get it somehow," echoed the stranger sarcastically. "I was always goin' to get it—I never did."

He dropped his pie, and once more the helpless look crept into his eyes; for the voice of the hound had rung out again, and this time much nearer.

"May as well walk out and give myself up," he said half to himself. "No, damned if I do!"

"I've got it!"

A glimmer of genuine joy, the first that Morg had seen there, lit the stranger's face. He stood up and filled his chest with a deep breath, and for a moment there was something splendid, almost handsome, in his mien. Chuckling to himself, he pulled off one of his leather suspenders and tossed it to Morg; then held out his hands.

"Tie 'em up, Bud!" he commanded, with a ring in his voice. "You've been a good pal to me, and this is where I pay you back. Tie 'em up!"

"What for?" demanded Morg, in amazement.

"What for?" For one thousand dollars, Buddy! Five hundred offered by the state and five hundred by the company I worked for. And don't you let nobody take it away from you, neither, 'cause you captured me single-handed and you're goin' to bring me in alive!"

"Don't hang back on my account, Kid," he urged, as Morg continued to stare open-mouthed.

"Don't you see I ain't got a chance in the world? If I leave this neck of the woods I'll be recognized, and if I stay here the dogs'll get me. So you take me out and get the money, see? I want you to have it!"

From the moment he emerged upon the county highway with his "prisoner" marching before, and his shotgun cocked, the growth of Morg's reputation and importance began, and it was constantly augmented as he drew nearer town. To all questions he replied brusquely that he was bringing in Gates Fowler, a murderer, for the reward, and if anybody didn't believe it they could read the notice in the post office where the desperado's picture was posted. (Morg had never noticed it, but the stranger had told him what to say.)

Most people were inclined to think that it was a joke, especially because the alleged criminal wore a broad grin, but all doubts were banished when Fowler, still grinning, was identified by Sheriff Peyton and locked up in the county jail.

During the next few days Morg's every coming and going was an informal reception, while advice as to what to do with his reward was offered him by everyone, from the mayor down to the negro janitor of the school building.

Concerning the method of Fowler's capture, Morg was modestly reticent, while to suggestion as to the disposal of his going fortune, he had but one answer: "He was going to school."

But the cup of his pride and joy were, perhaps, fullest the following Christmas when he stalked down the streets of his home town, clad in cadet full-dress, with a red-lined cape flung over his shoulder, and had the effable satisfaction of seeing young Thomas Appington gape at him in awed and respectful admiration.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Something About Spines

HOW are you wearing your spine this summer? Struck up and down, or bowed forward at the shoulders, or humped in the waist? I am curious to know.

There are styles in spines, as we all know who have watched the changes of the last few years. You remember the debutante slouch, and all the other peculiar positions which young girls have adopted from time to time. And still there are girls who affect a languid pose which causes their spines to curve in at the waist and project their shoulders out to hip, in a forward direction. Silly, my dears, oh, quite so! Not to say very bad for health and figure.

This languid pose which so many young girls think attractive invariably squeezes up the lungs. If you will notice, you will see that in order to get that languid effect the shoulders are dropped forward, thus compressing the chest. Now the chest is the house of the lungs and when its walls are contracted in this way the lungs themselves cannot expand properly but must do all their breathing with a small portion of their surface. And unless good full breaths are taken, the blood is not purified, for it is the air one takes into one's lungs which, coming in contact with the blood supply, freshens and purifies it. That is where good complexions come from—good pure blood.

So if you want a permanently good complexion, breathe deeply; and if you want to breathe deeply you must give your lungs room to expand; and if you are to give your lungs room to expand, you must throw your chest up and out and drop your shoulders. And all this means that your spine must be straight and firm.

So, girls, in the interest of good complexions as well as good figures, keep that spine erect, the abdomen drawn in, the chest thrown out. Stand in front of your mirror before dressing in the morning, and see what the different positions do to your figure. First, without looking in the glass, assume the slouchy attitude which so many young girls think stylish. Drop the shoulders forward a little, let the body sink down, and the stomach be allowed to push itself forward as you seek an easy lazy attitude. Then look in the glass and get your profile! Oh, my dears, what you will think when you see it! You will look more like some deformed freak in a museum than a pretty girl.

Now, looking away from the glass, drop the shoulders easily, throw the chest out, hold the abdomen in, lift the chin the merest trifle, and look in the glass again. Some improvement, you will find.

This month let our motto be: Attention! Straighten spines!

Answers to Questions

ANXIOUS.—Your bust is not "so big," my dear. Why, it could be thirty-six and yet not be big, and here it isn't even thirty-four! How did you get that idea? What makes you look fat, I imagine, is that your waist, hips and bust are not in proper proportion. If your hips are 36, your bust should be 36, and your waist 26. Do not try, however, to squeeze waist or hips, but be careful about your eating. I imagine you are somewhat

over-weight, though you do not give me your height. I also think you are fond of sweets, and possibly eat too much at one time, thus making the waist bulky by distending the stomach. Suppose you consider your eating habits carefully. Do not eat between meals, cut out sweets and potatoes and rice, limit yourself as to the amount of butter, cream and milk you take, and eat plenty of lean meat, green vegetables and fresh fruit. Not so much white bread. Chew your food thoroughly. Then eat at a meal only what is necessary to take care of your hunger. That is, do not take two or three helpings of what you are eating. One moderate helping is enough. Then I suggest you practice some waist and hip exercises. I have given some just lately in COMFORT, but will repeat here for your benefit and for fear you have mislaid your old copies of our friendly little magazine.

To Reduce the Waist

Standing erect, with hands on hips, fingers forward and thumbs back, bend toward the side at the waist as far as you can. Keep the body below the waist rigid. Bend first toward the left, then toward the right. Then, as if the waist were a pivot, screw the upper half of the body as far around as possible to the left, then to the right. Do this fifteen or twenty times, twice a day, while in nightclothes or other loose clothing.



THE PERFECT POSITION.

Another Good Exercise

Standing erect, shoulders dropped chest out, chin up, raise the arms to shoulder height and extend them directly in front of the body, palms out, the thumb of the right hand touching the thumb of the left hand. Keep the elbows rigid. Now throw the arms down at the same time bending at the waist but keeping the knees stiff, and attempt to touch the floor with the outstretched fingers. Do this over and over again, but do not be disappointed that you do not reach the floor, for it will take some considerable practice before your fingers will come within speaking distance of the floor, and by that time your hips will have lost some inches, and your waist will be appreciably improved, as will your whole figure. Stationary running is also good for the hips. This means standing in one spot in your bedroom, and running without moving from that spot. Run until you begin to feel fatigued. Look back through other numbers of COMFORT and practice any and all of the exercises given for hips, abdomen and waist. But most of all be careful about your eating, and be sure to get a certain amount of outdoor exercise. You can at least take a brisk walk of half an hour once, or even twice, a day. Be careful about putting on your corsets, if you wear corsets. So many girls dispense with corsets these days, perhaps you are one of those sensible ones. But if you are not, then be sure to lace your corset before removing it, and in putting it on, fasten the front and the side, front and back garters, before lacing it. In that way, the flesh does not get pushed down below the waist as it does when the corset is put on while laced up. Now, let's see what else you wanted to know. Oh, yes, about those "whiteheads." You say you use cold cream every night. It may be that you are filling up your pores with cream, then not cleansing them thoroughly afterward. I suggest that you give your face a good steaming twice a week for three weeks. Steaming is not particularly good for the skin as it makes it sensitive, but it will open the pores and perhaps let out some of this packed matter which causes these whiteheads. Here is a good way of steaming: Provide a pitcher of very hot water, a large washbowl, and four Turkish wash-cloths—like the bath-towels you know. Put your wash-cloths in the bowl, sit down beside it, and pour some of the hot water in it. Squeeze out two of the wash-cloths, and fold one, placing it over the upper half of the face, patting it in against the eyes, and letting it come to the end of the nose. Place the other folded hot cloth over the lower half of the face, and hold it close with the palms of the hands. As soon as the cloths begin to cool, put them in the bowl and replace with the two hot ones which are waiting. Add more hot water to the bowl from time to time. Keep this up for ten or fifteen minutes. Then wipe the face dry, gently. You say you wash your face in hot soapy water, then rinse in cold. This will not remove the soap. You should always rinse in warm water after using soap, and be sure that every particle of the soap has been removed, then you can dash on cool water at last to firm the skin. But for a short time, you should avoid all cold water, as it contracts the pores, and what you want is to open them and let this packed matter out. You say you have been squeezing your blackheads and the whiteheads also. It will do no harm, after such a steaming as I have recommended, gently to press the whiteheads with the finger which has a fold of a towel wrapped around it. In the morning, after the steaming, use slightly warm water on the face. Also rub your skin gently with the flat of your fingers, to stimulate the circulation. I hope with this advice your troubles may soon be over. When they are, be sure the skin is clean at night before applying cold cream, and in the morning wash with warm water, using some friction on the skin to make it active in throwing off its impurities.

A. D.—Bran water is good for your face, as a cleanser which does not irritate. Hot water will open the pores and if persisted in will enlarge them. I suggest that you cleanse the face thoroughly at night, rinse in warm water, then rinse thoroughly many times with cool and finally cold water, dashing it on to give a shock to the skin. This causes the pores to contract. Keep up this treatment. In the morning wash with tepid water, then spray or douche with cold. Use a few drops of tincture of benzoin in your morning bath. And at night when you bathe your face, use the following:

For Enlarged Pores

First be sure the skin is clean, as any liquid intended to close the pores will work havoc if it closes them while they are clogged with dirt. Also be sure that no soap or other substance is left upon the skin before the "firming" process is begun.

Three ounces of pearl barley, 25 drops of tincture of benzoin.

Boil the barley in the water until the gluten is extracted; then strain and add 25 drops of tincture of benzoin. Rub the face in this night and morning, patting it dry.

NEW YORK.—A girl of fourteen, my dear, is too young for beaux, and altogether too young to be thinking of "love." We have only so many years of life, and there are certain pleasures and special happiness for each period. When we are in too much of a hurry to move on to the next period, we lose the joys of the one we are leaving and never have an opportunity to experience them again. From fourteen to eighteen or twenty is a delightful period, full of fun and parties, and picnics and lots of friends and young joy. The girl who begins thinking of "love" loses a lot of the other fun, and her chance to have it never returns. Early marriage means early children, many responsibilities, lots of care and worry and no opportunity to have the joyous care-free times which the unmarried girl has.

Happiness comes with marriage, of course, but why not wait a little and have both kinds of joy; first, the kind that young girls can have; and, later, the kind that comes to people who are married happily. Quite apart from the wisdom of having any beaux at all at your age, or anything but good friends and chums among the boys, the age of the man you mention should put him out of consideration. The difference in your age is too great, my dear, and while I know it always seems more exciting to have an older man more or less interested in one, yet you will get more real fun out of boy friends your own age, and it will be much happier for you in the end. I wish you would make up your mind, my dear, to forget all about this older man and make friends with the school boys your own age. You will, won't you?

"A LITTLE GIRL."—You don't weigh enough, my dear, and I want you to go right to work to build yourself up. You could gain at least fifteen pounds without doing you any harm at all, and could even weigh more. Your bust should increase and that will when your body gets a little more normal. The physical troubles you mention should be straightened out promptly, and you can help in this by being careful to eat healthful food, plenty of it; to keep your feet warm and dry always, to keep the body from getting chilled, and to get as much sleep as possible. You say you get plenty of sleep and I am glad to hear it, for you must need it after all the hard work which there is to do on a farm. Warm footbaths, jumping into bed immediately after, will help some of the troubles you tell me about. Suppose you do this every night, but be sure not to walk around afterward, or to get your feet uncovered. You must keep the feet, ankles and legs warm and comfortable all the time. When you rest, see that at least the lower portion of your body is warmly covered. With washing and scrubbing and field work to do, besides milking, you have a good deal for a girl of sixteen. Now about food. Can you have plenty of milk to drink? There isn't any better food, nor any more easily digested. So drink several glasses a day, if it can be spared. Try not to eat fried food. Your potatoes should be boiled, or preferably baked; your meat should be broiled or roasted. Now I know this is easy to say but sometimes hard to do, for one has to eat what the family provides; but if you can manage to have this sort of food, try to do so. Eat plenty of fresh fruit, if you can get it—melons, berries, oranges, grapefruit, peaches, pears, apples—whatever grows where you live. And eat plenty of vegetables—spinach, especially; string beans, asparagus, lettuce, peas, beets, etc., etc. Some times in the South vegetables are cooked with salt pork in them, or along with meat. This is not a healthful plan, and it would be better to cook them separately, and season them with butter. Chew your food thoroughly, for then you will get out of it all the nourishment it can give you, and your body will build up in strength and weight. And if it is possible for you not to do the heaviest work immediately after eating, it will be better, for the stomach needs some time to digest the food, and if you start heavy work at once all the energy of the body is given to that and the digestion of food is retarded. I make all these suggestions, while knowing that it may not be always possible to follow them, but you can come as near to them as possible, and if you understand that one should be as little active as possible after a meal for an hour or even more, you can perhaps part of the time observe this caution. The big thing for you to remember just now is to keep your body perfectly warm and dry. If it can't be too warm, my dear, and when you are not feeling well, be as warm as circumstances permit. Now about the eyes: Getting your body into better condition will probably remove the styes also, but in the meantime I suggest that you rub a little vasoline on the lids at night to keep them soft and well oiled. Do not pick or rub the eyelids. If you can buy an eyecup at the nearest drug store, do so. It will cost ten or fifteen cents, I imagine. And get "saturated solution of boric acid." That means a lotion made of powdered boric acid and water—just as much boric acid as the water will dissolve—and the liquid thus strained. That is what is meant by a "saturated solution." Then if every night and morning you will wash your eyes out with the boric acid solution, it will improve conditions wonderfully. Fill the eyecup half full with the boric acid lotion; then bend the head forward, and fit the cup into the eye socket. Now throw the head back quickly as far as you can, and the eyecup will be held against the eye without spilling the contents. Open the eye, and wink the eyelash many times, also turning the head from side to side. This gives the eye a thorough washing move the eyecup. Empty and refill for the other eye. Good luck to you, my dear. Be as careful of your health as possible, and eat three good meals a day, chewing them until they are liquid. Drink lots of water—occasionally drinking a glass of hot water, especially if you have gotten slightly chilled or do not feel very well—and as much milk as can be spared. I wish you could have at least a quart a day. And rest whenever you can.

WEST VIRGINIA.—My dear, there isn't any way to reduce by taking an internal remedy. One gets fat by eating too much, or too much of the wrong kind of food, and starches (by which I mean potatoes, rice, bread and butter, etc.) and once on our bones the only way to get it off is to wear it off by exercise or fast it off by not eating enough to carry you through the day, so that the body will use up some of the fat to make up the deficiency in food. One can keep from gaining any more by cutting out fat-building foods, but one is not apt to reduce unless one lessens the amount of food as well, and supplements that by exercise. There is no royal road to slenderness, once the pounds of fat have been added. If you are only 18, I doubt your being so very much in need of reduction. Suppose, then, you try cutting out sweets and starches until you are nearer the weight you want. Don't eat between meals, don't eat candy, rich desserts, cake, pie, preserves, etc. You can find plenty to eat of other food to keep you well nourished, but which will not make fat. And exercise you should and must. Aren't there any outdoor things you can do that will fatigue you and cause you to perspire freely? Do you swim? play tennis? row? play golf? or what do you or can you do where you live, in the way of outdoor exercise? At any rate, there is always one thing you can do, and that is walk. You should get out for a long walk once or twice a day. This does not mean a little stroll through town, but a brisk long walk where it isn't too easy walking—that is, along a country road, or climbing hills, etc. Be sure you do not have on a confining corset to make you uncomfortable; and then walk until you are really fatigued.

CELIA.—No, you are not fat at all for your height. You are probably a little over weight for your age, but not very much so. See what I say to "West Virginia" about cutting out sweets. You might do that for a time, for the big danger is not in weighing what you do but in the prospect of weighing more. It is quite likely that you are rather too fond of sweet stuffs, and the starting on the way of being really fat, so better slow up in time, my dear. Let your bust alone at your age, but just pay attention to the rule about few sweets, none between meals, and plenty of green vegetables and fresh fruits, and as your body responds to this treatment that will mean your bust will also. Does your bust measure more than 36 inches? About the blackheads, the first thing to do is to wash the face thoroughly at night in warm soapy water—use a white soap and do not rub it on the face but merely let it stand in the water. When the face is thoroughly clean, rinse it in warm water several times so that all

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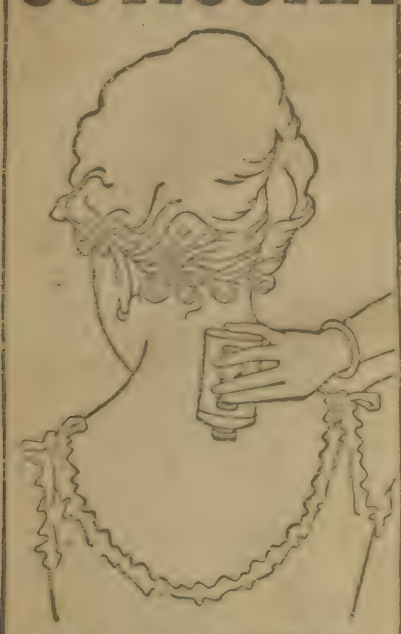
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soap is removed, then in cool water. After this gently

slap the face with flattened fingers to make the blood circulate and stimulate the skin to throw off all impurities. In the morning do not use soap on the face but wash it in warm tepid water. With one thickness of towel wrapped around the finger, gently press against one blackhead at a time, using a finger of your other hand to press against. You might steam your face twice in one week, as I have directed "Anxious." But do not keep up the steaming, for it is not good for the skin. This will soften the facial skin, however, so that you can press out some of the blackheads. Don't persist in the pressing until the whole skin is irritated. And touch the pore, after the blackhead once comes out, with alcohol or peroxide. The best way to keep blackheads away after once removed is to keep the face perfectly clean. A little tincture of benzoin in the water

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will aid not only in keeping them away but in cleansing pores now filled with blackheads. Put eight or ten drops in your bowl of water.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—If your freckles disappear in the winter, what you need to do is to take a little more care in the spring and summer—using cold cream and powder before going outdoors. You want to know whether freckles will ever return after being taken off—not the same freckles, but others will come, for if you have had them it means your skin is susceptible to the sun. The only thing you can do is to take care of your skin and give it as much protection as possible. Cold cream and powder will take care of it, and of course you should wear hats with large brims. Never sit in the sun without the face being shaded. Riding a long distance, a thin veil helps ward off the despised freckle.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

But He Is Over Forty!

by Yetta Kay Stoddard



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THE scene is domestic; a damsel of the flapper type at the seventeenth dazling white milestone standing between the eye of a darning needle and the good western light from the bay window; light that, really, she should not get off from her industrious mother, whether or not the family hosiery be made whole or left holey. She has just finished announcing her engagement.

"But what about Baxter Young, Essie?" It is Mrs. Flemming speaking. While Essie gnaws her under lip the way the leading lady in "Only You Always" does, in an apparent effort to control volatile emotions, will you take a good look at Mrs. Flemming? Her age, now? No, you're wrong—about fifteen years, for she's not yet thirty-six. Can you believe it? A fact, though. She married Frank Flemming when she was little more than Essie's present age, she would tell you pathetically if she thought you interested to the extent of allowing her to dig up buried memories. A drab bit about raking and scraping, the tale is, quite in late nineteenth century style; early widowhood, scant funds, sacrificial mothering. No wonder she sits here, the typical stay-at-home, duty-overwhelmed, bereaved widow type, got up to seem the age you took her to be.

"Bax can break his neck! I hope to goodness he does. In a tail spin. Into the lake and be drowned, for all of me! I'm perfectly through with him!" Essie's maledictions so vehemently and pettishly and half-tearfully voiced, gave her mother a turn. She recalled her own youth and the day when she determined to marry Frank. Very, very deeply must Essie have loved Baxter, her life-long playmate, yesterday her *façade*.

"You must tell me, dear, just exactly how you arrived so suddenly at this decision to marry Quimby Lucas." Mrs. Flemming, her cheeks not less pinkly suffused than Essie's, lifted her overloaded darning basket from the stool beside her and drew her angrily trembling, teary, giggling, gurgling daughter close to her knees. Faces and figures were alike, but the hands contrasted vastly. Essie had done precious little of the hard work of the house, it was plain to see. But the waving chestnut brightnesses of flapper ear puffs and widowed top coils mingled, indistinguishable, even against the strong west sunshine. Give the mother a long rest and extra spending money for frillies! You'd see! Of her potential beauty, however, no one was less aware than anxious Mrs. Flemming herself. Essie's face was telling one story; her words quite another. Concentration was needed to understand the actual state of the girl's heart.

"Of course it was all perfectly, absolutely, gloriously, being engaged to Bax. Just like having it all come right in the tenth reel. I used to say to myself that nobody in the whole great big delicious world could be happier than I was, just thinking about it, the wonder of being engaged to him. I, instead of one of the brilliantly out-of-sight prettier girls with whackdoodles of coin, that he could go with any day he wanted to. Always. But, you can take it from me, Mother, I'm just not going to divide the man I marry with anybody. He's got to be mine and stay mine, all the time. What would it matter if he was toothless and ninety, which no one can say about Mr. Lucas, just so I could put my finger through a buttonhole of his vest and feel he belonged to me, absolutely. It's the way I am, Mother. I can't help it."

"Did Baxter find he liked someone else? Remember, you haven't told me any of the little troubles you've been passing through. And I am your mother. I ought to know, in order to help you not to make the serious mistake I—Mrs. Flemming was fortunately interrupted by her indignant child.

"Little troubles! Mother Flemming! What do you call little ones if every time you go out for a good time with the man you're engaged to, wearing his ring, your pictures in the papers together, and everything regular, with everybody watching, he shows you no more respect than to dance more than half the time with other girls? And not only dance, but actually leaving the floor for tete-a-tetes, and neglecting to come back? And leaving you like a fogged film of *Women Forgotten* to fade away, unless someone else takes pity on you?"

"And Quimby Lucas? How did you meet him?" Mrs. Flemming's eyes searched her daughter's with unusual keenness. Woman to woman, was it, now? Essie smiled triumphantly, conscious of her power of attraction. Evidently she had Quimby Lucas where she wanted him. She bubbled happily.

"Mr. Lucas is an old dear. And not so terribly old, either. And dance! Mother, you'd say he danced divinely. That's all of how to say it. Divinely!"

"I know." It was Mrs. Flemming's turn to tremble, to show signs of inward turmoil. But Essie, too selfishly absorbed in her own affairs, saw no interesting reading there before her very eyes, bright as they certainly were.

"Yes," she continued to effervesce. "He said that I danced almost, almost! as well as you used to. That was how he came to notice me at first. Bax finished a waltz with me and hopped off, as usual, with that redheaded, positively skinny, boney, skeletony, Nelle DeVine—how he can stand it! Mother, actually she does rattle—I don't know. And it wasn't the first time, nor the second. It is a habit. He can't tell me it was just casual. I'm not a fool. And Mr. Lucas must have seen me getting furious. I don't care much. I'd have been perfectly raging if my brother Vic had taken me to a dance and then left me with no one, Mother, absolutely, no one, to dance with, to talk to. And it was that *Capricious Coon*, the very one-step Bax and I were dancing when we got interested in each other, seriously. Our engagement dance. How he could go through it, all with Nelle! I could have flopped right down there and kicked and screamed, I was so disappointed. And Mr. Lucas stepped up, like Jove before weeping Niobe, or something like that, and held out his arms and

asked, in just the nicest voice you ever heard, not a bit oldish at all:

"Won't you make a shelled bachelor like me forget encroaching senility, Miss Flemming? You are Esther Flemming's daughter, I'm sure!"

"And I just naturally gathered his arms around my stricken shoulders, or waist, if you can speak of a waist being stricken, which you naturally can't, and said of course I would, and of course I was your daughter, and it must have been his own fault that he had stayed a bachelor all those years; only, I didn't think how it made him think I thought him awfully old, which I don't. And the way he danced, Mother! And we just naturally went on going around the room together like that all the rest of the evening. You know the night I came home crying, and couldn't tell you what the matter was. I didn't have the language. Mr. Lucas and I had been laughing together every blessed minute. He kept talking to me, fast, just as if he wanted to get Bax out of my mind, telling me about some of the good times you and he used to have together. You never told me a single thing. I didn't imagine you were such a peppy girl, Mother. In the middle of the *Capricious Coon* Bax came to favor the place where he'd left me standing with a little attention. You ought to have seen the look on his face when he didn't and me waiting there. I was too busy to see him but I saw him all right, all right. And I've been too busy ever since. Let him get used to knobs. Nelle's got them sticking out everywhere. You never saw anything angularier, except a walking stick bug. Why, Mother, Quimby Lucas is too much a gentleman. He wouldn't think of looking at another girl but me, no matter how beautiful or brilliant or red-headed she was, and tried her meanest to get him to. I can feel comfortable with Mr. Lucas. And he doesn't mind, in the least, if I dance with other and better-looking men."

"He's considered very hands—Mrs. Flemming began. Checking herself, she remonstrated: "But he's over forty! My dear—perhaps he told you—he and I were engaged before I married your father. He is older by some years than I am though not as much older as your father was."

"No! Engaged to my Mr. Lucas! He didn't say a word about it. How perfectly delicious, isn't it, Mother, dear? To think you'll have him right in your own family, after all! Isn't that a regular Tantamount-Artad? Romantic? We'll say it is. And forty's not old nowadays. At all. He's a little baldish, but what of that? It looks interesting. None of the other girls even know a man, leaving out their fathers and uncles, intimately, like being engaged to, who is old and a success in business and still remembers how to dance and dress and talk nice things to a girl. Of course I shall never, never learn to really love him, madly, like—well dippy, you know, like Bax and I were—but he's good to me. And he was absolutely, perfectly willing to be engaged to me."

"Perfectly willing?" Mrs. Flemming echoed the words. There was horror in her voice; but perhaps there may have been also the glimmering of light, the discernment of a way out, in the maternal glances. "Essie, dear. You haven't told me all, yet."

"No, Mother. Not half! It's all so complex and vague and ethereal, in a way. I simply just had to bring Bax Young to time. That much is clear, isn't it? I simply just had to get engaged, quickly, to someone else, hadn't I? And wasn't Mr. Lucas right there, as I've told you, handy? And he seemed just naturally ready to devote his entire time to looking at me and listening to me talk and being with me and oh, everything. He was a perfect godsend to me, a godsend. And Bax Young has seemed perfectly indifferent."

"Did you—ask him, Mr. Lucas?" Mrs. Flemming's shocked inquiry, carrying an intimation of accusation, brought Essie up bouncing. "Mother Flemming! You are so perfectly old-fashioned. The idea! Of course I didn't, not actually getting down on my knees and begging him to marry me. But—well, perhaps I insinuated, delicately. Yes, I'll say that I subtly, oh, very subtly—it can be done, if you know how and I do—let him know that I was not averse to wearing a platinum set diamond of his choosing. He's bringing it today, but I'm wearing Bax's till it comes. I'd be so lonesome without an engagement ring, now that I'm used to one."

"And what have you two in common?" It was woman demanding of woman; woman shocked to discover in another woman's possession weapons she had held herself too proud to employ—much as she may have wished to do so. "You an inexperienced girl of seventeen? He a man of the world, forty, and past?"

"In the matter of experience, Mother dear, sometimes I wonder if I haven't both you and Mr. Lucas beat to a frazzle. And Vic, too." Essie paused to pass a delicate hand across a blank forehead before she added, impudently, after the manner of flappers:

"I assure you I could give you all some wonderful lessons in experience. What have Mr. Lucas and I in common, Mother dear? We've you! Why, absolutely. I think I can truly say that our main subject of conversation has been you."

"And why hasn't Mr. Lucas taken me into consideration? What is he thinking of, meeting you away from your home, getting himself engaged to you without my knowledge, my consent?"

Mrs. Flemming was walking the living-room floor. If she had been wearing clothes for the part, the outraged mother, she was good for a thousand feet of celluloid. But, dear me, what had she on? A home-dyed, streaked, blue-gray pongee morning gown that sagged at the bias seams and was draggy and too long to begin with. And white cotton hose. Balbriggans, aren't they? The very cheap kind of stockings that permit the daughters of the mothers who wear them to have two pairs of sheer silk drop-stitches to match each important frock in her wardrobe. And side-elastic garters. Arrayed for slapstick. That's about it. Yet her emotions, as recorded on her still pretty and expressive face, were well worth any film mamma's serious study.

"But, Mother dear. Keep your camisole on. It only happened last night. I'm taking the first psychological period of time in which to inform you. And we've met only at the parties Bax has

taken me to—twice. And Mr. Lucas hasn't kissed me or anything. And insisted on coming here today to talk with you about it. Do you get me now? In regular old-fashioned, positively primitive style. The whole affair! And you know nothing of the kind is really done nowadays, at all."

"Coming? Here? Today? When?" Mrs. Flemming clutched the bosom of the untidily arranged pongee, looked at her gaiters, felt of her hair, fled towards the door.

"Now, this morning, any minute. Why, there, I believe I see his Packard. And, for the love of—why, yes!"

But Essie was alone with her astonishment. Her mother, upstairs, with heart pounding, mind a confused blur, was whispering to herself:

"What shall I put on to meet him in? I haven't a rag. Not a single fit rag!"

Hyperbole on the lips of most women, the statement amounted to fact in Esther Flemming's case. She had literally gone garmentless in order that Essie might "keep up with the crowd." Never before had she realized the insanity of her complete sacrifice. She stood in the center of her bedroom, trying to think, trying to get ready, mentally and physically, to face Quimby Lucas. After all these years, these long years, and coming to find me like this. Coming on such an errand."

On her bed lay a dainty blue organdy dress which she had that morning finished for her daughter. Adventure suddenly flamed within the Widow Flemming. Blue she had worn on the day of their engagement, Quim's and her engagement. Ah, if they had not been so hot-headed, so jealous, they two, back there, eighteen—nineteen years ago. Into Essie's room with swift dipping into lingerie cases, shoe bags, hosiery folders! Then back in her own room with deft old-time touches to hair, brows, lips.

"Essie, girl, do you mind stepping out to the machine and telling the young man there not to wait?" Quimby Lucas smiled. He was putting one over on Essie. He had not girded her splendor waist with his manly arm. He had not kissed her. He had hardly looked at her. His words, his arms, his eyes, were for her beautiful, her brilliant, metamorphosed mother.

"Esther! Forgive my taking this way to get to you, will you? And don't you think you've been 'mad' at me long enough? Can't we start over again? Can't we?"

"But Essie? I thought you came to ask my consent to your engagement to Essie?" protested a very smiling, very bright-eyed hostess, as she led the way into the living-room where the unromantic stocking basket lay tumbling its contents across the bay-window end.

"Essie is a wise little girl, Esther. Wiser than you or I ever dreamed of becoming. That's Baxter Young out there at the wheel of my car. Bless me if I knew exactly how they worked whatever they've been up to, the two of them." Scampering footsteps brought Essie and her lover into the room.

"We've made up, Mother! Bax and I! We're engaged all over again!" cried the girl, hugging and kissing her parent, Baxter and the oldish gentleman, her engagement to whom she had announced rather hysterically not half-an-hour previously. But Quimby Lucas acted like nothing so much as a man in great luck.

"So have we made up, Essie," he laughed, drawing her flapperly attired mother into the grasp of his left arm while he signified his willing release of the girl by waving her into the arms of Baxter. "You're all right, my dear. You know how to get what you go after. And I objected not at all to being used to further the ends you had in view."

"You see, children," put in her mother's jubilating voice. "We, too, are engaged all over again!"

And eighteen minutes had not passed since Widow Flemming had held up her hands in shocked surprise at Essie's admission of unwomanly forwardness. I'll leave it to you if Quimby Lucas had said anything about an engagement to her, present, past, or future. Anyway, it came off. A double wedding.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

I would like to hear from any of the sisters that care to write.

Sincerely yours, Mrs. W. A. JACOBSON.

Hello Junior.—What's the joke? When little boys laugh so heartily that they are obliged to hold onto their fat little tummies, then it must be funny.—Ed.

THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

DEAR COMFORT FOLKS:

You're a nice bunch! I've been standing out in the rain for a long time, knocking on your door. Mrs. Wilkinson has had her deaf ear turned downward and no one would give her the sign that someone was outside. I've tried every scheme I could think of. First I used about half of Noah Webster's Unabridged dictionary in this beautiful valley. That failed. Then I tried various other methods such as peeling the knot off Knot Head's black and ripping old B. Bill up the back in defence of "B." of Goshen, California, only to get my next issue of *COMFORT* with a letter similar in theme but more to the point. Finally, exhausting all strategy, but still feeling that my calling was to supply Mrs. W's waste-basket with filling, I decided to send in a couple of brilliant ideas which I had gleaned from seven years of hard-earned experience. And bless your sweet life, if it wasn't the same old story. Another sister from some far-off country beats me to it again. I could not help but giggle. The joke's on me, Mrs. W. Laugh, sisters, laugh! I'm really hard to defeat. That's why I'm sending this. If this falls to land in the printing office, Mrs. Wilkinson, you may as well provide yourself with an ark-like waste-basket for there'll be more to come.

How many of you read the editorial page? All who do not, miss a lot of good reading.

Hoping for one tiny peep in, I am, still, SOOKY.

Sooky.—Your good nature finally won out. There's an example for all of us.—Ed.

GREEN FOREST, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As it has been almost a year since my letter appeared in the *Sisters' Corner*, I trust that Mrs. Wilkinson will permit me to enter their happy circle again, as I wish to speak of a very important factor which has been corrupting the minds of children, namely: the indecent and immoral display of semi-nude women in the motion picture plays. It is a crime! Obviously, such an obnoxious class of pictures have a demoralizing effect upon the minds of growing children, boys especially, because they learn so many vulgar things from the unclean minds of their associates. Therefore, is it any wonder that there is so much crime and immorality existing today? Is it any wonder that boys are so evil minded? And why should the mothers be surprised if their daughters are influenced to step from the path of rectitude? Two of the fundamental causes of such a deplorable state of affairs are: our double standard of morals and the indecent class of motion pictures. True, we have a board of censorship, the members of which are supposed to place a ban on such a class of pictures, but do they? It is very evident they do not. Why? Because some of the members are job holders or office hunters. But as the Ladies' Home Journal said in their recent editorial:

"When intelligent producers take an intelligent stand and produce big, clean photoplays and tell the world that they are big and clean, they will find millions of backers everywhere ready to rise and boost for them." Therefore, is it not of vital importance that mothers should raise a protest and demand a high grade of motion pictures? All mothers who are interested in the welfare of their children should organize and heap such a deluge of complaints upon the film producers that they would be glad to produce a better class of pictures; or if all mothers would not attend any picture shows

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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The Man from Montana

By Atlanta Langdon

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SATURDAY after one he sauntered into the park. It was not the first time, for he had an eye to making with plain but probably well-to-do tourists sitting around the lake on sunny afternoons. It was his usual thing. Sometimes he caught a bite. He paused at the third bench.

"Fine weather," nibbled a tall, spare man fresh from the spell wrought by a megaphonist on a Rubberneck Auto. "There's lots of snow where I come from."

"You like our climate. What do you think of our city?" responded the commercial-looking man, dropping down beside the stranger.

"It's got any in the Copper State beat."

"That's what they all say, no matter where they come from," replied the rotund individual, looking at the stranger from under his Fedora.

"When business week transportation facilities in the East, and the many miles of roads and tracks make outdoor life impossible. Southern California's orange groves and poppy fields seem like miracles to visitors. It's a fine place to live."

"I see you're a big opportunist, too," added the tourist. "But a man that's spent all his life here, up what he's got wants to be sure of what he has at home."

The man on his first vacation for years slipped a large-knuckled hand between his crossed knees and told about his hard work on a farm, and its yield of \$9,000—in the bank!

"That's mighty interesting," said the breezy, friendly man, giving the tourist a cigar, and lighting one for himself. "Maybe you'd like to hear about my business. It's been a little different—not so much hard work, but more a matter of investing judiciously. And—if I do say it myself—I'm a pretty fair judge of values. . . . Now, as this is a vacation well earned by you, my friend, I would like the best in the world to do some little thing to make it more enjoyable. I have some time on my hands, and will be glad to show you the sights."

The stranger accepted with alacrity. And Sunday afternoon in J. H. Bacon's big, sleek red car they motored out to see some oil wells in operation.

"You see, Mr. Parsons, I have dealt in real estate for years," Bacon explained, "but recently was persuaded to take over this oil property. These derricks I think you will find very interesting, and you can judge for yourself, Mr. Parsons, by this overflow under them—like pools of stagnant water—that I made no mistake."

Mr. Parsons was deeply impressed and rather fascinated by the droning of the pulleys that connected a chain of derricks. And as they drove on to the beach, Mr. Bacon kept the conversation going about the oil business.

Venice was more than Edmund Parsons expected. The Midway was a revelation. It reminded him of descriptions he had read of Coney Island. And he had his first glimpse of the ocean!

When late that night Mr. Bacon dropped him at the rooming-house, with its film of downtown dust so thick he could feel it, he entered dissatisfied. The place was a great contrast to the large apartment house opposite the park that his host had pointed out the day before as his home.

Monday morning Mr. Bacon laid aside the Real Estate section of the Sunday paper, put his feet on his desk, his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and greeted his partner, who came in late, with what he had found out about the man from Montana.

Then the outer door clicked and the stenographer answered an inquiry. Bacon's feet came down off the desk and Daskam's swivel chair squeaked.

The man from Montana! Mr. Bacon hurried out to greet him ingratiatingly. As he drew the stranger into their private office, Mr. Daskam rose from a pile of building plans, blue prints and diagrams of derrick-filled oil wells. He was very busy!

"Meet Mr. Parsons, Mr. Daskam!"

"Mr. Bacon was just telling me he knocked around with you a little yesterday," said Daskam, welcoming the visitor with his professional smirk. "Hope you like our garden spot?"

"First rate," admitted Mr. Parsons, from the visitor's chair.

"Got the rest of the world beat," boasted Daskam.

Mr. Parsons nodded, and addressed his next remark to Mr. Bacon.

"I have been thinking about that oil property you showed me. Got any more shares?"

Bacon looked at Daskam interrogatively.

"Not a share," replied Daskam emphatically.

"Our shares have been begging for more ever since the last few hundred went on the market, and at double the first figure. But there's nothing doing. My partner and I have absorbed all the unsold shares in the treasury."

"I didn't understand," said the visitor, disappointed. "It looked good, and, then—Mr. Bacon handlin' it—I thought what little money I had scraped up might as well be earnin' something more than bank interest."

"It's no trick to see that Mr. Parsons is fitted for better things than wasting his life on a farm," said Bacon sympathetically. "and I should like to let him in, if we can—consistently."

Daskam held out.

"Maybe you can spare a hundred or so," Parsons ventured.

"Afraid not," Mr. Parsons. Now, if you want real estate—

"I have more than I want in Montana."

"Then, nothing doing in oil—now. Very sorry, sir. We are negotiating for more property in Mexico. When we get it, we shall be able to talk shares."

It was very plain that further parley would be unavailing. Anyhow, Mr. Parsons was thinking of the tall brunette in the outer office. Her pleasing profile had suddenly caught his attention.

"Will see what we can do for you later," Mr. Bacon said apologetically, slapping his visitor on the shoulder. "I would be glad to take you to lunch if Mr. Daskam and I hadn't promised to show a customer some lots." Then an idea struck him. "But I will introduce you to Miss Nelson, if you have a little time. She will help us make things pleasant for you. Come along."

Miss Nelson received the introduction a little frostily.

"Mr. Parsons is a stranger in the city," Mr. Bacon explained, as he and Daskam left the office together.

"What's that to me?" thought the stenographer,

until she looked up and saw the embarrassment of the man before her, and realized that the situation was not his fault.

"Sit down, Mr. Parsons." Her tone was conciliating. He literally felt into the rocker behind him.

Miss Nelson radiated health in spite of years of office work. Her face had a tranquil, domestic homeliness that was marvelously soothing to the man from Montana. His confusion abated, and his eyes widened as he looked at her pretty, clean-looking hair. He rose and came toward her desk, fumbling his hat brim.

"I'm a stranger to you, ma'am. It may be I ought not to ask you, but it's late, must be past your dinner time. I'm keepin' you, and I would appreciate your takin' a bite with me, ma'am, if you will."

"I will be glad to. They have sandwiches and coffee at the corner soda fountain," she said to solve the puzzle she saw in his manner over where to take a girl to lunch.

"Anywhere you say, ma'am."

Mr. Parsons did not appear at the offices of Daskam-Bacon and O'Neil Company the next morning.

They expected him on the principle that the harder it is to get a thing the more one wants it. But in his mind the oil stock had given first place to Romance. Then, too, he had been years saving his money, and regarded it with some affection.

Next morning Mr. Parsons dropped into the private offices of D-B L & O Co. unannounced. His happiness made him reckless, almost bold.

"Here's my \$9,000," he stated, laying a check in Mr. Bacon's hand. "I'm ready for your certificate."

Mr. Daskam, the more industrious of the partners, rose from an urgent desk, laid his cigar down, ash-end outward, and shook hands with the buyer from Montana.

"Sorry your certificate isn't filled in, Mr. Parsons. Miss Nelson is out on an errand. When she comes back I shall have her do that first thing, and it will be ready—any time."

He laid out a gaudy blank that pictured oil derricks in a large field near some foot-hills, with a prosperous city in the foreground, a railroad yard filled with tank cars on one side and a

thought she would never love any one else. Already it seemed that she had known this man always, as she had that other who lived in her memory. At last she smiled right into his eyes.

"Um-huh," she said. "I know I could—with the right man."

"Oh, ma'am, I'm much obliged to you," he stammered, joy transforming his kind, weather-bronzed face. "Do you mean it?"

"Here's my hand on it," she confirmed, across the table.

which still trembled, and she smiled, without comment.

"You don't think of any place around town that you would like to take a last look at tonight, Addy," he offered, thoughtfully. "Nobody you care to say good by to?"

"No. I must pack my things."

"Then, there is nothin' I can help about, Addy?"

"No, dear, thank you. Come back at noon tomorrow, and I'll tell you when I'll be through here."

Miss Nelson was greatly absorbed next morning. Several times Bacon and Daskam had to recall her suddenly to the trials and struggles of a stenographer.

"Old enough to know better, too," commented Bacon dryly. "I tell you, Daskam, she's in love!"

and both laughed heartily.

But if her mind was not on her work it was evidently calm and collected, for when Bacon sent her to the bank at twenty minutes to twelve she went in haste. She knew that the man, her "man" from Montana, was sure to be on time at noon, and she had a certain piece of business to transact if possible before he came.

At just three minutes of twelve she was back at the office, and laid Bacon's check before him on the desk. He glanced at it, and, from it, interrogatively at her.

"Overdrawn," she explained laconically.

"Couldn't be," he declared, rising excitedly.

"Didn't we deposit \$9,000 yesterday?"

He stood up ready to burst, and slipped a finger down inside his collar as if to relieve his throat of sudden pressure.

Cautiously Daskam drew to a position between her and the door, which he carefully closed.

"Call up the bank, Bacon," he urged hoarsely.

Bacon banged up the receiver furiously after a short conversation.

"You didn't deposit that check! What's your game?"

She really had not thought out her plan, and her mind was not half working. So, erect and defiant but speechless, she faced him.

"What are you?" Bacon thundered, "a common thief, or—what?"

There came a gentle twist of the doorknob. Daskam set one heel against it to prevent an opening.

"Come, come, Miss Nelson. Get it over. I suppose you want your divvy," he said in a tone meant to be diplomatic.

"Not for a million dollars," she cried, suddenly finding her voice, "would I share in a crime like that. I did not deposit the check because I would not let you rob him!"

"Blackmailer," snapped Bacon, advancing threateningly toward her.

There was a bump and a thud as the door was pushed violently open, and Mr. Daskam fell to the floor in a most ungraceful attitude.

The man from Montana paused only an instant to observe Bacon's threatening gesture, and to put him on the floor with his partner.

Before he could go further, Miss Nelson slipped her hand into her bosom, drew out the cause of all the trouble—the clean, unstamped, undeposited check, and passed it to him.

Daskam got half of it in a sudden dash he made; and he got something else right across the cheek from the left hand of Miss Nelson, who proved thereby that a stenographer's hands are sometimes good for something besides pounding the keyboard.

"Call the police!" snorted Daskam. "We'll put these two in jail!"

"You may call the police if you like," said Miss Nelson, getting her voice again, "but you will be simply officiating at your own funeral. That stock is worthless, and you know it. But you did not know I overheard you and Mr. Daskam gloating over the easy money you took from the 'boob' you met in the park."

"Meaning me!" blurted Parsons, getting red and waxing belligerent.

Bacon released the telephone. Daskam sat down in a chair to nurse his various hurts.

"Come, dear," interjected Miss Nelson, sweetly. "I saved it for you. That's enough."

And the man from Montana entirely forgot them and all their nefarious schemes as he floated away with her on the silver lining of a love cloud.



Mr. Daskam fell to the floor in a most ungraceful attitude.

But that afternoon he came up, and just as he handed Miss Nelson a bunch of flowers and asked if he might take her to supper, out rushed Mr. Bacon to tell her that he was running over to the north side on a little matter of importance.

"Ah!—Mr. Parsons, you here! Like to come along?"

It was Bacon's chance to tell him he thought Daskam's view of the situation was somewhat changed. They were going to let him in!

Soon after quitting time Mr. Parsons and Miss Nelson sat in a restaurant. He tried not to seem ill at ease, but he felt all hands. Even his knees bumped against hers under the small table. When he got them out of the way, his feet were too large.

Miss Nelson smiled. That helped him.

"Guess I'm what you might call a natural-born farmer," he broke out. "I have never done anything else."

"That's nice," said Miss Nelson. "I spent my childhood on a farm."

"Did you, ma'am?" He brightened. "Where?"

"Clay Center, Kansas. I know all about locusts and katydids."

"Oh, ma'am, that makes it easier. I was afraid you would think I was queer. Now, I know you understand."

"Of course I do. My brother follows corn rows."

"Mine's wheat, ma'am," he grinned.

"Better yet," responded Miss Nelson. "Fields of swaying yellow grain are beautiful."

"That's what I thought until I came to the city for the first real stay, you might call it. Since I was a boy and went to the county fair. Now I will miss the lights and noises. They're interesting, and the easy ways of makin' money, too."

Miss Nelson glanced up at him.

"More than likely I'll feel lonely for the city. All I have in the way of a family is my mother. And her time, outside of keepin' house, is pretty well spent with church work and charity organizations. I am forty-one, and never had a girl."

"I am thirty-three," admitted Miss Nelson.

"How long have you been workin'?" he asked.

"Ever since I grew up."

"What is your first name, ma'am?"

"Adelaide, but I have almost forgotten it, because out here everybody Miss Nelsons me."

"I always thought, Miss Adelaide, the reason I never went through any romantic foolishness, as you might say, like other men, was that I was too busy. I believe now it was because I never struck up with the right girl."

She looked at him curiously as he leaned across the table.

"The minute I saw you I believed that," he pursued. "You know what a farm is like. Miss Adelaide—will you mind my sayin' Addy?—bein' raised on one. Think you could stand it again?"

Adelaide laid her fork across her plate and weighed the question. She had never taken to "city fellows," as her brother had predicted when she left home. The sweetheart of her youth had died. Somehow, she pictured that if he had lived he would have grown into a man like this honest, unassuming soul whose eyes looked so pleadingly into hers. Being an old maid—forever—was lonelier than she had expected when she had

flat filled with oil tanks on the other. Very imposing!

"Now, Friend Parsons," supplemented jocosely Mr. Bacon, seeing him to the door, "your dividends will be sent you by check, and you will soon be buying tractors for that farm of yours, if you decide to keep at it—for pleasure."

Mr. Parsons did not tell Miss Nelson of the deal, intending to surprise her with the oil stock as a wedding present. But he did not think of this when Mr. Daskam said that she would fill in the certificate.

Mr. Parsons and Miss Nelson just missed each other in the elevators, and Messrs. Daskam and Bacon were admiring the fat check with such gusto that they did not hear her come in.

"Some sucker, eh, Daskam?" Bacon exclaimed.

"By heck, if we could comb a Boob McNutt out of the park every sunny afternoon, all we would have to do would be to stand on a corner, claim any old property and take the mazzuma."

"He's so easy, and honest, and begs so hard to get stung, it's a shame to take the money," returned the older man.

"Forget it, R. E. Not much will I waste in compunction on a boob who will part with all his cash to a stranger in a strange town for stock in property the stranger calls his, without consulting the title. He ought to be trimmed."

Daskam relit his dead cigar and squeaked his swivel chair.

"If he don't beat it back to the farm soon he will be falling for some of our Mexican stock owned by Union Petroleum," predicted Bacon to the back of Daskam's shiny bald head.

Bang! Miss Nelson dropped something.

Immediately Mr. Bacon went out and laid on her desk a deposit slip made out for Mr. Parsons' check, the check, and bank book.

"Before you go to the bank, write this data into this certificate, Miss Nelson," called Daskam through the open door. "Mr. Parsons will call for it. Have it ready."

Daskam and Bacon were out when Parsons came back to the office. He did not ask Miss Nelson for the paper that would show him as a stockholder in the company's oil property. Instead, he told her his time was up, and he would start back to Montana Friday.

"You wasn't foolin' about goin' with me, was you, Addy?"

"No. Come here tomorrow at lunch time," she said, laying a hand on his trembling arm.

"You don't know how much obliged to you I am for openin' my eyes, Adelaide, nor what a strange feelin' of gladness it gives me—nothin' else makes any difference now—seems I could lose all I've got and not care—if it wouldn't affect you."

Her hand slipped on down his arm to his own,

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Hints for Filling the Winter Egg Basket

I WANT our readers to make a special effort to buy cockerels now to breed their brooding pens next season, for this is the season of the year when the big breeders of thoroughbred stock commence to select their birds for the show season, and put them into separate pens to develop. Take their young pullets off from range, and place them in permanent winter quarters, and sell out the year-old birds, and divide them into flocks for next year's brooding pens. All this means that house room becomes so precious that they are willing, nay, anxious—to purchase of native cockerels, and will sell good birds now for almost half what they would ask for them in the spring. Such a golden opportunity should not be neglected, and I advise you to sell off all your old hens or your own young cockerels and use the money for the purchase of one or two really good birds, for if you have only medium fair stock, and mate a few of the hens to a good bird next spring, you are sure to get some youngsters who will more than pay you for your



FIRST PRIZE WHITE LEGHORN HEN.

trouble. Look through the advertising columns for the addresses of well-known breeders of whatever variety you are keeping, and write them for prices of cockerels or, better still, quote what price you can afford to pay; remembering always, that you can't expect to get something for nothing, and that even a cull bird from a breeder who has for years kept nothing but full-blooded stock, is of more value to breed from than a splendid looking bird which may have all sorts of mixed and poor varieties among his ancestors. For, as I have before explained to you, the individual bird or animal is not half so important as his parents or grandparents, so far as his influence is concerned on future stock.

When writing to breeders about cockerels, you should give a clear description of the hens you want to mate them to, because the breeder will then be able to select a bird with characteristics as will counterbalance the weak points in your birds.

To illustrate: If the hens happen to have legs rather too long for the breed they belong to, the male bird chosen to mate with them should have legs a trifle too short, and, of course, the same throughout the points. There are very few perfect birds, so matings must be made to counterbalance the faulty points. And it is impossible to get perfection from one mating, so it is positively necessary to breed the pullets back to the sire, even to the third and fourth generation.

Now, many people run away with the idea that it is only for conformation and plumage that one does such mating for, but it is quite as necessary when one is trying to build up a strain of heavy-laying birds. Roosters must be the offspring of prolific layers, no less than the hens to which they are to be mated, and it is only by remating to the progeny of the original sire that the breed can be firmly established. Of course, the same is to be said if your ambition is to raise specially good table birds with deep breasts and heavily-meated thighs. So you see, even for the general-purpose bird, it is well to devote some thought to the subject, and be careful to select not only hens that are known to be good layers, but males who are known to be the sons of heavy layers; and once having established a good pen, it is well to be very careful how you introduce a strange male bird.

I am emphasizing this subject now, because so many of my correspondents seem to be convinced that all that is necessary to get good layers is to select their best hens. I use "hens" in writing, but of course the same principles apply to ducks and geese and, to a smaller extent, turkeys. It is quite time to consider breeding flocks of geese and ducks now, for if strange birds have to be bought, it takes time for them to become accustomed to their new surroundings, and as they are early layers, there should be no delay about the purchase.

Both ducks and geese are such easy keepers when they have a wide range that it is advisable for every small farm to keep a flock of either one or the other. Imperial Pekin ducks start laying in January, when hens' eggs are bringing very high prices, so the ducks' eggs are a very great convenience and economy, as they can be used at home, and usually sell to neighbors for cooking purposes, even if they don't like them to eat. Ducks' eggs make better cakes and custards than hens' eggs, and people who are living near towns or cities can always dispose of any surplus quantities to confectioners and candy makers.

I give you this hint, as it is not advisable to hatch ducks in most localities before April, and by that time hens' eggs have gone down in price to such an extent that one does not mind using them in the kitchen. If you have raised any number of ducks or geese during the last season, now is the time to fatten them and market them. Cook them in rather small yards; boil and mash any waste, green vegetables, small potatoes or any other root crop that you may have on hand. When cool, mix about a quart of wheat middlings or corn-meal through a panful, and you will have a good fattening mash for twenty birds, and give them all the skimmed milk you can spare in a dish they can only get their bills into, and they will be ready for market within three weeks.

Old ducks and geese which are to be kept for breeding in the spring must have a dry place to sleep in and good food. Chopped corn-stalks or fodder, well steamed, and a little bran, make a good, inexpensive mash. If skim-milk is plentiful, give them some every day, to take the place of

insects which they can no longer find for themselves. If there is no milk to spare, get some commercial meat scraps, and mix about a tablespoonful for each bird in the mash three times a week. Also, be careful that they have plenty of grit and water. Ducks and geese often suffer for water on a general farm after pools and troughs are frozen.

The care the birds receive now will influence their laying, and the strength of the ducklings and goslings next spring. Don't lose any time in getting your young pullets into winter quarters. The sooner they are settled, and winter rations started, the sooner they will commence to lay. Don't forget that to produce eggs they must have plenty of water to drink, and, as they have no teeth, need grit to grind the food after it passes into the gizzard—animal food, vegetables, and lime in some form. Brooks and outside drinking troughs are sure to be frozen; small stone and sand ditto. So when the farmer throws down the corn, which is greedily eaten, the hen profits little, for she cannot digest it properly, and in consequence is unproductive. Insects (the natural animal food supply) are not to be had, nor is there any vegetable matter available. So the fowls return to natural conditions, which means no eggs until springtime, when they are again able to find the different ingredients from which eggs are formed.

Now the real poultryman, who depends on his fowls for his living, knows by experience that it pays to provide his birds with all these things when she cannot find them for herself. Besides, there is another advantage: the chicks which will be hatched in the spring will be stronger, and make quicker growth, than those hatched from eggs laid by poorly-fed hens.

During the last two years we have almost entirely changed our plans for feeding the laying hens, and find the new method much better than the old. Instead of a wet mash at eight o'clock in the morning, we now give the following: dry mash at 2 P. M.: Ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, ten pounds of ground corn, ten pounds of white middlings, ten pounds of old process oil meal, and ten pounds of freshly-cut green bone, use twenty pounds of any one of the commercial brands of animal feed especially prepared for poultry. Mix the above quantities very thoroughly and keep in a barrel for daily use.

When fresh green bone is used, don't mix more at one time than will be used in a week. Feed the dry mash in shallow pans, as much as the birds will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. At supper-time a mixture of corn, wheat and cracked corn, in the following proportions: Whole corn, twelve pounds; cracked corn, eight pounds; wheat, eight pounds. This mixture we scatter over the litter about 4 or 4.30 P. M., according to the light.

The birds are always eager for the whole corn, and in rushing about to pick that up, rarely get the smaller grain down into the litter, so rarely get any of it at night. But when they get off the roost the first thing in the morning they are hungry and start in looking for the small grain, which compels them to take just the vigorous exercise which they need early in the morning to set their blood circulating, and to warm them after the long night on the roost. About eight o'clock in the morning we fill up the drinking fountains with water enough to insure its being warm after it is poured into the cold galvanized pans. At twelve o'clock the drinking fountains are again filled with water, and about a pint of cracked corn is scattered on the litter for every forty hens. They also get their vegetable food at noon. In the early winter this is usually cabbage, turnips or beets, but later in the season we depend entirely upon sprouted oats, each bird being given about a square inch of the sprouts and matted roots. If you have no regular cabinet for sprouting the oats, and don't feel like going to the expense of buying one, a few shallow boxes will do almost as well.

A shelf behind the kitchen stove, or some other warm place, is a good spot to keep them. Make several holes at the bottom of the boxes for ventilation, and cover with burlap or wire cloth to prevent the oats falling through. Soak the oats in a pail of water over night, and in the morning spread them about two inches thick in the boxes and cover with a double thickness of newspaper. Each morning, remove the newspaper and stir the oats with your hands; spread out evenly, and sprinkle with water until the sprouts begin to show, after which don't disturb the oats, but still sprinkle every morning. Replace the paper after sprinkling, until the sprouts are over the edge of the box, as it keeps them from being dried and toughened by the dry outer air of the kitchen. In about nine days the oats will be a thick mass of fine roots, and the sprouts two or three inches high, and ready to use. Break into small pieces, so that each hen will get a share. The whole mass of roots is to be used, as well as the sprouts, for there is as much food value in one as in the



CHICKEN HOUSE.

other. A piece about seven inches is enough for twenty hens. After once commencing to use the sprouts, start a box every day or every other day, according to the size of the boxes and the number of hens to be fed, so that you will have a continuous supply.

The quantity of night feed you will have to gauge by what the birds will eat. Hens must go to roost with full crops, or they get cold and unproductive before morning, when the egg basket will suffer, but there should be no whole corn left on the floor for them to get early in the morning, for if they can fill up on whole corn when they first get off the roost, they will just stand around all day without taking any exercise. Our plan is to go through all the houses, give what we think is a good supply, then start in at the first house again, and give a little more when it seems needed. After watching the birds for a few nights you will soon be able to gauge the right amount. The quantity of feed is one of the points on which personal experience is the only teacher.

When eggs are to be marketed, it is advisable not to let any weak birds run with the layers. But, of course, about three weeks before eggs are wanted for marketing, your best hens should be selected, divided into small flocks of from seven to fifteen, according to the breed you are keeping, and as good a rooster as you can afford to buy introduced to each flock.

Don't keep more hens than your house will comfortably hold. I don't mean in fine weather when the birds only sleep in it. Calculate for their having to spend several days at a time shut up. They must have room to move about and scratch among the litter to keep healthy and profitable. Better have twenty hens laying regularly than fifty moping around and not laying more than one or two eggs a week.

Turkeys

I want to give you a few hints about the care of the old turkeys at this season of the year, in

the hope that it may help you in raising young ones in the spring, for during the past few years the number of letters telling about the loss of young turkeys in all parts of the country is positively appalling, and it all springs from an intestinal disease called "blackhead," and which is spread through the droppings of infected birds. For this reason I want you to do a little doctoring right now to get the old birds in good condition if possible.

First of all, plow the yards or grounds where the turkeys have been in the habit of congregating and thoroughly disinfect the roosts and fences which they frequent; then once every week put forty grains of epsom salts in half a pint of water, and place it where the birds are likely to drink from it in the early morning. And before you give them their regular feed in the morning, mix one grain of sulphate of iron and one grain of silicate of soda and make it into a pill with a little curd cheese or bread which has been moistened with milk. The above amount is for one pill, and each bird should get one of them. At night, again try to force them to drink the water with epsom salts in it. Or, if you only have two or three birds, which are pretty tame and easily handled, give them a teaspoonful of castor oil night and morning instead of the salts. Sweep up and burn all the droppings from under the roosts as early as possible in the morning. Repeat this treatment once a week for four weeks. After that time add seven grains of catechu to every two quarts of drinking water every day for another month. After the first of the year give the turkeys some of the laying hens' mash in the morning, and all through the winter give them a good feed of corn at night.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

E. S.—Your method of feeding seems perfectly all right, but I do not think it could have been to blame for the poor hatches you have been having during the last two seasons. Perhaps you don't manage the birds well. I believe in keeping pullets and year-old birds in separate flocks, and roosters all together in one enclosure during the winter, feeding the pullets heavily to insure their producing a plentiful supply of eggs for market during the months when they bring the best prices. The year-old hens we left out on free range. Give them good grain rations, but no meat. In this way they are not forced at all, and are sure to be in good condition by February, when the roosters are allowed to run with them, and they are given a good supply of animal food added to their grain rations. In this way, strong, fertile eggs and vigorous chicks are insured. We never used eggs for setting from pullets that have been forced during the winter. Even with Brown Leghorns, which are very vigorous birds, it is advisable to have one rooster to every fifteen hens.

D. M. N.—I have read and re-read your letter, but cannot understand where the trouble lies. As you have had about the same results when using two different makes of incubators, it seems as if the machine could not be to blame; but according to your letter, you observe all the rules laid down for running an incubator. The only thing I can suggest is, that you cool the eggs too long each day. The cellar or room in which the incubator is operated should not be below 55 or 60 degrees. If it is, the eggs get chilled during the daily turning. Hang up a thermometer near the table where you stand the egg trays, and if it stands at less than 55 degrees, have a thick, warm blanket ready, and cover the eggs when you bring the trays out of the machine. They will air just as well through the blanket, and you can push back first one side and then the other whilst turning the eggs. Also be careful not to leave the incubator door open. Close it immediately on moving each tray, if there is more than one in your machine, and fill and trim the lamp two hours before or after turning the eggs, for if the lamp is removed whilst the eggs are out of the machine, the heat is lost, and it takes several hours to regain the right temperature.

A. O. O.—As I understand your letter, the chicks were dipped in hot fat and sulphur. If that is what was really done, it is a wonder that any of the poor little creatures lived even a day. Anyway, the whole treatment was wrong from the beginning. Little chicks need warmth during the day as well as at night, so must have a brooder and a warm room to play in. Finely-cracked wheat or oats, mixed with cracked corn, would have been better than wheat meal, even for the first week. I will gladly help you if you will write again, telling me what kind of birds you keep, how you feed and house them, and exactly what the points are on which you desire advice. For general information on poultry points read this department this month.

M. L. J.—Any time after birds are ten weeks old, they can have whole corn and oats, though it is better to have both cracked. The day before shipping, light-colored fowls should be washed. Don't gasp—it's not by any means a difficult undertaking, but must be done thoroughly, or the result will be anything but pleasant to behold. An ordinary wash-bowl makes a good bath, because of the oblong shape. Put enough warm water into it to cover the bird. Make a lather of good white soap. Stand the fowl in the water and soak for a few

Once used to being picked up and handled they will not be frightened when put up for public admiration, nor will they give the judge trouble when they have to be examined for points. But if the birds are taken from large yards and sent off in small coops to be handled by strangers, they invariably get sick, and show to such poor advantage that they fail to receive their due rating.

A. L. P.—Fowls are killed by what is called limberneck. The name describes their condition, for their necks are surely limber, but it gives no hint of the cause. The cause is ptomaine poisoning. Because of lack of knowledge as to the cause, people do not know how best to prevent the trouble. Many know that it is caused by maggots, but they have often maggot, and the statement is made that maggots do not die when eaten, and, being alive in the fowl, cause trouble. This cannot be true, for maggots are a natural food for fowls; they are dangerous only when they contain poison from decaying flesh. The poison, if present in the maggots, soon stops the processes in the stomach, and the maggots may live longer than they would, were the digestive organs of the fowl able to do their proper work. In some cases the symptoms assume a different guise, and the bird, instead of having what is known as limberneck, develops the condition known as "wry neck," a twisting backward of the head and neck upon the body, the head being sometimes turned almost entirely around. Both of these ailments arise from similar causes. In the majority of cases they are due to intestinal irritation of some sort. The wry neck is more likely to be a symptom of epileptic disease or direct brain and nerve irritation, while limberneck more frequently occurs accompanying attacks of colic, acute indigestion, irritation from intestinal parasites (worms), crop inflammation or similar troubles. Where not due to direct brain or nerve disease, such as epilepsy, a hereditary tendency to a disordered condition of the nervous system, the disease is easily remedied. The most frequent causes of acute indigestion and colic are indiscretions in feeding. Impure meat food or a too one-sided ration is a common cause of limberneck, resulting from acute indigestion or colic in small chicks. Frigate and overexertion from being chased are also causes. In chicks and fowls of all ages, putrid meat, feeding upon large quantities of maggots, or eating indigestible and poisonous substances, are common causes of limberneck. When the birds, either young or old, have been fed raw meat in any considerable quantity, or have been running on old, contaminated ground that has not been properly renovated, worm parasites are a common cause of this trouble. The disease may be prevented by careful feeding and the removal of all sources of infection.

Treatment

The following treatment will be found effective in the majority of cases, and is undoubtedly the best for regular routine treatment: When the case is first discovered, administer a small dose of oil of turpentine mixed with sweet oil. For small chicks, from two to ten drops of turpentine mixed with an equal amount of sweet oil will be found sufficient, according to age, while adult birds will take from one to two teaspoonfuls of oil of turpentine mixed with an equal quantity of sweet oil. Keep the bird warm and quiet. Fifteen minutes to half an hour after the dose of turpentine, give warm, sweet milk to which has been added a little pare ginger tea for a youngster who had an attack of green-apple colic, one teaspoonful of finely-powdered pure ginger thoroughly mixed with half a cup of hot milk, and barely sweetened with a little sugar. For small chicks, give one-half to one teaspoonful every hour or two. Adult fowls may have one to two tablespoonfuls at a dose. Another good remedy for adult birds is to use a pill made as follows: Equal parts of pure lard, cayenne pepper, powdered ginger and mustard. Rub all together until thoroughly mixed, then divide into pills or slugs the size of a kidney bean. Give one of these pills or slugs at a dose and repeat in three hours if necessary. The bird will usually show signs of improvement at once, and in from 10 to 24 hours will be ready to go back to a regular food ration, which should consist at first of a little thoroughly cooked boiled rice, lightly sweetened with salt. Follow this with feedings of raw potato, raw beet, and a limited supply of dry grain and pure beef scrap. The trouble will seldom recur when due to colic or other digestive disturbances, provided care is taken to supply the most nutritious foods and grains. When the above treatment fails to act, the trouble is due to some serious nerve or brain disease, and it will be best to kill the bird, but do not despair of saving a chick or fowl affected with limberneck until you have at first given this method of treatment a fair trial.

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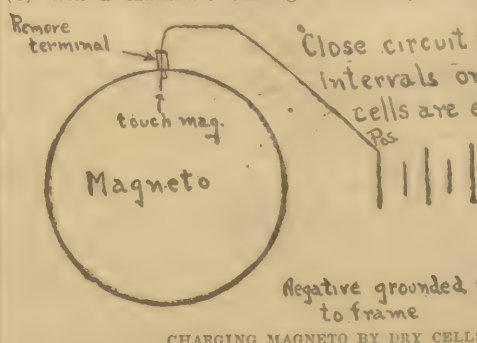
Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Answers to Correspondents

RECHARGING FORD MAGNETO.—In last month's issue I stated, in answer to inquiry by H. L. M., Moran, Texas, that there was a way to charge Ford magneto without removal from the car, but advised having it done at a repair shop suitably equipped for this service. Since then I have succeeded in locating a repair man who some time back made a practice of recharging magneto, using dry cells for the purpose. After coupling up five dry cells, he connected the negative side of the battery to the frame, thereby forming a ground. He next removed the magneto plug at the top of flywheel and formed a contact with the positive wire to the magneto. He allowed the circuit to be closed for three-second intervals only and continued the charging in this manner until the five dry cells were completely discharged. The accompanying sketch will assist in gaining an idea of the procedure.

LEAK-PROOF RINGS.—Do leak-proof rings pay? If so, which is the best make to use? Should a ring be used that has to be filed down to fit walls, or a ring that is a fit without filing? (2) What do you think of the method of tightening bearings on large cars by fitting bearing to shaft until you can feel some slightly by turning crank, and then starting motor and tightening gradually until cap is drawn up tight? This is what I call burning in slightly. If there is a better way, please outline same. I am always careful not to get cap too hot. (3) How often should differential bearings, especially Timken, be adjusted? (4) Will a cam-shaft bearing in a six-cylinder



CHARGING MAGNETO BY DRY CELLS.

motor knock if it is a little worn when all the other bearings are tight? (5) I notice that a good many of the Liberty motors use excessive oil. How can same be overcome? This is the Liberty car with Continental motor. (6) Why do the late model Fords leak oil past the pistons and rings worse than the old models? (7) What do you think of a course in automobile overhauling and repair work by mail, and who are the best people to get this course from?—W. H. E., Hamer, S. C.

A.—Regarding the advisability of using "leak-proof piston rings," I believe you have reference to certain types that are widely advertised with regard to sealed slots, etc. Some of these types are satisfactory and afford excellent results. However, do not lose sight of the fact that all rings are supposed to be leak proof, or otherwise they serve no particular purpose in the cylinder. Personally, I believe in allowing the manufacturer to do the experimenting. Usually the manufacturer has an experimental department, and tests determine the proper type of ring to use. It is good policy to use the manufacturer's material as much as possible. A ring properly machined for a certain cylinder bore should require no filing. If the bore is worn a trifle, it is proper to obtain rings a few thousandths oversize and file the slots until the rings compress sufficiently to fit the bores. (2) I am not an advocate of "burning in" bearings. It is anything but a workmanlike method. After the bearings have been reamed, they should be hand scraped and the fit determined with Prussian blue. Tightening a cap down so as to burn off the high spots often will leave the metal flaky and unsatisfactory for bearing purposes. A properly scraped-in bearing is not correctly adjusted if it renders the motor hard to turn over. (3) To assure the best service, Timken roller bearings should be examined at least once in every 5,000 miles of travel. The only care and attention they will require is an occasional supply of fresh lubricant and possibly a slight adjustment. (4) One loose cam-shaft bearing, even if all other bearings are tight, will, in all probability, cause a knock. (5) A letter to the Liberty Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., would undoubtedly be more productive of good information. Give the serial number of the cars that are using an excessive amount of oil, and I am certain that they will be only too glad to assist you in finding a remedy in case one is really necessary. (6) You will likewise have to search elsewhere for an answer to the Ford motor inquiry. (7) Personally, I am not strong for an overhauling course conducted by correspondence. If you can attend a school headed by a capable mechanic, you will get better results in a shorter time. I am unable to answer your inquiry regarding the knock in the Buick. You have failed to give any description of the sound, and if you are unable to locate it and the same is objectionable to the owner, I would suggest taking the matter up with the Buick people. While I do not know the type of muffler used on the Liberty car, I believe I am safe in stating that it is of such design that it will handle the exhaust from the motor. I know of several tests conducted with stock cars and it was found that opening the cut-out does not add to the power. I might add that the man who operates his car at such a speed that it is necessary to open the cut-out to get rid of the exhaust is courting trouble.

CLOGGED RADIATOR.—The radiator of my 1919 model Haynes car was leaking a little, and so I put in some Never Leak radiator compound. Since then the water will boil and engine runs so hot that I cannot run more than ten miles without having to stop and refill the radiator with water. I would like to know how to get rid of the compound in the radiator. Before I put the compound in, the engine always ran cool.

S. F. H., Apopka, Fla.
A.—You have a job for a radiator expert. He will probably unsolder the lower tank and dig out the compound that is clogging the channels. You probably put in too much of the compound.

GEARLESS DIFFERENTIAL.—I want to get more power out of my 1917 model Ford, and intend to put in either a four-to-one ratio or a gearless differential. Which of them would you advise, and why? (2) I have the Atwater-Kent Ignition system requiring six dry cells in series. When batteries get weak would it injure the system to connect up two sets of cells? (3) What can be done to eliminate boiling of water in radiator and thus obviate overheating of the motor?
M. G., Arapahoe, Nebr.

A.—It is a matter you must decide, whether you will install a gearless differential or gears of four-to-one ratio. Personally, I seem to be in the dark as regards the gearless differential proposition. You desire power and this is not produced in the differential. The differential is for the purpose of driving the wheels and to allow one wheel to run ahead of the other when turning corners. Although I am not well posted on gearless differentials, it is my opinion that they use pawls which drop into grooves. However, unless I am not mistaken, they make use of a drive pinion and drive gear the same as used in connection with the gear differential. The advantage claimed for the gearless differential is that it transmits the drive to the wheel having the most traction. If you desire this feature, it can be obtained by installing a gearless differential, but if you desire more power it can be produced by changing the drive pinion and drive gear. (2) When the dry cells become weak, coupling up additional sets will assist. (3) Boiling of the water is another way of putting it for overheating. Some of the causes for overheating are as follows: Poor lubrication, loose fan belt, driving with retarded spark, obstructions in front of radiator, kink in rubber hose impeding water circulation, timing altered so that spark is late, etc.

Helpful Pointers

Side Curtains

Many owners of open passenger cars have been caught in a heavy downpour of rain and have taken a good wetting while standing in the open trying to fit the side curtains. The difficulty lies in not knowing where the different curtains fit. After fitting the curtains in place it is a good plan to mark them in some manner so that you will know at a glance next time which is top and bottom, front and rear, etc.

Oil Consumption

Because you are not receiving a high mileage on a quart of oil, this is not necessarily an indication that the motor is using it. Before making complaint as regards oil consumption, it is well to wash the crank-case with gasoline, remove the under pan and while the motor is running lie under the car and look for leaks. Stop the leaks and the mileage will be boosted.

Air Vent

Cars which have the vacuum system for the supplying of gasoline make use of a large tank, usually suspended at the rear of chassis, for the carrying of the main supply of fuel. Gasoline in this tank must be kept at atmospheric pressure. To accomplish this end, some cars have a pipe connected to the tank, one end of which is carried to a high elevation. Air is, of course, admitted through this pipe line. Other makes have small holes drilled through the filler cap. Regardless of the method of supplying air to the tank, it is important that the air channel be kept open. Because of the lack of air, the vacuum created by the motor has been sufficient in many cases to cause the collapse of the tank.

Traffic Rules

Each city and town has its own traffic rules but from observation it would appear that there are a few rules which if observed would keep the majority of motorists out of trouble: When stopping or turning, signal with the hand. Unless there are safety zones provided, do not pass a street car while it is taking on or letting off passengers. Except in case of absolute necessity, no speeding. Look out for children; they are apt to dart into the road when you least expect them. Give the right of way to vehicles approaching from your right. When meeting other cars at night, dim your lights.

Answers to Last Month's Quiz

1. Although the cutting off of the ignition on

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These tires are reconstructed by special factory process and overstrengthened by insertion of special double-fabric guard-strip which gives them more fabric than any 6000-mile guarantee tire. "Re-bilt" tires are not "sewed" nor so-called "lightly used" or "demonstrated" tires but are built up with brand new factory materials. Should give mileage about equal to cords.
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| Size | Old Price | New Price | Size | Old Price | New Price |
|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 28x3 | \$7.00 | \$5.60 | 32x4 1/2 | \$11.50 | \$9.20 |
| 28x3 1/2 | 7.45 | 5.96 | 32x4 3/4 | 11.50 | 9.20 |
| 28x4 | 8.45 | 6.76 | 34x4 1/2 | 12.25 | 9.80 |
| 28x4 1/2 | 8.75 | 7.00 | 34x4 3/4 | 12.25 | 9.80 |
| 28x4 3/4 | 10.20 | 8.16 | 35x4 1/2 | 12.25 | 9.80 |
| 30x3 1/2 | 10.60 | 8.48 | 36x4 1/2 | 13.25 | 10.60 |
| 30x4 | 10.95 | 8.76 | 36x4 3/4 | 13.25 | 10.60 |
| 30x4 1/2 | 11.30 | 9.04 | 37x5 | 14.50 | 11.60 |

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| Size | Old Price | New Price | Size | Old Price | New Price |
|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 28x3 | \$7.00 | \$5.60 | 32x4 1/2 | \$11.50 | \$9.20 |
| 28x3 1/2 | 7.45 | 5.96 | 32x4 3/4 | 11.50 | 9.20 |
| 28x4 | 8.45 | 6.76 | 34x4 1/2 | 12.25 | 9.80 |
| 28x4 1/2 | 8.75 | 7.00 | 34x4 3/4 | 12.25 | 9.80 |
| 28x4 3/4 | 10.20 | 8.16 | 35x4 1/2 | 12.25 | 9.80 |
| 30x3 1/2 | 10.60 | 8.48 | 36x4 1/2 | 13.25 | 10.60 |
| 30x4 | 10.95 | 8.76 | 36x4 3/4 | 13.25 | 10.60 |
| 30x4 1/2 | 11.30 | 9.04 | 37x5 | 14.50 | 11.60 |

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long hills and using the engine as a brake has been given wide publicity, this practice is being discouraged by many automotive engineers because of the tendency of the gasoline that is drawn into the cylinders to destroy the oil film on the cylinder walls. It is recognized to be good policy to ignite all gasoline taken into the cylinders so that it will not find its way into the crankcase and destroy the lubricating qualities of the oil.

2. There seems to be a variance of opinion as regards the effect of heat on air. My experience with hot-weather driving is that it is advisable to carry about five pounds less air in each tire. It will be well to take a pressure reading before and after a run on a hot day and in this manner it will be possible to determine the approximate amount of expansion due to heat.

3. If the cylinders are fitted with relief cocks it is a simple matter to open each cock in turning while the motor is running and notice whether a flame is emitted. If you are not running the engine fast enough to throw out a flame, hold your hand over the cock. You will feel a hot blast from all cylinders that are firing. If there are no relief cocks, it is best to cut off the ignition from each cylinder separately. A screw-driver with a wooden or rubber handle is best for this purpose. With the engine running, place the blade of the screw-driver so that it touches the terminal of the spark-plug and the cylinder at the same time. In this manner you will short the ignition current. If there is a noticeable difference in the operation of the motor, you will know that this cylinder has been firing. If, however, by shorting the current there is no difference in the operation, you will know that you have located the cylinder that has not been firing.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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| 28x4 3/4 | 12.45 | 19.75 | 2.40 |
| 30x3 1/2 | 13.45 | 20.95 | 2.40 |
| 30x4 | 14.45 | 22.45 | 2.50 |
| 30x4 1/2 | 15.45 | 24.00 | 2.50 |
| 30x4 3/4 | 16.45 | 25.55 | 2.50 |
| 32x3 1/2 | 17.45 | 27.10 | 2.50 |
| 32x4 | 18.45 | 28.65 | 2.50 |
| 32x4 1/2 | 19.45 | 30.20 | 2.50 |
| 32x4 3/4 | 20.45 | 31.75 | 2.50 |
| 34x4 1/2 | 21.45 | 33.30 | 2.50 |
| 34x4 3/4 | 22.45 | 34.85 | 2.50 |
| 36x4 1/2 | 23.45 | 36.40 | 2.50 |
| 36x4 3/4 | 24.45 | 37.95 | 2.50 |
| 37x5 | 25.45 | 39.50 | 2.50 |

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| 32x4 3/4 | 13.50 | 36x4 1/2 | 14.50 |
| 34x4 1/2 | 14.50 | 36x4 3/4 | 15.50 |
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Gardening in August

THE market gardener generally takes his vacation in August, for there is less work for him to do at that time of the year than any other, with the exception of January and February. July finished the planting and in August droughts are so common and extended that even the weeds stop growing. But some of them go to seed and it is therefore a splendid season of the year for putting the final "kabosh" on some of the worst enemies of gardeners and farmers. Many a weed that has been pulled and left as dead on the surface of the ground comes to life again when rains fall. One of these is that prolific seedling pest, the purslane or "pursley," which you know as a fleshy-stemmed and leaved plant. If such a weed is pulled and placed on the public highway, to be scorched by the sun and mashed by the passing flippers, its goose is cooked for keeps, and that is a good thing to do with yellow dock, burdock, cocklebur, Spanish needle and those two mean ones, the Canada thistle and Mr. Quick-grass. Kill weeds to stay killed in August.

Celery, for late crop, may be planted in the middle of the month. It won't be likely to give very big stems for blanching, but in a suitable place may make a profitable crop, especially for home use. The big, coarse celery is not nearly so choice as the finer, sweeter, more brittle shoots and for that reason the dinner table should have the sprouts that form after the crop has been banked up for blanching. And, by the way, did you ever manage to buy the heart stalks of celery in the grocery store? Who gets them? Maybe the grocer saves them for his own folks; anyhow, the buyer usually gets left. By personal marketing, one may, perhaps, manage to find choice, juicy, sweet young celery shoots, but the grower is the chap that usually enjoys the best, and that's another reason for the home garden. Rutabaga seed should go into the garden early in August. In some districts it will have been sown late in July, for this root does best in the cool, moist days of autumn. There is no use of seeding it if rains will not soon soak the ground, and early-grown rutabagas, in a hot climate, are stringy and hot in flavor. The Northern-grown rutabaga is choice and Canadians make good money by shipping these sweet, solid roots to the Southern market for use on the tables of people who relish them. And who doesn't? If it is of the sort we have mentioned and comes onto the table perfectly mashed and buttered or moistened with rich milk and served with roast mutton and brown gravy! Guess all of our readers will be willing to try that combination, although some of them have not yet got over the unwarranted prejudice against mutton.

Remember to pack the ground firmly after seeding at this time of the year. The purple-top, strap-leaf rutabaga, yellow in flesh and finest for table use, but some people like the Dutch green-top, white-flesh variety. Fine-sifted slaked lime should be dusted on the leaves now and then to combat the turnip fly beetle. Bush beans and peas may still be sown for late harvesting. "First of All" has been recommended as a late-crop pea. Everbearing strawberries will take a new lease of life when rains fall. To help that, the plants should be nipped back, if strong runners have formed, and may also require additional fertilization if the ground is poor. Mulch should be freshened to keep the ground moist.

Helping Heated Horses

When a work horse "peters out" or becomes overheated while at work in the hot sun, the modern veterinarian no longer extracts blood from the jugular vein as was done in the old days. It is unnecessary to do so and may do more harm than good. In fact, a person or animal needs all the blood in the veins, and intelligent treatment purifies the blood, not by lessening it in quantity or loading it with drugs, but by restoring all of the body functions to normal activity and tone. When the sweat stops and the horse pants, staggers or becomes weak and shows redness of the membranes of the eyes and nose and has a high fever and fast, weak pulse, there is great danger that he will quickly fall and die. Instantly remove the harness, in such conditions, and get the horse into a shady place, preferably under a tree where there is a current of cool air. Now sprinkle his body with cold water from a garden watering can. Also bathe the poll of the head with cold water or cover it with swabs of cloth or cotton waste and keep them saturated with cold water. A good plan, where there is gravitation water, is to tie a hose to the brow-band of an old halter, attach a sponge or waste at the same place, to cover the poll, and then let a little stream of water constantly flow over these parts. In cases where the fever runs very high, over 100 degrees, it is even a good plan to inject cold water into the rectum with a large syringe, or let it flow in from a hose. This plan quickly lowers bodily temperature. In all very acute cases a veterinarian should be employed as soon as possible. Meanwhile, the above treatment will do a lot to save the horse. The veterinarian uses several drugs not available to the owner or attendant. Some of them are used with a hypodermic syringe and properly applied they have an almost magic effect. Simple treatment, however, often will suffice. In the times when alcoholic stimulants were available, they were given freely in heat exhaustion or sunstroke cases. Now we can substitute a mixture of equal quantities of aromatic spirits of ammonia, spirits of nitrous ether and tincture of essence of ginger. Of this give two ounces hourly in a pint of strong coffee or tea, until the horse revives then give him a tablespoonful of powdered saltpeter twice daily in his drinking water until the kidneys respond, when a teaspoonful dose may be substituted until the horse is "himself again." In some cases the horse scours and bloats high up in the right flank when severely overheated. In that event, the veterinarian inserts a trocar and canula in the most distended part to draw off the gas. This saves life when medicinal treatment alone might fail. Never work a horse in very hot weather when he is ailing in any way or mushy, sloppy, smelly or clay-colored; slimy feces indicate that the digestive organs are deranged. Be especially careful with the horse that works between two others in a position now and then to lessen this liability. Also cover the horses with light, white sheets when at work and shade their heads.

Summer Ills of Swine

All pigs should be raised during summer on a succession of green crops, such as peas and oats, rape, soy beans, clover, alfalfa and any other plants that succeed well in each particular dis-

trict and are relished by hogs. Such grazing is now considered the only profitable way of raising hogs and it certainly tends to keep them free from intestinal worms. To that end it is also well to allow free access at all times to a mixture of equal quantities of salt, slaked lime, wood ashes and wood or corncob charcoal. These minerals not only help to prevent worm invasion but strengthen the entire frame and so support or defend it against diseases. The trouble is at present that many hogs, and especially the corn-stuffed ones, suffer from rickets or imperfectly nourished and developed frames which makes them susceptible to every ailment to which hogs are subject. In summer one sees little pigs with crooked legs and big joints. They are lame, potbellied and thrifless. These are indications of rickets, skin to bow legs in children, and worms are usually a contributing cause. Should rickets start, increase milk for the pigs and add an ounce of lime-water per quart. Make the lime-water by slaking shell lime in water at the rate of one ounce to the quart. Let the lime settle and then use the clear liquid. At the same time allow the pigs to help themselves to wheat middlings, wheat bran, ground rye or barley and tankage from a self-feeder. Tankage is particularly valuable in preventing rickets and strengthening the bony frame. It should be understood that all pastured pigs are exposed to worm invasion but that the weak ones are the ones usually invaded and most severely injured by the parasites. Worms love weak animals. They cannot thrive well in strong, rugged, growing pigs. That is a good reason for keeping pigs growing fast and at all times keeping them out of dirty places and away from contaminated water. To kill worms, give affected pigs 2½ grains each of calomel and castor oil, 1 dram of powdered area nut and ½ dram of bicarbonate of soda in slop or water for each 50 pounds of body weight, and repeat in 10 days. This combination of drugs is somewhat expensive, but most effective. The expense may be reduced somewhat by lessening the amount of castor oil and calomel, but if this is done more doses have to be given in the long run. Pure turpentine is also fairly effective. The dose is one teaspoonful for each 100 pounds of body weight of pig, to be given on three successive days and again in 10 days.

Pigs running in rank, wet growths of rape or other green crop often suffer from sun scald, indicated by soreness, redness and scurfiness of the skin. Washing such pigs daily with fresh buttermilk often suffices as treatment, the pigs being at the same time kept out of green growths and in a shady place. In severe cases apply a creamy mixture of flowers of sulphur and cottonseed oil with an addition of half an ounce of coal tar dip to the quart.

Weeds in Corn Fields

One of the new improvements in farm implements is the disk corn cultivator. In many districts, despite all that has been done to keep them down, quick grass and Canada thistles seem to be increasing year by year and the problem of controlling the pest is acute. But the disk cultivator helps mightily. Much corn is drilled in for use in the silo and on foul land the weeds sometimes have almost choked the growth of close-planted corn. With the old-fashioned shovel plow, especially the riding cultivator of that sort, it was almost impossible to throw "dirt" onto the corn row without cutting the brace roots severely. Cut too close, the corn tends to blow down and leave a tangled crop for the harvester. Now with the disk plow one can throw the surface soil upon the weeds and bury them so that they do little harm. That certainly is a grand thing and many a farmer has told us how pleased he has been with the effects of the disk for this purpose. Hands to hoe weedy corn no longer are available. Put the disk cultivator to work.

Road-Side Weeds

But it is a thankless and endless task to keep down the field weeds if the flourishing crops of noxious weeds along the fences and on the roadside are left to go to seed and send it over the neighboring fields, or to be carried there by birds. Have you mowed the roadsides? "Going to do it sometime when it can be got around to." Most of us confess that, and then we neglect the job. Better do it now; just the first time there is a minute or two to spare, and that generally occurs at haying time when the mower is in good shape. But don't do it before cutting the hay, if there is but one knife for the work. One is about sure to run into stones and snags and down barb wire, and then—bang goes a knife or two and more work is made necessary for repairs than the busy farmer can afford. Use an old knife for the work. The cows probably have been heeded on the roadside during spring, but the weeds later get a start when much work keeps everybody engaged and the cattle are on the grass. It pays, too, to get after the weeds in the fence corners. This is a good time to cut the burdock roots below the surface and dress the stumps generously with salt. Cutting in cool, wet, spring weather doesn't eradicate the weeds. Dry, hot weather weed-cutting counts. And when one is at it let him ask himself if there is any sense in having such big, wide, weed-covered headlands in each field. Would it not be a whole lot better to plow and work such headlands and then seed them to clover and grass? Many farmers like such permanent headlands on which to turn when cultivating corn, potatoes, cotton or tobacco, and they also supply some good feed and certainly lessen the bad weeds.

Feeding the Spring Calves

Now is the time of the year when the calves born in spring look with covetous eyes upon corn that is luscious and green, whereas the pasture they are in is getting dry and brown and the flies are tormenting sorely. It is time to feed the calves extra rations or they will be sure to stunt and suffer. It is to be taken for granted that the said calves are receiving daily about twelve pounds of milk or gruel for every hundred pounds of body weight, but they need a concentrate as well. Here's a good mixture to allow them after the milk or gruel has been fed: 30 pounds corn meal or hominy, 20 pounds wheat bran, 30 pounds ground oats and 10 pounds oil meal. This mixture was recently recommended by the New York State College at Ithaca.

Provide clover or alfalfa. When green feed is not available and when pasture grass becomes dry, it is also advised to allow choice second-cutting clover or alfalfa hay after the calf is two or three weeks old. Alfalfa meal also is being fed. MILK SUBSTITUTES.—When whole milk is too valuable and skim-milk not available, a substitute can be used after the calf is three weeks old.

Some good calf feeds are on the market and have given many farmers satisfaction. Care must be taken not to overfeed such preparations. They consist of very finely-ground grains and such concentrates, being rich, disagree with the digestive organs if too liberally given. Scouring indicates overfeeding and the meal at once should be lessened in quantity. A gruel made of equal parts of soluble blood flour, hominy feed, red dog flour and linseed oil meal has been used with fair success. The correct proportions are one pound of the mixture to eight pounds of water. The ingredients should be mixed first with a small amount of cold water and then hot water should be added in the proper amount at not over 145 degrees Fahrenheit. Hay and dry grain mixture also may be provided.

PASTURING THE CALF.—And it is a mistake to have that young spring calf on pasture in summer. Ordinarily it is better not to let it pasture until autumn. It will do better if kept in a clean, dry stall away from flies and heat and fed generously and regularly. As we have advised in the past, it is also better entirely to keep the calves off grass for the first year of their lives on farms where lung worms have been prevalent. Well fed off grass they will escape parasitic invasion and thrive apace, making far better matured animals than had they been pastured.

Home Grown Sweets

Sorghum is bound to become more and more popular for home production of syrup. The high price of sugar last year drew attention to sorghum and induced many who had never grown this crop to make a first try-out with it. The Wisconsin Experiment Station at Madison, issued, last year, a most useful bulletin on the subject and it gives lots of practical advice which will be of real value to the beginner with this crop. As with corn, it is absolutely necessary to keep the growing plants free from weed-choking, and hand-hoeing may have to be done once or twice for that purpose. Harvesting should be done when the seeds have reached the late milk stage, but before they are hard. In Amber sorghum a majority of the heads should be reddish brown to black. If frost occurs while the crop is still standing, harvesting should be done at once. If the crop has reached the blossom stage, it can be profitably used for syrup, even though it is severely frosted. Beware of feeding sorghum fodder that has suddenly been killed by frost or drought. It may contain dangerously poisonous properties.

Harvesting Sorghum

Leaves usually are stripped while the stalks are standing, if the crop is harvested by hand. A stick is used for the purpose. A sharpened lath will serve the purpose. Heads are removed either before or after cutting the stalks. Heading before cutting is the usual practice. A corn knife does the cutting well. From 10 to 12 inches of the top of the stalk are removed. Heads are either thrown in piles or allowed to fall anywhere. Stripped and headed stalks then are cut and tied in bundles, as with corn. They are then hauled in wagons to the syrup mill. A corn harvester will serve for the cutting if the mill is fitted with stripping and heading attachments. The bundles are shocked and allowed to stand for two or three days before being hauled to the mill. Two tons make a full load of stalks and an acre will yield from four to six loads or more according to suitability, and fertility of the soil, the perfection of cultivation given and the character of the season. To prevent souring or moulding, the stalks should be shocked at the mill. Shocks should be about 10 feet in diameter and contain about a ton of stalks. Shocking is done as with corn. It is the more necessary when grinding is to be delayed for several days. Shocked sorghum loses moisture by evaporation, but there is practically no danger that moulding or souring will occur. When the stalks are to be headed but a short time they may be piled in alternate layers so that each layer lies crosswise upon the one below. If the stalks are to be run through the mill in 48 hours or less, they may be placed in almost any kind of pile. Piling should, however, be done in such a way the air will circulate freely through the stalks.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

APHIS ON PLANTS.—In the earth around my plants are small, white worm-like objects which seem to hatch into small flies, much like gnats, and stay around on the plants. Do these affect the flowers, and what is the remedy? Weak Paris green water, which I tried on them, had no effect. Is there a certain time to pot house plants to make them stocky instead of growing so slender? If so, when?

Ans. J. H. Noble, Ill.
A.—"Green fly" or aphid may readily be destroyed by spraying infected plants with a decoction made by steeping tobacco stems, or any cheap tobacco, in soft water until of the color of drinking tea. Nicotine sulphate solution is used by gardeners and greenhouse men. Plants become spindling and tender when grown in too shady a place or away from light. Start strong slips in sand in old peach cans and where the light is strong and direct. As soon as well rooted, get them into the open air. Slips may be started in autumn or winter indoors and hardened outdoors in spring. If started very early, better not set them in strong light at first.

GRUBS WORKS IN STRAWBERRY BED.—What can I do to get rid of the grub work in my strawberry bed? They cut the tap root in two, making the plants wilt and die. Please let me hear from you in the next issue of your paper.

Ans. B. C. Lakesburg, Ark.
A.—We know of no remedy once your strawberry bed has become badly infested with white grubs, as they cannot be reached in their safe underground homes. The only "cure" is to plant out new plants or sets for several years. Flow up the old bed and plant some fibrous-rooted crop which must be cultivated frequently. By all means, avoid planting strawberries upon newly-broken sod, as it is there that the white grubs, the larva of the May beetle or "June Bug," will most frequently be found.

SUGAR FROM BEETS.—I would like some information about making sugar from beets, as I am growing some beets and wish to experiment in making sugar from them.

Ans. Mrs. D. C. Burlington, Tenn.
A.—It is our understanding that as yet no practical process that could be worked in the home has been discovered for making beet sugar, and we believe that you could not make sugar at for use from beets. The process for making beet sugar is difficult and complicated, requiring expensive machinery, careful manipulation and expert chemical treatment, and cannot be carried on successfully except in specially equipped refineries requiring a large outlay of capital. You can easily extract the sweet juice from the thinly sliced beets by means of boiling water; and when you can boil the juice down to a thick syrup or molasses, but this will be so bitter and muddy, and strong tasting that we think you will find it unfit for sweetening. The trouble is that you cannot by any home process eliminate the impurities from the juice nor crystallize and extract the sugar from the syrup. A bulletin on the subject can be had, free, by writing to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., that may help you in your intended experiments, but we advise you to buy your sugar and feed your beets to stock or sell them to a beet sugar factory.

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An item, dated quite recently, Zion, Ill., announced that hereafter women in the Zion tabernacle will appear with unpowdered noses, or cover their faces with "tissue" tissue and slap their faces "according to an edict which he delivered." "The tabernacle is not a temple," the ever wise proclamation. "The use of the worldly powder is a violation of the sanctity of God's house. I have seen women right in this tabernacle dabbling away with powder puffs barefacedly. It is a disgrace and a disgrace."

"You'll come here unpowdered and you'll cover your bodies as my grandmother covered hers, or I'll lecture you and slap your faces instead of powdering them."



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Give your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

H. M. M., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the dead you mention creates a tenancy by the entirety, the whole property would, upon the death of either husband or wife, become the sole property of the survivor; we think that upon the death of a married man, in your state, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and one child, his widow would be entitled to receive some small allowance, and in addition thereto one-half of the personal estate, the balance going to the child.

M. P., Idaho.—We do not think the laws of your state provide any punishment for your husband for his refusal to keep his promise to adopt your religious faith after marriage; perhaps your religious influence may be stronger than his upon your children.

Mrs. D. B., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it will be necessary for your husband to leave a will if he desires you to receive his whole estate; we think he should have some local authority to draw this will for him.

D. A., Arkansas.—If the general guardian of the young man you mention refuses to account and pay over the money he is entitled to receive, we think he should bring a proceeding in court to compel him to do so.

Mrs. R. T., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the publisher you mention should furnish you the publication specified in his offer which you accepted and paid for.

Mrs. A. E. C., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if no provision was made for you by will, you had no interest in the estate of your mother's father during your mother's lifetime.

D. P., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents is necessary for the marriage of males or females under 18 years of age.

Miss A. M. P., South Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that females become of age at 21.

Mrs. M. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property owned by a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving husband and children, the husband, in addition to certain small allowances from her personal property and homestead rights in her homestead, if any, would receive one-third of both her real and personal estate, the remainder being in equal shares to her children; we think you have an interest in the estate of your mother's father during your mother's lifetime.

Mrs. J. B. M., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving husband and children, the husband, in addition to certain small allowances from her personal property and homestead rights in her homestead, if any, would receive one-third of both her real and personal estate, the remainder being in equal shares to her children; we think you have an interest in the estate of your mother's father during your mother's lifetime.

C. A. E., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving husband and children, the husband, in addition to certain small allowances from her personal property and homestead rights in her homestead, if any, would receive one-third of both her real and personal estate, the remainder being in equal shares to her children; we think you have an interest in the estate of your mother's father during your mother's lifetime.

M. M. T., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving husband and children, the husband, in addition to certain small allowances from her personal property and homestead rights in her homestead, if any, would receive one-third of both her real and personal estate, the remainder being in equal shares to her children; we think you have an interest in the estate of your mother's father during your mother's lifetime.

M. M., Illinois.—We think your local treasurer's accounts should show the expenditure of public funds for charitable purposes. (2) We do not think your neighbor has any legal right to divert a watercourse so that it drain upon your property in such a way as to damage your property.

Mrs. F. S., Illinois.—We do not think you can now recover any part of the land in Pennsylvania, abandoned by your ancestors more than 100 years ago.

L. B., Ohio.—We do not think the misstatements made by the parties at the time of procuring the marriage license would invalidate the marriage, unless same was legally set aside by a proper court judgment, we think, however, in some cases such misstatements might be used as a basis for an annulment action.

L. W. M., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the amount of property included in the transfer of the real estate you mention would be such as was transferred by the deed of conveyance of the same, we think this can be easily determined by a survey of the property described in the deed.

Miss E. M., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the intestate rights of inheritance of the children are not affected by the divorce of the parents. (2) That you should not carry firearms without the proper permit.

J. L. V., Oklahoma.—If the general guardian of the young man you mention is dissipating the property of the minor, steps should be taken at once for his removal.

Mrs. M. L. B., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendants, his widow would receive one-half of the personal estate absolutely, the balance of the estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters and their descendants, depending upon who is left; his estate would not include his wife's property, but would include all property owned by him at the time of his death.

Mrs. T. B., Pennsylvania.—Your inquiry does not explain the nature of the difference between your neighbor and yourself; if it is a matter of law, we think you would do well to keep out of the courts.

Mrs. F. Z., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of the United States, we think that patents are issued in this country to any person who has invented or discovered any new and useful art, machine, manufacture, or composition of matter or any new and useful improvement thereof, or any new and useful design for an article of manufacture, and that no person can obtain a patent for an invention unless he is the inventor or discoverer thereof, and that no person can obtain a patent for an invention unless he is the inventor or discoverer thereof, and that no person can obtain a patent for an invention unless he is the inventor or discoverer thereof.

I. M. S., Oklahoma.—If, as you state, your land has been abandoned to the common use of all, it will be necessary for you to have an opinion as to what is the common use of the land. It may be possible for you to have the land surveyed and the common use of the land determined. If the common use of the land is determined to be for agricultural purposes, you may be able to have the land surveyed and the common use of the land determined.

R. L., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a court action is proceeding in

necessary for the proper conveyance of the share of the real estate you mention, belonging to the minor heirs.

Mrs. G. E. L., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendants, his widow would receive one-half of the community property, and in addition to certain small allowances, one-half of the balance of his estate, the balance going to his parents; if no parent, the widow would receive the whole estate. (2) We think the signature of the wife is necessary for the sale of the community real estate.

W. R. S., Georgia.—If none of your ancestors have taken any steps to enforce their claims for a share of the estate you mention, for a period of more than fifty years, we do not think you can now recover any part of it.

A. C. L., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendants, the surviving widow, in addition to certain small allowances, would receive one-half of the estate, the balance going to his parents, brothers and sisters, or their descendants, depending upon who is left. If none of these, the estate would go to the surviving widow. (2) We think the husband can leave his whole estate to his widow by will, if he so elects.

Patience that Endured

By Isabel Gordon Curtis

Copyright, 1921, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

Test—As newcomers crowd the fore,
We drop behind;
We, who have labored long and sore,
Times out of mind,
And keen are yet—must not regret
To drop behind.

—Thomas Hardy.

ONE morning, the Duke of Richmond dropped in at a workshop on his Scotch estate. A knot of carpenters stood over a planing bench while alone in a corner sat an old man sand-papering a strip of wood. Mutiny filled the air: the Duke felt it, although not a rebellious word was spoken. For a few minutes he stayed inspecting the work then said good morning. A tall, broad-shouldered young carpenter followed him to the door.

"Your Grace," he asked, "may I have a word with you?"

"A dozen if you wish, McAllister," answered the Duke heartily. "I am going back to the castle, walk along with me."

"It's just this, your Grace," began the carpenter, "we men are tired to death of auld John Nairne aroon. He's putterin' putterin' from mornin' till night wi' nothin' to show for his work. What's worse, he's forever interferin' with ours. He'll sit in a corner, as you saw him the day, for hours at the time, fiddlin' awa with something that's no gude when it's done. He was eighty-two yesterday; at eighty-two a man ought to be layin' aside."

"If I were to lay John aside," answered the Duke thoughtfully, "he would die in a week."

"Could you no pension him an' let him do what putterin' he's set on doin' at home?"

"You know the pride of old John. Do you think he would be happy pensioned, McAllister?"

"I dinna ken about that, your Grace, I'm certain we would."

"Let me talk to you, McAllister," suggested the Duke. "I am getting along toward old age myself, so I can understand how John feels, better than you young fellows. Fifty years ago, John's father was at the head of your shop. His grandfather and great grandfather had been head carpenters here before him, just as my ancestors were dukes. I imagine each one of them proved of the job in any old duke's household."

"When I was a boy, the first place I ever saw up from London, was the carpenter shop. John was a fine, lusty chap in those days, as big and handsome and broad-shouldered as you are. He always had a present ready for me, a bat, a dog kennel, a boat, which sailed as evenly as anything ever keeled, or some curious game he had whittled during long winter evenings. I spent whole days in the shop barrowin' in the sawdust, trying tools I had been forbidden to touch, and cutting my fingers, or nesting in a heap of shavings while John told me stories; great stories they were, too, McAllister. There never was so fine a workman as John, not a bit of scamped carpentering left his shop."

"I remember how cheerfully and patiently the younger men bore with him. I can't pension John Nairne, and lay him off, McAllister. I can't break his heart. I would rather let the rest of you go, if it comes to that, though I should hate to have such a thing happen."

"You dinna have to, your Grace," there was a slight huskiness in the young man's voice. "They'll all hearken to me at the shop. When John gangs home the night, I'll tell them what you've said to me. We'll have a bit more patience, I've had little enough of it myself, I'm thinkin'."

"Thank you, McAllister." The Duke stretched out a cordial hand. "Remember, it is none too easy to face old age even with patient, loving friends about one and some of life's interests left. Take the work away, the work which has kept a man busy all his life, and it happens more than once."

"I should hate to have such a thing happen."

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for all my musical knowledge to my parents, who have spent dollar upon dollar to make something out of me, and although my musical education is not finished I hope for improvement with study and hard work.

I would like very much to hear from some of the younger writers.

As this is my first letter I had better cut it short.

With kindest wishes and best of greetings to all, I am,

Yours very faithfully, SENEY FLORIDA.

Dear Florida.—If you knew that your remarks would be read by thousands of women you'd be careful what you said and say too little rather than too much; besides, why should I take up space when there are so many interesting letters on the waiting list? It is hard work trying to please so many and if they weren't the best people in the world, and the most understanding, it would be a wee bit discouraging, but, as it is, it is pleasure.—Ed.

RETHELFORD, N. J.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:—I have just seen a letter from this part of the United States and being a subscriber ever since I wore curls, way back in my school days, thought I'd drop a line.

When I read what Mrs. Brown wrote about nagging in her girlhood I had to write. Did she ever think that perhaps her mother needed rest? How many know that nagging is due to exhaustion of the nervous system for want of rest, nourishment or recreation? In other words, it is the result of undue nervous strain and a woman who has developed the nagging habit needs rest, not mockery. She needs change of scene, freedom from worry and abundant nourishment. It is often forgotten that housekeeping on a small income is one of the most nerve wearing and harassing occupations under the sun and that (unlike the man who has his business sharply defined) a woman's work is never done, especially where there are children to take care of.

To the sister who stops her work and plays with her baby, I say do it. Never mind the busybody neighbor. Mother always said it was to take your pleasure as you go along in life and not to wait until the children are too big. Many wait until the children are too old before getting on intimate terms with them and then it is too late. When young, the children are naturally loving and then the beautiful ties which neither time nor misfortune can sunder are formed.

Sincere good wishes to all. ELIZABETH HILLMAN.

INDIANA.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:—Just another old maid asking admittance. I want to thank Uncle Ruskin and Bashful Young Man of Missouri for their bit of support to our rather desolate class. In my reading not long ago I came across a bit of verse entitled, "An Old Maid's Prayer," that made me blood boil. I suppose you have all read it.

It ended with the line, "O Lord, meet any man will do." Now if you could know the truth, about two-thirds of these same old maids have set a high standard of ideal in youth and no man has come along who measured up to that standard. I am not referring to physical beauty, wealth, etc. I mean a high standard of character. They didn't accept "most any man" as some married women have done, and are obliged to resort to divorce or live a life that is worse than death.

And I think you will find that there are not many of them who will have use for "most any man" now. And not many, if love and a chance to make a home for some good man came along, but what would accept it and carry on in the same fine, capable manner they have been doing alone.

I wonder how many of you mothers realize what the life of a quiet, studious child is not popular among schoolmates, is at school. I was a cripple and pain had been my constant companion for a number of years. I was not gifted with small talk or repartee and so among the jolly group of boys and girls I simply did not count. I was too sober, probably because life had been a serious thing to me. But how I would have enjoyed the fun if I had felt they wanted me. I tried again and again to contribute my bit of sunshine but I stepped down and out. As I grew older I became rather an accomplished player and later my younger sister and I used to play duets at all entertainments but no one had any particular use for me socially.

Please understand that I was not disliked but I was simply too serious. So far as social life was concerned I have been able to bring sunshine to some of them and myself, but I do understand and have never forgotten my own school life.

I wonder how many there are in this happy circle who love good music? When I am asked to play it is invariably with the request to play something "quick and snappy," or words to that effect. I respond with all the power and life I can put into such music. But how I long for someone to request the music I love best, such as "Largo" by Handel, "Consolation" and "Spring Song" by Mendelssohn and "Oh, Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star" by Wagner. Music with a soul. I can enjoy any kind of music, even a bit of ragtime occasionally, but there is nothing to it but the delightful rhythm and a gleam of color and light. Let me say here that I learned a few pieces of ragtime, to play on request, but soon found it was ruining my musical touch and expression so I stopped playing it.

Pauline Williams, you spoke of going into a "mope closet." Let me tell you where mine is. When I get weary, heart sore, I go to my piano and play some of the grand old hymns. I make the words my personal prayer to the Master. I never leave without playing "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me." He never fails. With new courage and an infinite peace in my heart and a smile on my face I am ready to face life again.

MUSIC LOVER.

CADDO, COLORADO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:—How are all of you this morning? Fine, I hope. I am a stranger to you but not to COMFORT for I have read it ever since I can remember and it certainly is a comfort.

I hope Mrs. Wilkinson will print this letter as my friends say she writes all the letters to herself.

Now for a word about home life. Husband and I are trying to make a home where no landlord can come around and boss. We filed on 320 acres of land and built a house of rock, quarried on our own place. We hadn't much money for household goods so I made a nice covering for the floor by taking a square piece of rag carpet and cretching row after row of different colors around it. It makes a pretty covering for the floor. I made a cupboard out of a dry goods box and hung a white curtain in front of it. We have only one

large room but hope to build another in the spring.

To keep the bed clean in a room where one has to live and work all the time, color a large bedspread some dark color and cover pillows and all with it. Flour sacks, sewed together and dyed some dark color, are good too. I always use my flour sacks for underwear.

I will close by describing myself. I am five feet, four inches tall, five eyes, dark hair and have been married seven years to a good man. We have two baby girls, five years and twenty months old. They are lots of company to me as we live twenty miles from town and it gets very lonesome. I would like to receive letters.

BETTY.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove scorched spots from clothes, dampen the spots with peroxide, cover with a dry cloth and press with hot iron.—Mrs. M. McKENNEY, Provo, Ky.

When making a cake that calls for sour milk and you have none, a good substitute is made by adding a teaspoon of vinegar to a cup of sweet milk.—FARMER'S WIFE, Ohio.

Serviceable mats for dining table may be made of several layers of newspapers, bound together with twine, and covered with crocheted or embroidered slip covers.—Mrs. E. W. C., Paris, Ill.

When making frosting of powdered sugar, add a little flour, half a teaspoon for cake of ordinary size. This keeps the frosting soft and makes it easier to cut.—MARY BRISLOW, Sterling, Neb.

Grease the bottom of your preserving kettle before putting it on the fire. If this is done the grease and sputter can be removed easily by wiping with a piece of paper before washing.—Mrs. LULA COOK, Lernaught, Tenn.

Worn and shabby window shades may be made to look like new by removing from rollers and reversing them. Cut the old hem off if badly worn. Hem and taken off roller. Do not make stitches too short or they will cut through. Tack other end onto roller and your shades will look like new and wear a while longer.—ESTHER M. BETHMAN, Lantz, Maryland.

Did you ever try planting cabbage or tomato seeds in egg shells? Put a layer of dirt in shallow pasteboard box. Begin at one corner to put the half shells in place, working dirt around them to hold them firm. Fill shells with well-mixed dirt, moisten with water and plant seeds. When plants are large enough to transplant, lift each shell out without disturbing roots.—Mrs. MARLENE OGDEN, Imperial, Nebr.

In searching for cooler underwear for men than porous knit, and something that would wash easily, I decided to try blue calico or light-weight percale in dark colors. Took an old suit of B.V.D.'s for pattern, making it larger periphery, and find it does very well to wear with overalls and work suits. Sew seams once and overcast. I have never seen colored B.V.D.'s on sale and white ones are not practical for field work. They are not hard to make and wear well if large enough.—Mrs. I. A. DEER, Austin, Minn.

Requests

Poem: "The Man I Like."

How to get rid of bedbugs.

Poem: "The Old Kitchen Floor."

Harmless remedies for reducing fat.

How to slip and care for swellings.

Cure for rheumatism and gravel joints.

How to make sour, raw cauliflower pickles.

Simple method of waxing leaves and flowers.

How to make a good shampoo and shaving soap.

How to clean white satin slippers that are mud stained.

How to earn money at home.—OLD-FASHIONED GIRL, Wisconsin.

Will some sister send me the words to the following songs: "On what are you building, my brother?" and "We walk by faith and not by sight."—Mrs. OAK GUY, Tuscola, Ill.

Will some reader loan for copying words and music of song, "My Dear Panhandle Home." Write first.—Mrs. FRENCH TATE, Happy, Box 272, Texas.

Will some kind reader send me the March, 1921, issue of Pleasant St., Mass.—MARIANNE EASTHAMPTON.

Poem beginning:

"You say they all have passed away,
The noble race, and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave,
That in the forest where they roamed
Is heard no hunter's shout,
But their names are on your waters
And you cannot wash them out."

I would like to hear from someone who lives where the wild red haw grows.—Mrs. JESSIE HOFFMAN, Winfield, Kans.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Charles Gill, Cleveland, Texas, would appreciate cheery letters. Cannot answer all. Requested by Old Folks' Pal, Texas.

Remedies

BURNS.—Equal parts lime water and linseed oil.

BRUISES.—Mix and heat one teaspoon each onion juice and sweet oil. Drop five or six drops of the warm liquid in the ear. Repeat in half an hour if necessary.

LUNG TROUBLE.—Marshmallow root and leaves are good for all affections of the mucous membrane of the lungs. The infusion is to be drunk freely. Iceland Moss is a nutriment and tonic in low stages of consumption. As a stimulant it is used in affections of lungs and for coughs and bronchitis. Its value is increased by adding equal proportions of liverwort. It is prepared by adding a handful of the moss to a pint of boiling water. Let stand two or three hours. Strain, sweeten with honey and drink freely.—Mrs. A. CROWLEY, Freshwater, Calif.

The U. S. Public Health Service calls attention to the fact that only 23 states have efficient birth registration laws; 18 have imperfect ones; and five have none at all. Inability to prove age may cause all sorts of legal troubles later in life—in proving citizenship, in voting, and in inheriting, for instance. Don't forget to make sure that the new arrival in your home has been registered.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!

WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavy cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

Club Offers.

For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT and a beautiful present valued at \$1.00, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer set for only \$2.00. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT and a beautiful present valued at \$1.00, we will send you the Pickle Dish (Premium No. 9408) or the Spoon Tray (Premium No. 9412). We will send you the complete set of three one-year subscriptions and a beautiful present valued at \$1.00 for only \$2.00. (Premium No. 7457).

Full Nickel Plated Alarm Clock

Reward No. 7766

FOR A CLUB OF SIX



HERE is an Alarm Clock that you can depend upon—a clock that will keep good time all the time and having a patent shut-off alarm which will never fail to ring when you want it to ring. It is not a cheap imported clock but is made in the U. S. A.

right here in this country by the Western Clock Co., of Illinois, the same company which manufactures the famous "Big Ben" which is advertised and sold throughout the entire civilized world. This clock stands over 6 inches high, full nickel plated, and has a 4-inch dial with large Arabic numerals. It will run twenty-four hours on one winding. The movement is the best American made, including frictionless pivots, self-centered wheels and hard steel pallet escapement. It is a clock which we can heartily recommend, in fact, we would not offer it as a premium if we were not positive that it will give the best of satisfaction. You can have one of these guaranteed Alarm Clocks, and it will not cost you one cent, by accepting the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Alarm Clock exactly as described, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7766.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girls! This Pretty Jade Bracelet Is The Latest!



GIRLS, you should have one of the new Jade Bracelets! It is the most popular bracelet ever introduced. All the rage in the big cities. Even wives and daughters of millionaires are wearing them in preference to gold, platinum and diamonds. Handsome, yet inexpensive, its very simplicity appeals to every woman of good taste. Three inches in diameter, will fit any wrist. The beautiful, rich Jade color makes a pleasing contrast with any dress. Practically indestructible and will always retain its luster. We know that the thousands of young ladies who read COMFORT want the newest styles so we have purchased a quantity of these popular bracelets to give away. You may have one or more of them absolutely free upon the terms of the following short-time offer. Please send in your order as soon as possible as our supply is limited.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Jade Bracelet free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9672.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Photo Locket With Ribbon Sautoir

Holds Two Pictures

Latest Style

Platinum Finish

EVERY young lady who wears this beautiful new-style Locket will surely be the envy of all her friends. Wear it to parties, dances or any other social gatherings and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that no other girl or woman present can show a prettier or more stylish piece of jewelry. In design and finish, it is patterned after the most expensive genuine platinum lockets. It has a beautiful, bright platinum finish, plain on one side and engraved on the other, with space for your monogram or initial. Inside there is space for two photographs. Attached to the locket is a handsome black silk ribbon sautoir, 32 inches in length.

All the city jewelry stores are now showing this new Photo Locket with Ribbon Sautoir, so we decided to offer it to our young lady readers as a reward for a small club of subscriptions. By accepting the following special offer you can have one of them absolutely free.

Given To You! For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this platinum-finish Photo Locket with Ribbon Sautoir, free by parcel post prepaid. We guarantee you will be delighted with it. Reward No. 9013.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dress Up Your Home



With These Fine Scrim Curtains

THEY are made of good quality scrim, are full size, each side piece measuring 2 feet in width and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance," as it is

commonly called, is 1-6 feet wide and 2 feet long. The material is a fine band of Fillet lace. The color is white or cream, which gives them a clean, fresh appearance. They are made of a material that is easy to wash and dry. They are sure to add to your home's beauty. Send for them at once as our supply is limited.

Given To You! For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these Scrim Curtains free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 7756.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Gulf Between

By Hapsburg Liebe

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LAFAYETTE Morgan was but one year removed from his people back in the narrow valley that lies between the White Rock and the Little Katy Mountains. He had made the best of that good year, however; he was now a trusted employe at the iron furnace, with fair prospects of becoming a stove-tender in the near future; with the help of a night school he had managed to lose his hill dialect and to gain a strong liking for books; one of his associates had taught him the little city mannerisms, and how to dress middling well. He hadn't forgotten his people back in the darkness. He sent his mother money every month, and now and then he sent home gewgaws that he picked up at the bargain counters of Chattanooga's biggest department store.

That's where he first saw the girl, at the big department store. She was a pretty, slim little thing, with very winsome brown eyes and dark-brown hair, and she smiled a great deal. She worked at the ribbon counter. The moment upon Morgan's gaze alighted on her face he was attracted. He reddened—for his year in the city hadn't given him much acquaintance with women. He decided that his mother might like a bit of ribbon. So he stammered out that he would take two yards of that stuff there—it was a bright red, and all of six inches wide; and while she measured it off he watched her with his whole half-primitive soul shining from his fine black eyes.

Was there anything else? He must remain just a little longer. He bought a yard of narrow blue ribbon—and after that a yard of narrow yellow ribbon. He raised his stiff straw hat when he went away.

And because he was so big and so strong and so dependable-looking to the tired little person behind the ribbon counter, perhaps because she had seen that he was possessed of the exceedingly great virtue of bashfulness, too,—she watched him curiously as he strode toward the main entrance.

Her face struck in Lafayette Morgan's mind. It looked up at him from the molten cinder of the cinderpots; he saw it in the glowing iron as it ran from the furnace-notch to the pigbeds; when he did his two weeks on night turn, it stared out of the darkness everywhere, everywhere.

He was buying ribbons steadily now, and twice he had been bold enough to tell her that it was a fine day.

But he began to be troubled. He was learning enough about himself to know that he was still rough and uncouth, illiterate, uneducated. She, no doubt, belonged to some fine old family whose fortunes had waned. For a person like her just had to belong to people above the common herd! He was very positive of that. He made a feeble resolution, one evening after the cast was made, while he was operating the big mud-gun that plugged the notch, that he would forget her; and to make that feeble resolution upset him so much that he swung the gun around blindly, and knocked a pigbed negro down with it.

When he went to his boarding house that night, he found a letter from his mother awaiting him. Her scrawled and almost unreadable, misspelled, penciled words asked him to send her half a yard of green silk to make a yoke for his sister's new frock. He shaved himself, dressed in his best, and set out uptown. His footsteps let him, quite without the aid of his will, to the big department store. Just as he stepped into the with great force. He sidled away from the ribbon counter, but not without a sly glance toward it.

And that glance showed him that a stranger now presided over the ribbon counter.

He remembered that the girl of the winsome brown eyes had seemed more tired, more lifeless, the last time he had seen her, than she had ever seemed before. A grave fear began to work at his heart. He turned, and approached the ribbon counter nervously.

"What—what's become of the young lady who used to work here?" he stammered.

"Miss Corinne, you mean?" said the new ribbon seller. She was a dainty-looking, blue-eyed, talkative little girl.

"I don't know her name," said Morgan; "but she had dark-brown hair, and brown eyes, and she—she smiled all the time. She—"

A merry peal of laughter interrupted him. There had been something so lovelorn and so tragic in his voice and in his strong, serious countenance.

"That's her!" rippled the talkative one. "Why, you're worse than the men clerks here! They're all dreaming of a four-roomed cottage in the suburbs, with chickens and a garden, and flowers—everything on the installment plan, you know—since Miss Corinne came. But she won't hardly look at them—no, sir! Not on your life. Not a bit of it. Now if I was me, I'd—that is, if I was twenty-two, like she is—I'd stay here in the store on my feet from dawn till dark selling ribbons to cranky snobs. I just don't think! Well, to answer your question, for here comes the boss—Miss Corinne got sick today, and they sent her home—I mean they sent her out to her boarding house; I don't think she's got any home anywhere else—stays at old Mrs. Byerly's—1241 Cedar Street—East End—"

Morgan turned away. He forgot all about the green silk. He went out to the crowded street, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, in a daze. She was sick! What if she should die! It seemed very bitter to think of her going into the beyond without even knowing of his worshipping her. From his distance. He went on, walking mechanically, paying no attention whatever to the Saturday night jostling, gossip, and laughter. And after a while he found himself standing still and staring through a big, plateglass window to where hundreds and hundreds of the very finest flowers he had ever seen were on display.

Women liked flowers, he knew—at least his mother and his sister Janie did. He pressed closer to the glass. Then he decided that he would buy an armful of the finest of those roses, and take them with his own two big, work-calloused hands out to the sick girl. He went into the shop and found that the roses came high; but that fact made him the more determined, so he bought two dozen, of assorted colors, and hurried out to the big, old-fashioned house where his Miss Corinne stayed.

It was very dark now, but a lighted transom showed him the figures 1241. He stopped at the gate and began to think. What right had he to do this? Perhaps Miss Corinne wouldn't care to have him bring her flowers when they were almost utter strangers. His gaze wandered out to an open window in a lighted room, on the ground floor and to his left.

Sitting in a big, comfortable old rocker, very near to that open window, was Miss Corinne. The sight of her brought a thickening to his throat. He couldn't have gone back now if he had tried. He crossed the lawn, wending his way slowly through the budding shrubbery and the newly-leaved rosebushes, and stopped with his clothing brushing the window-ledge. He strove to speak, but words wouldn't come. He looked into the somewhat pale face of his goddess, and she recognized him and smiled—a smile that wasn't exactly her department-store smile. Then Lafayette Morgan dumbly, trembling in every fiber, put out

his two big hands and dropped the roses into Miss Corinne's lap.

"Roses!" cried the girl. "You have brought me some roses—oh, aren't they fine!" She caught them up hungrily, and pressed their sweet fragrance to her face. It gripped at Morgan's heart, the way she did it, and he turned his eyes away that she might not see them and think him a weak and unmanly fellow.

She spoke again, and her voice was filled with gratitude:

"It's very kind of you. It's been so long since I've had any flowers. Back home—"

She halted abruptly, and looked toward him with a sadness in her face.

"Back home?" repeated Morgan, inquiringly.

"Back home we used to have flowers. Tell me," she continued, giving him the impression that she'd rather not talk of home, and wished to change the subject—"tell me, just to satisfy my terrible curiosity, what on earth did you do with all those tons and tons of ribbons you bought from me?"

Morgan stated the truth very simply: "I sent them to my mother and my sister. They don't live here."

"Oh, I see," very thoughtfully. "I've always heard that a man who was kind to his mother and sisters—that is, he—he's apt—"

She seemed very much bothered, somehow.

"How's that?" asked Morgan.

"It's fine to be kind to one's mother and sisters," and now Miss Corinne had all her poise back again.

"Are you very sick?" asked Morgan, after an awkward silence of half a minute.

"Mostly lonesomeness, I guess," smiled Miss Corinne. "If you'll pardon me for reminding you of it, you haven't told me who you are. Don't you think you really ought to?"

"I forgot!" laughed Morgan. He was more at his ease now. He told her his name, and added that he worked at the big iron furnace on the river above town. She reciprocated sweetly; she told him her name was Corinne van Suydenham.

"Corinne van Suydenham!" repeated Morgan, under his breath. So he had been right in his surmises—she belonged to some fine old family of the bluest blood, a fine old family whose fortunes had waned. The gulf he had feared was between them was now a reality. But Miss Corinne was speaking:

"Mrs. Byerly doesn't allow us to have callers, please, Mr. Morgan. I'm sorry to have to tell you this, after your kindness to me."

Morgan put on his hat. "Then I'd better go. Glad to know that you're not seriously sick, Miss Corinne. By the way," and he was about to forget the gulf between them, "do you ever go anywhere on Sundays—to East Lake Park, for instance?"

"Sometimes I do," answered Miss Corinne. "If—if you don't mind, I'll meet you out there Sunday after next, and take you through the zoo."

"Maybe I'll be there—maybe."

Morgan walked off into the night. He halted at the gate and looked back to see Miss Corinne bending forward, her face completely hidden in the roses. And if he had known what he knows now, he might have gone back to her—Mrs. Byerly notwithstanding.

He went early to East Lake Park on the afternoon of the second Sunday. He stayed there until dark, but he did not see his Miss Corinne. He wondered if she were still sick. He had not dared to go to the ribbon counter during that week, for fear of bothering her. Then there was the talkative little one-eyed girl always there, always so

The next day he ventured near enough to the ribbon counter to see that Miss van Suydenham was again at her post.

It was on the third Sunday afternoon after the affair of the roses that he found her sitting on a rustic bench in a quiet, shaded spot in East Lake Park. With her were two other nice-looking girls. Miss van Suydenham introduced him to her friends, and the trio made a very pleasant afternoon of it together. And at sundown Morgan walked all the way home with Miss van Suydenham.

It ripened rapidly after that. Less than a month afterward Morgan told his Miss Corinne that he loved her, and asked her in his straightforward, manly way to leave the ribbon counter and share a cottage in the suburbs with him.

"I'm glad you love me," murmured Miss van Suydenham. "It's fine to know that one has the affections of such a man as you are." Then she became very sober, and a moment later she seemed positively frightened.

And the next moment she broke away from him, and ran from him, as though he were a contaminating poison!

Morgan walked gloomily back to his boarding-house. What had she meant by her queer actions? Well, he told himself finally, it was simple, after all. He was too coarse, too much a plebeian, to become her husband. The gulf again—and it yawned wider and deeper than it had ever yawned before.

He spent a week in utter torment. On Saturday night he walked boldly, guided by sheer desperation, into the biggest department store in the city, and stopped at the ribbon counter. The blue-eyed girl leaned toward him and said smartly:

"Your Miss Corinne isn't here any more—she's quit—and I don't know where she went to. Anything else?"

"Thanks," muttered Lafayette Morgan.

After another week of gloom, he found her walking out of a flower shop. He knew she worked there now. He joined her with a simple greeting, and they walked together down the street. When they had reached a quieter place, Morgan said to her hoarsely:

"Was it because you didn't think I was good enough to be your husband? If it was, for God's sake tell me it was. And I—I'll promise never to bother you any more."

Miss van Suydenham went perfectly white. She looked up into his set face, then looked back to the pavement.

"Of course I don't think any such a thing as that!" she finally blurted, and there was truth unmistakable in her voice. "You ought to know better than that, Lafayette Morgan."

"Are you sure, Corinne?" hopefully.

"Entirely Lafayette," positively.

He put one hand lightly on her arm. "I'm a stove-tender at the furnace now," he told her, "and I get more money than I used to get. And I've saved something. I know of the nicest little house—it has shade in the yard, and vines. We'd get along fine there. Will you marry me next Sunday, Corinne?"

Miss van Suydenham stopped dead still, then turned upon him. Tragically outlined on her face were the marks of a struggle that had been lost for all time.

"Yes!" she said. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Now go back, Lafayette."

She hastened on. Morgan stood and watched her until she had turned a corner and was lost to his view.

Morgan went to his room, drew a chair up before an open window, and sat down. Before they were married, he must tell her that his people were crude, illiterate, fighting people, who lived miles back in the mountains. Better still, he would take her there to see them—that she might not possibly be mistaken. He could get off one

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

A Bushel of Reading Matter



REMEMBER We will not send you merely your choice of one of these books, but ALL FIVE of them, just as listed above. You all know Charlotte M. Braeme. She is one of the world's most fascinating writers. Her name alone is enough to guarantee a good strong story, interesting and entertainingly told. Here is a chance for you to read 5 of her best books, aggregating 160 large double column pages.

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EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept. R. M. 5, CHICAGO

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your full name and address. Name will not be published.

A. W., Durant, Okla.—Oranges, or any other fruit, are eaten at breakfast as the first course of the meal and would be served before the cereal. (2) No harm is done if you omit a name in your greeting following an introduction. We think the best usage, however, would be to say, for instance: "How do you do, Mr. Blank"—at the same time extending the hand with a nod and a smile.

BLUES EYES, Tenn.—For traveling, nothing is more correct and suitable than a plainly-made two-piece coat suit of brown, or other color, tweed. A small close-fitting straw or sailor hat may be worn with this in summer. You may wear a tailored silk or French flannel waist under the coat of—

E. S., Lenox, N. C.—A boy should not put his arm along the back of a car seat or about the waist of a girl with whom he is riding.

H. McC., Kansas.—If you are a guest, it would be correct for you to ask your hostess to excuse your awkwardness. You could say: "I am awfully sorry, Mrs. Dash; that was very stupid of me."

TEXAS BLUEBONNET, Lorena, Texas.—If you are congratulated after having won a debate, or other contest, it is sufficient for you to acknowledge the congratulations with a smile and a "thank you, very much." (2) Wash your face well, at least once each day, with hot water and a pure soap. Follow this scrubbing with an application of cold water, after the soap has been thoroughly rinsed from the skin. Borax, toilet ammonia or extract of witch-hazel added to the last bit of cold water with which you touch your face, will aid in reducing the oiliness of your skin. Avoid pastry and fried and greasy foods, if you would develop a good complexion and one free from "shins."

BLUES EYES, Balch, Ark.—Some compliments might be acknowledged with a "thank you," and some would only be passed up with a smile. Persons, occasions and the manner of the speech would govern and no set rule can be given. (2) It is generally sufficient for a girl to acknowledge ordinary introductions with a bow, a smile and a simple "how do you do"—extending her hand if she so prefers.

E. A. B., Michigan.—See foregoing answer to Blues Eyes.

M. W., Edison, Tenn.—See reply to E. A. B., Michigan in this issue. (2) We do not think a girl should marry at sixteen. Between twenty and twenty-five is much better. As to marrying at sixty, this is being done every day, but why wait so long?

E. G., Ohio.—We are not in favor of girls attending "public dances," and most certainly no girl should accept as a partner at such a dance a young man whom she has never met before. (2) The young man's question is one that may be answered by a "yes" or a "no"—tempering your refusal, if given, with any excuse you may have or may choose.

L. Z., Clifton, Ore.—This department does not approve of the wearing of "face veils" by girls. (2) It is customary that a man, when accompanying a girl or woman, should take that side of the walk nearest the street. The theory of this is that he is in a position to serve as protection against dust, mud and traffic accidents or discomforts.

MAJESTY, Texas.—We do not think this boy, if he was of the right sort, should have believed the girl if you say this other girl told him concerning you. Do not arrange, without too much sacrifice of principle, to have some explanation with him which will do up the difficulty? (2) You will have to accept boy or girl teasing in the cheerful spirit in which it is given. Do not become ill-tempered over well-meant fun.

M. L. L., Lodi, Texas.—You may correctly take one of these small pickles from the dish with your finger and eat it in the same convenient manner. (2) Wedding march most used, we believe, is that from "Lohengrin," by Richard Wagner. For second march use Schubert's "Serenade." (3) The same paper is placed between the invitations by the graver to protect his work. You should remove this before sending out your cards.

R. S., College Park, Ga.—Yes, you may shake hands with this boy in saying "good night" to him after he has escorted you home from some sewing affair. (2) Say "yes" if you wish to accept the young man's escort and add a word of thanks. If you wish to refuse, make any excuse you have or that you think kindest to make.

J. B., Port Huron, Mich.—Yes, you may ask a girl if you may escort her home from church and also if you might take her to some party at which boys and girls of your own age will be present. No set rules are required in making these requests. You would, for instance, say: "May I take you home tonight?" (2) You may write to this girl who was your own friend, but we cannot guarantee that she will answer your letter. You should have asked her if you might write to her when visiting in her home town.

R. G., Haines City, Fla.—Yes, you should thank your escort for the pleasant evening he has given you. (2) It is correct that you should thank this boy who has carried your books for you.

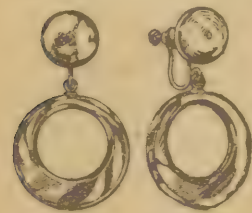
I. R., Hancock, Md.—Yes, a girl of seventeen should properly wear mourning for her brother. It is not correct to assume the band of black silk you mention.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at \$50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7833.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Ear Drops

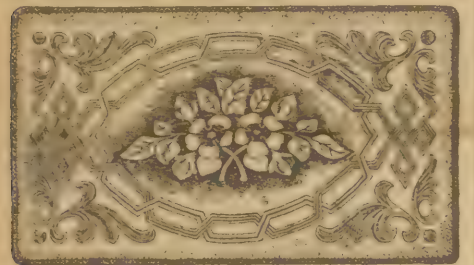


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EAR Drops are now all the rage, particularly those of the popular circular shape shown in our illustration. This style is very becoming to any woman or girl. Of course they do not pierce the ears but are held firmly in position by the gentle pressure of a tiny gold-plated screw. They are made of shell, are very light and come in six different colors—Coral, Jade, Demi, Black, Pearl and Green.

We purchased these Ear Drops from a leading New York Jewelry House so we know that they are absolutely right in quality and style. These same Drops cost a good round sum in all the retail stores but as usual we bought a large quantity at the lowest wholesale price and therefore can make the following liberal offer.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one pair of these handsome Ear Drops free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 9922.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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Stamped Burlap, Hook, Color Scheme and Full Directions—For a Club of Four.

TO those of our readers who desire to take up the fascinating and profitable work of home rug-making described in March COMFORT, we are prepared to furnish everything necessary for the work. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you free, by parcel post prepaid, one large piece of burlap for a rug 31 by 54 inches in size, stamped with the handsome "link" design illustrated above. We will also send you one steel hook, complete instructions for making the rug and instructions as to what colors to use and where—the signal numbers in these instructions corresponding with the same numbers stamped on the burlap. **Reward No. 8054.**

If you prefer to pay cash, we will send you the stamped burlap prepaid for \$1.00 and the hook prepaid for 25 cents (\$1.25 or both.)
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HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10 1/2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find the answers to their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

Mrs. G. B. Mancos, Colo.—Joseph Smith, Jr., the founder of Mormonism, was born in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, December 23, 1805. His parents, who were farmers, later moved to Manchester, N. Y., where they led a difficult existence as frontier dwellers. Joseph received but little education, although he was taught to read, write and cipher. In 1827, as the result of trips made to Pennsylvania, Joseph married the daughter of a farmer of that state. From the age of fourteen up the boy is said to have seen visions and in 1823 it is claimed that an angel appeared to him and revealed the hiding place of the famous gold plates which contained the strange message that, when translated by Smith, his wife and other helpers, became the Book of Mormon. The book was first published at Palmyra, N. Y., in 1830, and from this beginning sprang the system known as Mormonism. (2) The Mormons were a power in Missouri from 1831 to 1838. They were driven from the state because their religious teachings were detested and because it was thought that they held anti-slavery views and taught this doctrine. Their power was such that it was feared they would gain entire control of the state. The quarrels, feuds and encounters resulting, caused the governor of Missouri to issue an order that the Mormons were to be treated as enemies and must be driven from the state for the sake of the public peace. Fighting of a desperate nature occurred as a result of this proclamation, and in one of the encounters Joseph Smith lost his life. (3) Brigham Young, at the age of 43, became the Mormon leader after the death of Smith in 1844. Young dominated the Mormon Church and Utah for many years. He was not shot, as you think, but died in 1877, leaving a fortune of about a million. Putting aside opinions regarding his private life and religious views, historians are united in considering him a great leader and colonizer. Mormonism has a following of more than half a million and has today no inconsiderable influence as a form of religious belief.

P. D. Lock Haven, Pa.—Old German bibles are articles of no great rarity and we doubt that your volume has any more value than that of any second-hand book.

Mrs. S. J. Lancaster, Tenn.—If you have written a short story which you hope to sell, there is no other method but to submit the manuscript, with stamps for return postage, to the editors of periodicals which handle stories of the type you have to offer. Your story should be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of bond typewriter paper. Be sure that your name appears, together with your address, upon the first page of the copy you submit.

Mrs. A. W. B. Quinter, Kans.—Most of the world's diamonds are found in a greenish-gray volcanic rock called peridotite. This mineral formation is in South Africa, and from the diamond fields of Kimberly comes almost 90 per cent. of the world's supply of diamonds. A few diamonds have been discovered in the gumbo mud of Arkansas. A diamond, before cutting and polishing, has much the appearance of a piece of common brown rock. We have never heard of diamonds or opals being found in Kansas. Pearls are not the product of any rock or soil, but are found in shellfish. The Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., will pass upon any strange mineral for you.

V. I. Spade, Ky.—Various reasons might account for the light you mention as having seen at night. As to a "mineral light," this occurs in laboratory work and experiments where certain minerals, like sulphur barite, for instance, are found to be luminous. But no free and untreated Kentucky rock is thus light-giving. The property of phosphorescence (giving out of light) arises also from decaying wood and from decayed animal matter. There is also the phenomenon of the so-called *igne fatuus* or "will o' the wisp." This last is a luminous appearance of varying intensity, sometimes noticed at the height of about two feet above marshy lands. Although its cause—and even its existence—is doubtful, the appearance of this light is thought to result from the combustion of some natural gas given forth from low land. And, lastly, as to your mysterious light moving forty feet between appearances, there are glowworms and lightning bugs in Kentucky and elsewhere which give nightly illumination. Why not chase this moving light and find out what is causing the mystery?

Mrs. M. S. Jameville, N. C.—What is called "lodestone" is a form of magnetic iron ore. It is found in your state and in many of the eastern and western parts of our country. The so-called "Cranberry" mine in Mitchell County, North Carolina, is considered to yield the purest magnetic ore in the United States. This mine has a large output and should be willing to spare you a pound or two of ore certainly at less than the price of ten dollars a pound which you mention.

M. S. B. Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Sixty-sixth Congress, by joint resolution, gave to discharged soldiers, sailors and marines a preferred right of entry to homestead lands. You should write to the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., for particulars concerning the working of this act which became a law Feb. 14, 1920. (2) Write to the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., for a list of the Farmers' Bulletins which are available for distribution. From this list you can select those covering the subjects of plants, soil and stock in which you are interested.

Mrs. Lulu B. Little, Dermott, R. I., Arkansas, wishes information regarding the making of rugs from corn-husks. Perhaps some COMFORT reader can aid. Write to Mrs. Little direct, or send it to COMFORT for publication.

B. E. C. Antioch, Nebr.—There is plenty of vacant public land in the states of Idaho and Montana. We doubt very much if any of this public land would contain merchantable timber. For land in northwestern Montana, write to T. R. Jones, who is Register of the U. S. Land Office at Glasgow. In Idaho there are U. S. land offices at Blackfoot, Boise, Coeur d'Alene, Hayden and Lewiston. Of the various sections, we think that about Coeur d'Alene might best answer your requirements.

The Gulf Between

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

day from his work. The trip might be made in one day; there was a railroad running within three miles of the valley between the White Rock and the Little Katy, and a water-tank station where they could get off.

He would not enlighten her beforehand as to the real mission of the journey. He wished her to see the situation from an unbiased, unprejudiced viewpoint. And when she had observed, he would say to her:

"These are my people—my father and my mother, my sister and my brothers; does it make any difference?"

He would have given much to know what her answer would be.

Wild honeysuckle and laurel and ivy were blooming profusely on either side of the trail. Miss van Suydenham was in raptures. She broke off armful after armful of flowers, throwing aside one armful for another that was a little more beautiful. The waste was not wanton; there was a sea of bloom to choose from. Morgan was very sober; he barely smiled at Miss Corinne's ecstasies; he did not even notice the call of the trees and the stones and the brook—things of the wild, free, irresponsible life that had been his but little more than a year before.

They stopped before a rambling three-roomed cabin that stood at the lower edge of a little clearing filled with growing corn. Old-fashioned flowers were just beginning to bloom at each side of the crooked, guttered path that led from the hinged gate to the weather-beaten door. A young gourd-vine was growing at either end of the log that served as a doorstep. Off to the right was an axe and a pile of wood. An old hound, nearly blind, with the marks of bears' claws and teeth in both ears, came down to meet the master who had forgotten him.

"Suppose we stop here for a little while," suggested Morgan, trying to smile and failing utterly.

"Do you know these people?" asked Miss van Suydenham.

"Yes, I know these people," said Morgan.

"I'd like to," agreed Miss van Suydenham.

They went up the guttered path. An old woman and a young woman met them at the door. And Morgan saw that his sister Janie wore a calico dress literally sagging with ribbons of many, many hues.

"Now, though," he desperately, Miss Corinne would be enlightened.

"Lafe!" the old woman cried. She threw her arms about the neck of her son, and kissed him affectionately.

Morgan turned to his fiancée. He saw that a very queer expression hovered about her countenance. He wished she would speak—he wished to hear what she might say.

But Miss van Suydenham had no opportunity to speak for some time after that one silent moment. The old woman began to talk loudly, in her slow, broad drawl:

"Lafe, as shore as the devil he hain't a tomtit, I know you was a comin' home today—I wisht I may drap as dead as a doornail right hyer in my tracks if I didn't! I dreamed it last night, and this mornin' my nose it jest kep' a itchin' and a itchin', and so I says to yore pap, says I, 'Ben by gyar, Lafe he's shore a comin' home today, as shore as the devil he hain't a tomtit, and I'm a goin' to kill two young chickens,' I says. And so I killed the chickens, and yore pap he went down into the hick'ries down thar and shot you a couple o' young squirrels—say, jest come right in, you two. Luddamussy now, Lafe, shorely you hain't went and got married to a wife 'thout a lettin' yore pore old mother know a single, blessed, damned thing about it! Shorely! Shorely!"

No," muttered Lafayette Morgan.

He helped Miss van Suydenham into the cabin's best room, and they sat down. He kept his eyes on Miss van Suydenham. That queer expression, an expression he could not have named if it had been to save his life, still hovered about her countenance. She seemed too much amazed to talk. And no wonder! From her viewpoint his people could be nothing more than heathen. He didn't blame his mother and his sister; according to their lights they were just as good as anybody else. And yet—it did seem that they behaved as badly as they could.

He happened to think—he should have introduced Miss Corinne to his people. He rose, and turned a pale face toward the young woman who had promised to become his wife. But before he could speak, his elder brother John, his face bruised and bleeding, his clothing half ripped from his body, rushed into the room with a strange, wild oath and seized a long rifle from its place in a corner. Matters were growing worse!

Lafayette Morgan sprang upon his brother, bore him to the floor, and wrenched the rifle from his knotty, sunburned hands. With a quick swing of his arms, he dashed the butt of the weapon against the stone hearth, shivering it at the breach.

Then he cast the pieces of the rifle out at the doorway, and straightened, grand and silent and somewhat defiant.

"You fool!" roared John Morgan, rising quickly. "We're into it with them thar lowdown Gigginses! I'm a goin' to kill Tim Giggins, what I am, ey gad, and all o' the powers out o' tarment can't keep me from a doin' it! Tain't none o' my fault, neither, ey gad—pap and old Bill Giggins—say, you don't know them thar lowdown Gigginses, do you, Lafe? They jest moved in here from some'er up the country. Pap and that thar lowdown old Bill Giggins they got into a dispute over New York a bein' in Kaintucky or Nawth Cal'iner, and they've been a fightin' for a hour about it, fist and skull, hit, pinch, kick and bite. And as I stepped up to watch the fight, old Bill's son Tim he told me to keep my hands off, when I hadn't no intention o' interferin'; so I loped him, then, and—well, he—"

"He thrashed you, and you are not man enough to take it, I guess," said Lafayette Morgan. He was as pale as a ghost now. He took his brother by the shoulders, and shook him hard. "You stay here!" he clipped angrily. "Where's pap and this man Giggins?"

"Up at the gum spring," answered John.

Lafayette Morgan turned to Miss van Suydenham. He saw that she had fainted—and well she might faint, at all this! He wrung his hands for a brief moment; then he appealed to his mother:

"Take care of her," pointing, "until I come back. Wet her face with cold water. Take care



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The first application of Resinol Ointment usually takes the itch and burn right out of eczema and similar skin affections. This gentle, healing ointment seems to get right at the root of the trouble, and is almost sure to restore skin health in a short time.

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of her—please!"

He hurried out of the cabin, and ran up the valley and to the gum spring.

He found Tim Giggins sitting on a stump and howling with delight at the spectacle before him. The spectacle was two grizzled old men rolling over and over on the ground, fighting like a pair of wildcats, biting, pinching, scratching, striking with their fists, even kicking with their feet! The younger Giggins rose from the stump, scowled, pushed up the rim of his broad hat, and advanced to meet Lafayette Morgan. But Lafayette Morgan cared little for Tim Giggins; he jerked his father to his feet, and with one hand held old Giggins off.

The two belligerents glared hard at each other. They panted for breath, and ground their teeth savagely. Tim Giggins came at his jaws set tightly, his eyes sear.

"I'd like to ask jest what you got to do with this here fight," he said to Lafayette Morgan.

"This man is my father," returned Lafayette Morgan, "and I don't like to see him be such a fool. That's exactly what business it is of mine." Tim Giggins stepped backward a few yards, stooped, and drew from the laurels a long rifle. His right thumb sneaked the hammer back from the capped tube.

"It's yore move," he said hotly.

"It's no more my move than it is yours," retorted Lafayette Morgan. "You may be a bad one," he continued bravely, "but you're not bad enough to shoot down a man who isn't armed."

"Say, Lafe," cut in old Ben Morgan, "you're eddicated, now tell us which is right: I say New York is in Nawth Cal'iner, and Bill Giggins thar he says New York is in Kaintucky—now tell us which is right, Lafe."

"I'm right, accorse!" bellowed Bill Giggins.

"You're a li—"

Lafayette Morgan clapped a hand over his father's mouth. "None of that, pap! New York—"

A cry from behind him caused him to break off short: "Look out thar, Lafe! Git outen the way thar!"

He faced about to see his brother John with a heavy, old-fashioned revolver in his right hand; John was trying to aim at Tim Giggins. He sprang upon John, and wrenched the weapon from his grip. He knew a feud was about to be born, and he knew a feud with his people would be desperate—for he had seen them fight before.

"Oh, never mind!" snorted Tim Giggins. "He hain't dangerous. Give him back the pistol, and I'll drap him afore he raises it. Now I'm a goin' to give you Morgans fair warnin'—better look up some guns, Morgans. And some more Morgans, too. Accuse this here valley it hain't big enough for the Morgans and the Gigginses to live in."

Before anybody else could speak, there was the quick pattering of feminine footsteps, and the mountain silence was shattered by a shrill, girlish voice crying:

"Pap! Pap! Pap!"

Lafayette Morgan turned like a man shot from behind. Flying toward them, her arms outspread, came the person he had known as Miss Corinne van Suydenham! She ran straight into the arms of old Bill Giggins, and sobbed against his breast.

"Peg, by gyar!" cried Tim Giggins.

When she came away from the stern, contrary old heart of her father, she faced her sweetheart and very tearfully, very penitently told him this:

"I was from the mountains, too! I thought you were such a grand, big, fine city man, and I—I was afraid you wouldn't want me when you knew that I was—was what I am. Lots of times I meant to take you out to show you my people—and I meant to say to you: 'These are my people, my father and my mother, my sisters and my brother; does it make any difference?' Then I found that they had moved, and I didn't know where they went. I deceived you about my name. When I took my first job in a store, they teased me about it—Peggy Giggins—and so when I left that store and went to another I changed my name! You know everything now. Will we still have the—the a-sweet little cottage in the s-suburbs, Lafayette?"

Lafayette Morgan had a way of getting anything he reached for. He reached for the girl now.

Tim Giggins laughed, a great, husky, ringing laugh that echoed from cliff to cliff and far up and down the valley. Then somebody else laughed, and somebody else, and immediately after that the handshaking began.

Investigations by the U. S. Public Health Service show that practically all bottle-fed babies thrive as well on powdered milk as they do on natural cow's milk; and that some who do not thrive on the cow's natural milk do so on the powdered milk. The National Commission on milk standards urges health and food-control officials to encourage and not to hamper the dried milk industry.

Make This Handsome 19-Piece Luncheon Set

We Will Give You The Patterns



ONE 24-inch Centerpiece, six 12-inch Doilies, six 6-inch Doilies and six 5-inch Doilies of the simple yet elegant design shown in our illustration. They can be made of the usual white material, such as linen, Butcher cloth, etc., worked in shades to match dishes used in serving, or of colored material to match decorations in the room, with the flowers embroidered in orange, with brown centers, green leaves and stems. Use buttonhole stitch for the borders, all-over embroidery or satin stitch for the flowers, outline stitch for the stems, and either satin or lazy daisy stitch for the leaves.

Special Offer. For only one one-year subscription (not our own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the transfer patterns for this elegant Luncheon Set free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 8381.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish House Dress

For A Club Of Four



By a fortunate purchase COMFORT has obtained a limited supply of these handsome, well-made House Dresses at an unusually low price. They are made of a strictly high-grade quality material that will not shrink or fade. The patterns are varied and stylish. There are 12 styles to choose from, each with light and dark, plain and striped, and solid colors. They are all made in a simple, becoming style, shirred around the waist, open down the front with a sash and two big handy pockets. It comes in one size only, but a size that will nicely fit any woman, whether tall or short, thin or stout, a few simple alterations being all that is

needed. Our illustration of this Dress shows a becoming style, shirred around the waist, open down the front with a sash and two big handy pockets. It comes in one size only, but a size that will nicely fit any woman, whether tall or short, thin or stout, a few simple alterations being all that is

needed. Please remember that this is one of the best House Dresses made, and that every woman who takes advantage of this offer will secure a real bargain. When ordering, just state your preference as to pattern and color and we will send you exactly what you desire, or as near to it as possible. There is really not an undesirable pattern or shade in the whole lot so you may rest assured that whatever we send you will prove more than satisfactory.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome high-grade House Dress free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention pattern and color desired. Reward No. 8104. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Until September 1 Only!

Look At Me!



This Beautiful DOLL Will Be Given For A Club Of Only Two!

THINK of it! This big, handsome Doll for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Owing to the fact that we have only a few of these Dolls left, we are going to make this special short-time bargain offer, good until September 1st only. Considering the present high prices, which bid fair to hold for another year, every mother should send for at least two or three of these handsome Dolls even if they are not to be used until next Christmas. You will save money by doing so.

This Doll is nearly a foot high, has a strong, durable, stuffed body and an indestructible head. You can make her stand up, sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and, taken altogether, she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland.

Last winter we gave away thousands of these Dolls for a club of three, as Christmas presents to our readers and they were delighted with them. Now that there are but a few left, we shall give away the remainder for a club of only two. If you want one of these handsome Dolls, send in your order before they are all gone. We advise you to send in your order today—next week may be too late.

Our Bargain Offer! For a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 8872. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire
Given For A Club Of Three!

THREE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not resist buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklaces are 18 inches in length, with a strong, durable clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches and the smallest $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in size. They are real pressed glass—and their flashing colors are a delight to the eye.

They wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing more stylish than one of these handsome Necklaces and we are delighted to think we can make this offer. Be sure to mention color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

Given To You! For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 9033.

Four Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Asparagus Plumosus or "Lace" fern, the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern and the Whitman or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

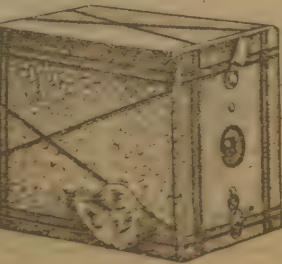
Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of four beautiful ferns free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 8581. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7904. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Premo Camera

Reward No. 7944

Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture $1\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you Free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. Reward No. 7944. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



She Is Looking For A Mother

"Peggy" The New Summer Doll

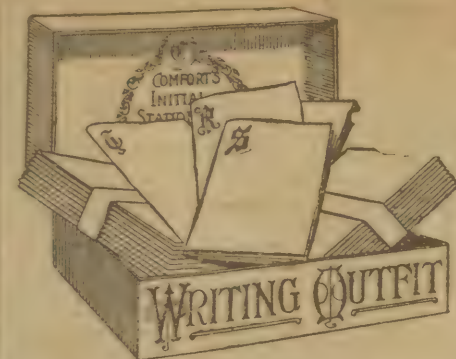
PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country. She doesn't care where she lives so long as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in at once.

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8621. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

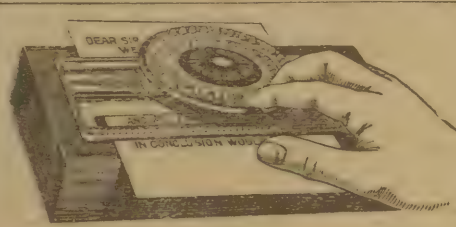
Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it. In this offer we give you two dozen sheets white linen stationery $10\frac{1}{2}$ by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors on this high-grade fine quality stationery. Remember you get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery free by parcel post, prepaid. When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 9482. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. Reward No. 8852. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

38-Piece Fishing Outfit

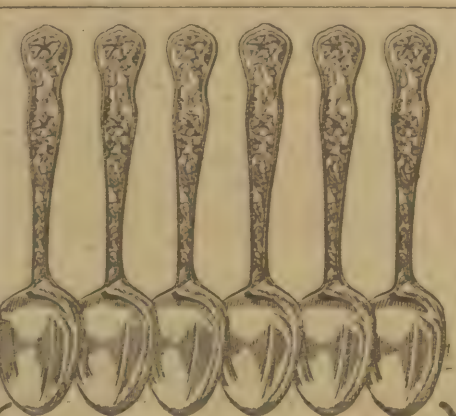


BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy outfit absolutely free. It contains everything you see in the above illustration—in all 38 different pieces.

There are Two Dandy Fish Lines, one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinkers all ready for business, and the other is a Special Line. These lines are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing, 6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber", and 1 Ringed Sinkers—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this outfit to be good quality.

We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit, if you will accept the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing outfit, packed in a good strong box, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9422. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Morning Glory" deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant French grey. The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9682. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

3-Piece Toilet Set



THERE does not live a girl whose heart will not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell dull black finish Toilet Set.

The Brush is nine inches long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, firmly set with white bristles. The Mirror is $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely beveled glass set with rich ebonized frame. The Comb is seven inches long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. Both Mirror and Brush have a handsome silver-plated shield on the back for monogram or initials.

This fine Comb, Brush and Mirror Set comes in a specially fitted box and is yours absolutely free if you will accept the following offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send this fine Three-Piece Toilet Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. Reward No. 7954. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them, but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. No. 8421, February, Amethyst. No. 8431, March, Bloodstone. No. 8441, April, Diamond. No. 8451, May, Emerald. No. 8461, June, Agate. No. 8471, July, Ruby. No. 8481, August, Sardonyx. No. 8491, September, Sapphire. No. 8501, October, Opal. No. 8511, November, Topaz. No. 8521, December, Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Cifany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday, or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



18-Inch Center 12-Inch Doily

Both Stamped On Good Material

THEY are stamped on the best linen-finished cotton cloth all ready for embroidering. The simple yet elegant designs may be easily worked, using solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets for the basket, solid embroidery or satin stitch for the sprays and flowers and buttonhole stitch for the scalloped borders. Remember, we give you BOTH Center-piece and Doily on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this 18-inch Centerpiece and 12-inch Doily free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8361. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7696

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, and an excellent time-keeper. It has a handsome polished nickel case; the movement is American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Seven

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7397. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boys! Get This Air Rifle!

Automatic Repeater, Works Like A Winchester. Will Fire 350 Shots Without Reloading.

BOYS—here is the Air Rifle you have always wanted—a real repeater which loads automatically just like a Winchester or a Marlin. It is nearly three feet long yet weighs only two pounds, uses BB shot and shoots 350 times without reloading. The barrel and all working parts are made of high grade steel with a gun metal finish, the stock is handsomely stained and polished. This splendid rifle is just what you need to take with you on your camping and hunting trips because with it you can bag all kinds of small game such as crows, hawks, squirrels, rabbits, etc., and for target practice it is just fine. No powder—no danger—your parents cannot possibly object to your having one, because it is absolutely safe to handle. You can get this splendid air rifle entirely free on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of only seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. Reward No. 7497. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons

Reward No. 8074

For A Club Of Four

NO woman ever has too many teaspoons—especially the "Rogers'" kind—so here is an offer that will surely interest thousands of our women readers. For a few subscriptions to COMFORT secured among your friends we will send you this handsome set free. They are the famous 1881 Rogers' A1 brand, guaranteed a full standard silver plate upon a 15 per cent. nickel base. Each spoon is six inches in length with highly polished handle and bowl. Please notice the beautiful design—the new "Salem." Its very simplicity appeals to every person of good taste. You will have to see the spoons themselves in order to fully appreciate this latest fashionable pattern as our illustration does not do it justice.

We will give you this set of six Rogers' silver teaspoons on the terms of the following club offer. Remember—they are the genuine 1881 Rogers' A1 brand—the Rogers' trademark is stamped on each and every spoon. This protects you fully, furthermore each spoon is absolutely warranted for ten years.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this set of six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8074. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set

Comb and Brush Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Mala-chite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Mala-chite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. Reward No. 8497. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Miss M. R., Leesburg, Texas.—Your trouble seems to be allied to so-called "hay fever," as it begins in the summer and leaves you in the winter or late in the fall. You should spray the nose with Dobell's solution three times a day, and take a teaspoonful of a preparation known as pertussin after meals. Of course, keep your diet free from such foods as cause dyspepsia and also keep your bowels free at all times. If you still suffer from the same trouble and tend to become worse, you better try a change of climate and see what this will do for you.

Mrs. B. F. S., DeMassville, Ky.—Your symptoms seem to point to malaria as the underlying cause of your trouble. Take a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture well diluted after meals.

Mrs. J. W. S., Standard, La.—Possibly your husband inherits a tendency to excessive flesh. If so, remedies are of not much avail. He can try avoiding all flesh-producing foods, such as potatoes, cereals, fats, etc., and live on meats, eggs, green vegetables of all kinds, fruits in season and meat soups. He should also exercise daily, drink plenty of water, and take one-half grain tablet of thyroid extract twice daily—morning and night. Advertised "obesity cures" are, as a rule, dangerous and unreliable.

Miss L. L., Paanilo, Hawaii.—Palpitation of the heart is, as a rule, not dangerous, but symptomatic. Your underlying trouble may be a chronic dyspepsia, with the consequent accumulation of gas. You must take a one-fourth grain tablet of calomel and soda, between meals, for five days only. Follow these tablets with a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda dissolved in a glass of hot water before breakfast. Of course you must avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds. If the palpitation continues after taking the above remedies, take a five-grain pill of asafoetida after meals.

Miss N. M. R., Albion, Mich.—For your chronic constipation take a tablespoonful of the following prescription: one-half ounce of fluid extract of cascara sagrada, one-half ounce of glycerine, thirty drops of tincture of belladonna, sixty drops of tincture of nuxvomica with water enough to make three ounces. See that the mixture is well mixed and take the dose every night. You might also add to the above a tablespoonful of American Oil with your meals. Also eat plenty of fruit.

Mrs. A. B. J., Oplin, Texas.—Styes are due, as a rule, to the need of correcting lenses. Eye-strain in most cases causes inflammation of the lids and also leads up to an infection of the hair follicles, and hence the styes. Have the child examined for glasses and the styes will be gotten rid of or get well without further treatment. In the meantime you might bathe the eyes with hot boric acid, and apply to the lids at night a yellow oxide of mercury ointment.

Mrs. E. K., Burlington, Colo.—Take some good ferruginous tonic, such as Basmah's mixture, in tablespoonful doses after meals, well diluted. The yeast is taken for the vitamin principle contained therein. It is a good constructive and would also be useful in your case, especially as you seem to have an intestinal fermentation.

Mrs. E. K., Millville, Minn.—The swelling of your mother's legs must be due to a poor return circulation. Bandage both limbs with a woven rubber bandage every morning, removing the bandages at night. Have her bowels regulated, and have her avoid sweets and an excessive diet in any form.

Miss I. E., Raxton, Texas.—All of your symptoms point to diabetes as the cause of your general condition of weakness, and also the carbonaceous condition from which you are now suffering. Have the urine examined at once. If you have diabetes, avoid sweets and all starchy foods, drink plenty of water, and take one-half grain tablet of bicarbonate of soda three times a day, well diluted.

Mrs. M. L. H., Richmond, Va.—Your "headnoises" are probably due to some catarrhal disease of the nose and throat. You should consult some good ear, nose and throat specialist and have proper treatment.

Miss S. P., Goin, Texas.—Pellagra is a skin and spinal disease caused by an unbalanced diet consisting of too much starchy food and lacking in nitrogenous food. The proper treatment is to eat plenty of milk, eggs, fresh meat, fresh fish, peas and beans, all these being nitrogenous foods, and to eat less cereals, especially less corn bread. Bowels also should be kept free.

Mrs. B. W., Boyce City, Texas.—Glad to know you have received so much benefit from the Basmah's mixture recommended. You must continue the mixture for at least one month. This remedy, by improving your general condition and increasing your appetite, will also increase your weight. The sweet milk diet is also beneficial and should be continued. If the milk agrees with you, you cannot go wrong if you continue to drink all you can digest.

Peppery Little Mary

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

fore?" she went on, running her slender fingers over the delicately soft piles as she told him about the "river-loop" pattern. "You won't be able to duplicate these, in this quality, for two or three years, due to the war!"

Simms, a rich collector, immediately turned to Pierce, who nodded.

"Yes, sir, that's true. I wish I could, but this grade is very scarce."

Half an hour later, Hume was looking reflectively at a check for three hundred and twenty dollars, Simms having made a sixteen-thousand dollar purchase, and this was his commission at two per cent. "My cashier will give you the money, Mr. Dudley," said Pierce, chuckling.

"Thank you, sir," laughed Hume, naturally thinking Mary was following. But she wasn't in sight when he counted the crisp bills to hand to her, so he retraced his steps to the office.

"No, Mr. Pierce, just give Hume a straight commission," he heard her saying. "Salesmen fall down and get lazy when they have a drawing account! And I'll go out every day and hunt up prospects—that's the art of selling expensive rugs!"

"Team-work, eh?" cried Pierce, chuckling again as he began to sort over a list of prospects which he handed to her. "One out of seven have been sold, and can be sold again, if rightly handled," he went on. "The rest is up to you and—"

"My sweetheart," said sudden little Mary, her brown eyes gleaming. And the same evening, bit by bit, Hume heard how she had been to see Pierce, and had finally gained his consent—hence the man-sized job.

It was a week later that Lola drove past a big limousine in her blue racer, slowed down and stared, for the occupants were Mary and Hume. "How comes such opulence, all at once?" she asked, for the car was not only stupendous, but it was so beautiful that one forgave its size. It was magnificent. It was dignified. And in every line, in color, in operation, it was quiet.

"It isn't mine, Lola," said Hume. "I'm working for Pierce, these days, and he lets me use it to hunt up the olive. It makes a scene where a judge had barked importantly. 'I've married my Mary,' he chuckled. 'Honey, take off your glove, and show Lola your rings.'"

And Mary, rising to the conversational surface, did so.

A Sailor's Yarn

By W. A. Lamont

Copyright, 1922, by W. E. Gennett, Pub., Inc.

DURING the late war, at the time when Germany was destroying mercantile shipping, of both belligerent and neutral countries, by her ruthless submarine warfare, and the ship tonnage of the world was being sadly depleted, a cry went up for ships, and more ships, with which to carry men, munitions and food across the sea. There was not only a scarcity of ships but of men with which to man them. In those days, many old sailors who had quit the sea returned to their former love, the ocean.

It was at that time that a ship from an American port was bound to somewhere in Europe. On a beautiful night, with a calm sea, during the first watch, the men being not otherwise employed, were forward, seated upon the deck, spinning yarns. Several of the younger members of the crew had told of the trials, exploits and hardships through which they had passed, when an old grizzled sailor, whose cheeks were bronzed by the sun of tropical climes and furrowed by the storms of many years and who had sailed on many seas and under different flags, spoke.

"You youngsters know nothing about hardships. Why, when I first went to sea, we thought nothing of straining the water we drank through our shirt-tails to keep from swallowing wiggle tails, and in the tropics I have baked the ship's biscuits in the galley oven to keep the weavils from moving them off the mess table. Now, think of it. Ye gods, the United States furnishes the men in our navy with ice cream and chocolate candy. Why, if these things keep up, we shall see sailors wearing silk hats and kid gloves. Dribben surely never had such things in mind when he wrote that song, 'O God, protect the hardy tar.'"

"Billie, spin us a yarn of old times at sea," said one.

"Tell us one of your most wonderful experiences while afloat," said another.

"It is not an easy matter for one to say which is the most wonderful experience seen in a lifetime on the ocean, but I remember one. It happened many years ago, and while the ending was sad, it will show the contrast between the humanity of sailors in those days and the dirty, brutal work the Germans are doing now, firing upon women and children in open boats while trying to escape from ships they have sunk with their devilish submarines. So if you care to listen, here goes."

"Go on, Billie," cried several voices. "Let her go."

"It is nearly sixty years ago, when I was a boy serving aboard a British frigate. It was before the days of battleships, cruisers, torpedo boat destroyers, and those devilish piratical craft called submarines. It was the days of wooden walls, and sails were the propelling force. The frigate was the flagship of the Pacific station."

"We had left Vancouver's Island, bound for Callao, a voyage which in those days took from six to eight weeks or longer, according to the wind. On the second day out from Vancouver we were bowling merrily along. The weather was cool but pleasant. We had a good stiff breeze from off our starboard beam. The ship was carrying single-reefed topsails, and main top gallant sail overall, with the main course clewed up."

About five bells in the morning watch, just as we had finished washing down decks, the lookout at the masthead hailed the deck.

"A piece of wreckage off our lee bow, sir."

"A midshipman of the watch was sent aloft with glasses, and upon returning to the deck reported that the object was too far off to make out distinctly, but it looked like a log or piece of a spar. This was reported to the captain, who came on deck. I was standing aft near the wheel, while the officer of the watch was talking to the captain, when the admiral came up the after-companion hatchway, and the captain said: 'We have sighted a piece of wreckage off our lee bow, sir.'"

"So many strange things happen on the ocean," replied the admiral, "that I never like to pass anything, if there is time, without seeing what it is, we might miss the opportunity of saving a human life. You had better round in the yards and we will run down and see what it is."

"Sails were trimmed, and the ship heeled for the object sighted. At six bells the boatswain's mate piped: 'Lash up, and stow hammocks.' When the hammocks were stowed in the nettings, the order was given:

"All hands, make sail."

"Our executive officer was an Irishman by the name of O'Brien, as fine a sailor as ever trod a deck. Brave as a lion and with a heart as tender as a woman's. The hands being on deck, Commander O'Brien took the bridge. 'Top-men aloft, and shake out all reefs,' was his first order when the topsails had been hoisted, top-gallant sails and royals were set and the flying jib hoisted. The frigate was one of the fastest sailing ships in the British navy at that time. With a spanking breeze on her quarter, and the increased sail, she fairly danced over the water."

All hands remained on deck, although it was time to pipe to breakfast; but you all know that it does not take much to create excitement at sea, and especially when a strange object has been sighted. Soon came the cry: 'It looks like a small boat, sir.'"

"Can you see anything in the boat?" asked the commander.

"Not as yet, sir," answered the lookout.

"In a few minutes the lookout reported:

"It is a canoe, sir, and there is a bundle in it."

"Messenger boy," yelled the commander, "jump below and tell the surgeon to have all ready for restoring life," and, in almost the same breath: 'Boatswain's mate, pipe the lifeboat's crew away.'"

"I was one of the crew of the lifeboat. We manned our boat at the davits, ready to be lowered the moment the ship was hove to. As we hove abreast the canoe, the order was given: 'Square away the main yards,' and the main top sail was laid to the mast. Then came the order: 'Lower away the lifeboat.' By this time the canoe was under our lee quarter, and about fifty yards distant. As the boat was being shoved off from the ship's side, the commander called to the officer in charge of the boat: 'Be careful how you approach that cockle-shell. It would not take much to capsize her.'"

"It took but few strokes of the oars to put the boat alongside the canoe, the oars nearest the canoe were lifted from the water, when the coxswain of the boat grabbed the bundle. 'My God, it's a kid,' he cried in alarm. Sure enough, it was a little Indian girl about two or three years old, naked, but wrapped in a dirty, fish-smelling blanket. The officer of the boat reported to the ship that it was an Indian child and alive. The order came over the water: 'Scuttle the canoe, and hurry aboard with the child.'"

"The canoe was quickly sunk and the boat pulled to the ship, and when the boat had been hoisted up the child was passed inboard and down to the sick berth and the ship brought back on her course."

"When the Indian child had fully recovered from the shock and exposure, the crew went aft in a body and requested that the child be sent forward and the crew would care for her. The request was readily granted. The child was carried to the lower deck, still naked but wrapped in a clean blanket."

"The first question was what name should the child be given. It was decided to name her Harrison, after the coxswain of the boat, the first man to lay hands upon her. Every man aboard wanted her named after wife, mother, sweetheart or sister. The crew had been much interested and amused by reading a book called 'Sut Lovingood,' so we compromised by calling the child Sut Harrison. The next question was clothing. There was no woman aboard the ship, and we had no purple or fine linen. There was plenty of white flannel, blue serge and dungaree and white drilling among the men. The sail-maker made a little cot for Sut to sleep in, some knitted socks, and all ransacked their ditty boxes and jew bags for pretty colored silks and gewgaws to decorate the clothing. We made her flannel underwear and petticoats, white drill and blue serge dresses and white pinafores. Her shoes we made of canvas, lined with flannel, but we met a stumper when we got to the headgear. Not a one knew anything about a bonnet, so the best we could do for her was a tam-o'-shanter cap."

"Little Sut was as proud as a peacock of her finery, and soon became the pet of all aboard the ship, both officers and men. For a time she seemed to thrive and be happy, although she fared with the men, on salt horse and hardtack. "As we neared the southern latitudes Sut began to pine and grow sick. The ship's doctor took great interest in her case but a few days before we reached Callao she died. Her death caused sadness and grief among the men. We buried her in a sailor's grave, and I doubt if ever an Indian was buried with more pomp and ceremony than we gave little Sut. No coffin, but sewed up in a hammock with two round shot at her feet. On the day she was buried the ship was hove to. The crew dressed in their best, mustered near the fore-hatch. The hammock containing her remains lay upon a grating, covered with the National flag. Six chief petty officers acted as pall-bearers. When the procession was ready to move, the ship's bell tolled the funeral dirge, while the band upon the poop played the dead march. When the procession reached the quarter-deck, where stood the officers from admiral down to the smallest midshipman, dressed as for parade, with bowed, uncovered heads, Holy Joe, the chaplain, in his white surplice, stood with prayer-book in hand. The grating was placed in the after lee porthole, and the chaplain read the beautiful Episcopal burial service, and when he reached that part, 'and now we commit her body to the deep, until such time as she shall give up its dead,' the grating was raised, and the hammock slipped from under the flag. There was a splash, then a plunge, and all was over. The little Indian girl had gone to her last home."

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscription to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. L. B. Roberts, Columbia, 1925 Bull St., S. C., would like to hear from some one who served in the Confederate War with her husband, Lindsay Roberts. Mrs. Roberts is anxious to know the company and regiment he served in.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Alexander Jameson, last heard of in Iowa nine years ago, communicate with his brother, William Jameson, Pawlet, R. B. 2, Vermont.

Want to hear from Caleb Townsend and son Buck, about 35 and 65 years old. Mrs. M. L. Irby, Rockdale, R. B. 6, Texas.

Anyone knowing or having known Sidney F. Chastain, fair complexion, last heard from, Branson, Mo., February, 1912, write his sister, Mrs. Z. E. Stanford, Atlanta, 29 Bellwood Ave., Ga.

Anyone knowing the address of Walter McGee, please write to Box 126, Chicago City, Minn.

Mrs. D. L. Schaffner, Campo, R. B. B. Colo., would like information of her mother and sister, Emma Schaffner, 24 years old, and Charles Schaffner, now living by the name of Charles Schaffner, Clinton, Okla., when heard from last. Johnie was at Cherryvale, Kans.

Amanda Rolph, Cheyenne, 609 E. 18th St., Wyo., would like to hear from her father, George Rolph.

Mrs. Eva Leach would like to hear from J. H. Carothers. When last heard of he was in Wagoner, Okla. Address, Eva Leach, Oregon City, Ore.

Lorenda Schanek would like to know the whereabouts of Ida and May Putnam. If interested, please write Mrs. Birt Schanck, Luzerne, Mich.

Martha Pierce wants to know the whereabouts of Geo. L. Miller, a traveling man, heard of last May at Atkins, Ark. Any information received will be appreciated.

Wanted to know: the whereabouts of William Fries and Mary Warren or their descendants. Write to their sister, Mrs. Luella Parker, Morrill, Nebr.

LOCKET and CHAIN

For A Club Of 3

Rolled Gold Plate!

Warranted For 5 Years!

MOST every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is always fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for two pictures. The cable chain is 18 inches long and both chain and locket are made of heavy rolled gold plate that is absolutely guaranteed to

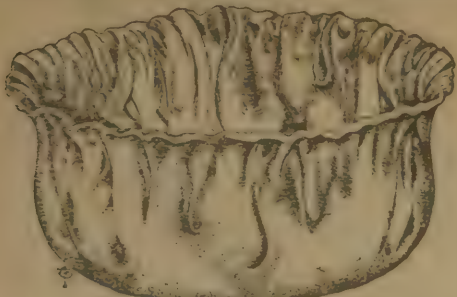


stand an acid test and warranted for five years. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following:

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold locket and chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 8843.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Bonbon Dish



Genuine Gold Lined

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9942.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and it will not leak. Also please notice that this is a self-filling pen. You can fill this fountain pen in less than 10 seconds by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen free of charge.

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9873.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Salt And Pepper

New Colonial Design



THIS hand-Silver Salt and Pepper Set is the last word in style and service. The "Colonial" design is without doubt one of the most fashionable designs ever introduced. And the set will give years of service because both Salt and Pepper are heavily quadruple silver plated. They are three inches in height, of good weight and on account of their broad bases cannot easily be overturned, thus spilling salt and pepper on the tablecloth.

Solid Sterling Silver Sets are being made in this same popular pattern. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to distinguish the above set from one made of sterling silver.

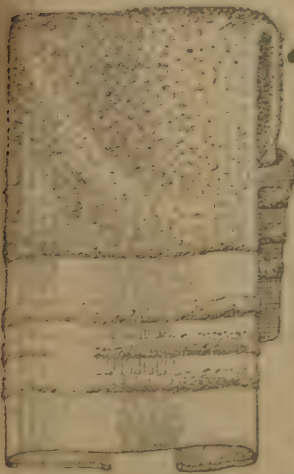
We will send you this Salt and Pepper Set free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful quadruple silver plated Salt and Pepper Set free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8114.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9912.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses, Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The Kanibas Bead Loom

Thousands of Beads and Complete Outfit



For a Club of 8

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple Bead Loom with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom. Anybody can use the "Kanibas" Bead Loom—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one "Kanibas" Bead Loom, five sets of beads in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special bead needles (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared waxed bead thread, and a 44-page instruction book containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

Special Club Offer. For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 7598.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gold Bracelet

Adjustable—Guaranteed For Ten Years



THIS style of Bracelet has always been a great favorite because it is adjustable. It can be made to fit the arm of either woman or growing child. It is made of rolled gold, absolutely guaranteed for ten years, is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. It positively will not tarnish or change color as do the cheap bracelets, but, being genuine rolled gold, it will always retain its bright, handsome appearance.

By purchasing these Bracelets in large quantities, direct from the factory, we are enabled to offer it for a ridiculously small club of subscriptions. Just read our free offer.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this guaranteed, rolled gold Bracelet, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9852.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

16-Piece Aluminum Set



For A Club Of Only Five

TO describe the many virtues of this splendid Aluminum Set seems unnecessary. Every good housewife knows what it means to have her kitchen utensils made of this bright, handsome, light-weight, sanitary metal that is so easy to keep clean, that never "peels," rusts or corrodes and never wears out.

As shown in our illustration, this big-value Kitchen Set consists of the following named pieces, all pure aluminum—16 of them in all: Six Teaspoons, Six Tablespoons, One Whole Mixing Spoon, One Ladle, One Slotted Mixing Spoon and One Cake Beater.

Please bear in mind that each and every piece is full standard size for every-day use in the home and the set as a whole is in every way equal to those sold at high prices in the retail stores today. We buy direct from the manufacturer, however, and in large quantities, thereby securing the lowest factory price. As a result, we can afford to give away this set for a very small club of subscriptions.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this genuine Aluminum 16-piece Kitchen Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7618.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

130 New Transfer Patterns FREE



All The Latest Stylish Designs For Milady's Dress, Lingerie And Accessories, Children's Garments, Household Linen And Fancy Work, Also Hoops, Stiletto, Embroidery Cotton And Instruction Book.

COMFORT needleworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than one hundred thirty new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for coral-covers, patchwork, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc. 17-inch butterfly centerpieces, dollies, one complete 2½-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1½-inch initial block alphabet, one complete ½-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over one hundred thirty in all. The patterns may be instantly transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

Remember—in addition to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following

Special Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete transfer outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. Reward No. 9272.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Eveready Flashlight

THIS is the "Eveready" Daylo, 6½ inches long, 1½ inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the night it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder or gasoline without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready Flashlight complete with battery, all ready for use, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each. Premium No. 7984.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an instruction book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 5561.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Antique Jewel Box



For A Club Of Two

IT seems hardly necessary to describe this beautiful Jewel Box as our illustration speaks for itself. It is made entirely of rich oxidized silver which will never tarnish. It is heavily embossed on all sides and on the cover. It is silk lined throughout and sufficiently large for all kinds of small articles of jewelry, trinkets, etc., measuring four inches in length, two and a half inches wide and two inches high.

Every girl and woman delights in the possession of a real jewel box for her dresser and our offer places this one easily within the reach of all. Like everything else, they cost a good price in the stores but we buy direct from the factory, hence we are able to make the following very liberal offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this handsome Jewel Box free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9952.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' Wrist Watch



For A Club Of Only Ten

Thin Model, Octagon Shape

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and now believe we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. The case is silver, the movement strictly high grade, stem wind and set, and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The strap is of very fine, high-grade leather, dark grey in color and nicely finished. These leather bracelets worn with wrist watches are now very popular but if you prefer, you can wear this watch with a ribbon or gold bracelet.

If you want a dainty, stylish, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful, guaranteed wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Wrist Watch, exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 75110.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sweet Grass Sewing Set



Given For A Club Of Three

Button Box Scissors Case Thimble Case Needle Book

Useful, Beautiful, Their Fragrance Is Everlasting

THIS attractive Sewing Set is the handiwork of the St. Regis Indians. They gather the fragrant sweet grass that grows so luxuriantly in the St. Lawrence Valley and from it weave the most beautiful baskets, jardinières, fern dishes, centerpieces, table mats, vases, sewing sets, etc., doing the work entirely by hand, the only tool used being an ordinary knife.

Not only are these baskets and other articles very useful and ornamental but there is an indescribable charm in the delightful fragrance of the sweet grass from which they are made—a fragrance that is practically everlasting.

In this handsome sweet grass Sewing Set are a Button Basket, Scissors Case, Thimble Case and Needle Book. These are all tastefully arranged and fastened together with handsome green silk baby ribbon as shown in the illustration. The ends of the ribbons are tied in a dainty bow, into which is sewed a white ivory ring, so that the complete Set can be hung on the wall or suspended from the sewing table, mantelpiece or chandelier.

We will make you a present of this useful and beautiful sweet grass Sewing Set if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this sweet grass Sewing Set, exactly as above described, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9023.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Handsome Stamped Pillow-Top With Back and Fringe

A DESIGN that will appeal to all lovers of home. A comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, the well with the "old oaken bucket," and a cluster of handsome American Beauty roses. The stamping is done in natural colors on tan art crash, 17x21 inches, these colors acting as a guide to the embroiderer. Or, if desired, the whole design may be stamped in black. If embroidered, the piece should be worked in red and pink, using the outline stitch for all but the light part, which should be worked solid. The leaves are to be outlined in green, the stems in brown. Work the house, well and surroundings in outline in colors corresponding to those stamped. The words "Home Sweet Home" are to be done in black in solid embroidery and outline stitch. We will send you this handsome stamped pillow-top with back and fringe upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9842. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Artist's Paint Box

For A Club
Of Only
Four

27
Colors.

Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8½ inches long, 3½ inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains eleven regular colors in pans and sixteen moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Anyone who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 7994. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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Reward No. 9882

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Of Two!

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful beauty that appeals to every feminine heart. Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full opera length rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound twice around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small sum. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

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one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents. Remember, we have only a few of the books left so be sure to send in your order NOW—today. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

A Woman's Question

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my question of duty out,
Man-like, you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.
You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as Heaven's pure soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts,
I look for a man and a king.
A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheeks one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?
Is your heart an ocean so wide and deep,
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds Heaven or Hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give all this I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.
If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Poppies

Poppies in the wheat fields on the pleasant hills of France,
Reddening in the summer breeze that bids them nod
and dance;
Over them the skylark sings his lilting liquid tune—
Poppies in the wheat fields, and all the world in June.

Poppies in the wheat fields, on the road to
Monthiers—
Hark, the spiteful rattle where the masked machine
guns play!
Over them the shrapnel's song greets the summer
morn—
Poppies in the wheat fields—but, ah, the fields are
torn.

See the stalwart Yankee lads, never ones to
blanch,
Poppies in their helmets as they clear the shallow
trench,
Leaping down the furrows with eager, boyish
tread,
Through the poppy wheat fields to the flaming woods
ahead.

Poppies in the wheat fields as sinks the summer
sun,
Broken, bruised and trampled, but the bitter day is
won;
Yonder in the woodland where the flashing rifles
shine,
With their poppies in the helmets, the front files hold
the line.

Poppies in the wheat fields, now still beside them
lie
Scattered forms that stir not when the star shells
burst on high;
Gently bending o'er them beneath the moon's soft
glance,
Poppies of the wheat fields on the ransomed hills of
France.

—John Mills Hanson, Captain F. A., in Stars and Stripes.

Sent in by Mrs. A. B. Fowler, West Sound, Wash.

Wishing

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do,
Set a watch upon your actions, keep them always
straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives, let your thoughts be
clean and high;
You can make a little Eden of the sphere you
occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom in the scrapbook of your
heart.
Do not waste one page on folly; live to learn and
learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge, you must get it
ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness as you pass along the
way;
For the pleasure of the many may oftentimes be traced
to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn shelters armies from
the sun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Lift of a Laugh

"I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
As I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell
As it drifts o'er the harbor bar:
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lift of a laugh rings far.

"The men who were near the grumbler's side,
Oh they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide,
And they harkened to that instead.
Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
Of the rise of the Christmas star.
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lift of a laugh rings far.

"If you would be heard at all, my lad,
Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
For those who are deaf to accents sad
Are alert to the cheerful note.
Keep aloof from the cord of laughter's bell,
Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lift of a laugh rings far."

Sent in by Sunny Jane, Wyoming.

A Prayer

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
May my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ,
Peace that dearest is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—Whittier.

Every Day Is a New Beginning

Every day is a new beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight;
With glad days and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God, in His mercy, receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own,
Today is ours, and today alone.

Here are the skies, all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth, all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs, springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chime of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

The Man Who Wins

"The man who wins is an average man;
Not built on any particular plan,
Not blessed with any particular luck,
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

"When asked a question, he does not 'guess'—
He knows and answers 'no' or 'yes';
When set a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he's put it through.

"Three things he's learned: that the man who tries
Finds favor in his employer's eyes;
That it pays to know more than one thing well;
That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

"So he works and waits, till one fine day
There's a better job with bigger pay,
And the men who shirked whenever they could
Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

"For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries."

Cupid and Avoirdupois

By Josephine Page Wright

NANCY leaned back from the little table
next to the mirrored wall and looked
about her with the appraising air of
one who views an interior for the first
time. The obsequious waiter and the
yellow menu card were engaging the
attention of her escort.

"This is some comfy little place, Bennie," she
admitted. "I thought I knew every joint on
the avenue. But you are certainly a regular
Christopher Columbus when it comes to discover-
ing things."

Bennie sent the attendant about his business.
"I'm glad you like it, Nance. I like it just fine."
They looked at one another and smiled, Bennie
with tender friendliness, Nancy with ill-concealed
approval and admiration. He was unlike the
other men she knew. In spite of his ten years
in the city he retained the simplicity and country-
town ways that had made her trust him from
the first of their acquaintance.

"It isn't a cabaret," he was apologizing. "They
seem gayer. But somehow after I have been
wrestling with baggage all day it makes me tired
to see grasshoppers cavorting around the floor
with girls that haven't—"

"Been selling corsets from eight until five with
half an hour for lunch," supplemented Nancy,
not without bitterness. "Well, I am tired. But
I like to dance, too. Anyhow, it helps to make
me thin."

"To make you thin?" echoed the astonished
Bennie. "Why, Nance, you ain't bigger than an
ice pick now."

"I don't dare be. How long do you suppose
Farway and Wells would keep me behind their
counters if I looked like that?" and Nancy jabbed
an indicative fork toward the fat woman at the
next table.

Bennie furtively followed the suggestion and
laughed suddenly.

"She is a sight to be sure," he acknowledged.
"But you could never look like that, not in a
thousand years. Why, do you know, Nance what
makes that woman ridiculous?" It isn't her body
at all; it's her soul. She's got a fat soul."

Nancy nodded in quick understanding. "I
know. But how are we to tell? Do our souls
get fat because our bodies are fat or is it the
other way round? Anyhow," she added wistfully,
"you like women thin the best, don't you?"

He put a kind hand over the little one that
trembled toward his own. "I like them to be
just like you, Nance, like you and Babe."

Nancy withdrew her fingers abruptly and be-
gan to rearrange the things the waiter was set-
ting before her. The mention of Babe always
brought a shadow into the sunshine of her friend-

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This special sweet toned Violin given away for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10 cents each. Order 20 pictures, when sold send the \$2.00 and choose Violin or other prize according to big list sent with pictures. MAY ART CO., DEPT. 48, CHICAGO, ILL.

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ship with Bennie. Babe was the girl he had left years before in his old home.

"You still like her, don't you, Bennie?" she questioned with downcast eyes.

"Like ain't just the word," said Bennie frankly. "Why, Nance, I love that girl just as much as I did ten years ago. She was little like you are. I could hold her in one hand—so," and Bennie waved his napkin at arm length to the speculative wonder of his neighbors.

They began their supper in silence. From the musicians' platform came the strains of a sentimental ballad. Nancy wished they would not play love songs when Bennie was with her. It was hard enough for her to cherish her secret as it was.

A singer came from behind the piano and bowed to her audience. Nancy raised her eyes and dropped them with a shudder of disgust.

"Are they going to let that fat old woman sing a love song?" demanded Nancy.

Bennie did not answer. His back was to the platform and he was busy with his baked potato. The woman began her song in a sweet contralto. Bennie raised his head suddenly to listen.

"It sounds pretty good to me," he commented. "She's got a double chin and her waist is like a giant redwood. You ought to see her. If I had my way there would be a law against women like that singing love songs."

Bennie had stopped eating. "It sounds good to me," he repeated.

"Then for heaven's sake don't look at her," advised Nancy.

The song came to a close and Bennie turned in his chair to join the applause. He groped back across the table and caught Nancy's hand in his own.

"It's Babe, Nance. God bless her little heart, it's Babe."

He sprang from his chair but Nancy pulled him back. "You cannot go to her, Bennie. You mustn't. She's—she's fat."

But Bennie did not hear her. "To think that the child has been in the city and I did not know it. Ten years ago and she has not changed. She is more mature, perhaps, but young as ever. Do you want to go to meet her with me, Nance, or will you stay here?"

"I'll stay here," answered Nancy dully. She took her crumpled napkin from the table and smoothed it. She pushed back the salad and fruit punch which she had been eating. Then she beckoned to the waiter.

"Bring me some mashed potatoes and brown gravy, and a plate of chocolate cake," she ordered.

Flies Hate Blue

Flies have intense hatred for the color blue, according to a French scientist. Rooms decorated in blue will, he says, help to keep out flies. A room sweetly perfumed and decorated with blue as the prevailing motif, is sure to drive flies away or unhinge their reason. Flies do not like oil of lavender, so that if equal quantities of the oil and water are put in common glass atomizers and sprayed around rooms where flies are, they will disappear, according to an authoritative statement. Geranium, heliotrope, mignonette and white clover are also offensive to flies and they especially dislike the odor of honeysuckle and hop blossoms.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set

Premium No. 75010

For A Club Of Only Ten We Will
Give Any Woman This Beautiful
High-Grade Dinner Set.

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple wood violets surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finished with a Haviland glaze which gives it that smooth, velvety appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because, being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of purple, green and gold which is so finely set off by the gleaming white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live (if it is not outside the United States), we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio.

Given To You! For a club of only ten COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, by express, charges collect. Reward No. 75010.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS OFFER NOT GOOD OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

prunes should get some Burbank to develop a Prulemon tree.

You are surely right, Glen, about sticking to school and getting all the education that your forty-five degree location can supply. A proper amount of secondary education is absolutely necessary as a foundation upon which to build a happy and successful life. Know all you can, Glen, and always remember that you have more to learn. Let the other chaps carry their hands and brains in their pockets if they are so foolish, but you pack your brains away right on the top of that five feet, ten inches—and keep your brain cargo working and growing after you have got it stowed away.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I haven't the slightest idea of ever seeing this in print, but still, there might be such a thing as Billy not liking the appearance of this paper—so I'm taking a chance. I like to read COMFORT, it has so many praiseworthy features and departments that one does not find in the higher-priced magazines.

I can't say much about myself, for there isn't much to say (I mean there isn't much that I would want anyone to read or that they would want to read). I'm just nineteen, medium height, a trifle more than a perfect "thirty-six," curly auburn hair, hazel eyes (really more green than hazel), fair complexion and not overly blessed with brains. I don't do anything in particular: read some, sing some, ride, play tennis and golf, swim, take hikes, dance some and love it, and I'm sorry to say, that's about all. Oh, I can make lovely rarebits and delicious chocolate and play bridge. Now don't shake your head, please, for that is all I was ever taught to do. I did take a short course in Domestic Science, where we learned how many calories we should have—and that the proper way to mix pie dough was with knives! (I told this latter to our cook, and she said that whenever we required our pies made in this way she was leaving! And really her pies are wonderful.)

I suppose you're wondering why I'm writing? It's because our housekeeper, who has taken your paper for years, wanted me to write to prove that the letters are real. They are so natural, and yet I wonder if there are people who can write such interesting things.

No doubt whoever is digesting this (and if it's Billy—well I'm glad I'm out of reach!) is wishing I'd stop. Certainly, but for I go, I want again to say that I certainly admire COMFORT.

Cheerily yours, EVORA.

Evora, that blond typewriter paper of yours is just the sort that Billy likes, but he is too full of New York Central timetables just now to be really dangerous. I slipped your letter by his nose, without much difficulty, while he was immersed in perusing a bulletin on "The Succulent Grasses of the Northern States." And so here is your letter, you doubting Evora, and you can be sure that all of the cousins' letters are just as real as is your cheery accord.

According to description, that education of yours, Evora, seems to have been a sort of mingling to the Pie of Life. However, I think you omitted some of the more substantial things you know when you listed your fluffy accomplishments—most of which are very well worth knowing and doing when added to the substantial filling without which the lightest of pastry is empty food. But you write a suspiciously clever letter, and I feel safe in believing that under your auburn curls and behind your hazel-green eyes you conceal more than you tell us about.

Your cook, Evora, was quite right in objecting to mixing pie crust with knives. A fork works much better—unless one eats the pie "out of the hand." I have seen lots of people mix up and put away pie crust with a knife, and I am glad to hear that kitchen as well as drawing-room authorities are against this gustatory heresy.

Some day you'll have to lengthen that short course of yours in Domestic Science, Evora: there might be a Mr. Evora coming home every

night who would tire of a diet on rarebits and chocolate and want about 16,983 calories packed away in steak, potatoes, coffee—and soft gingerbread. Cooks are going to be scarce in the next quarter century and we will have to commence to rely upon domestic scientific Kalory Kids to save the day—and our poor stomachs.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Here I am for the first time. I live in the land of sunshine and flowers. If I had a million dollars I would have all the cousins and dear Uncle Lisha out here in the beautiful orange groves. We would go on hikes up Mt. Wilson, go to Catalina and swim at the beach resorts. The eastern cousins really do not know what they are missing. I am the only COMFORT cousin that I know of in Los Angeles, and I am proud that I can be the representative of such a beautiful club. I have a good Christian mother and father, two sisters and one brother, and I love them all. My brother does mission work among the Chinese and Japanese. I have found some lovely cousins through COMFORT and some day I hope I can see them all and you, too, Uncle, in lovely California. I am making a "COMFORT Cousins' Scrap Book." I put in all the pictures I receive from cousins and also clippings from COMFORT. You do not know how interesting it is and my friends delight in looking at it. You are doing a wonderful work, Uncle Lisha, and we are all with you. Even far-off California is represented, but not as strong as she should be. I do hope Billy the Goat does not get this first letter of mine.

Your Sunny California niece, GLENNA WOLFE.

That would be some excursion, Glenna, if we could all go out to California to see you. According to the number of members in our League and the present railroad rates, it will take just about the whole of your million dollars when you are ready to bring us across the continent. For of course we would want to travel in style befitting our importance and Billy the Goat would have to have a drawing-room to himself. But what fun we would have and it would be well worth your little old million! We would just about take possession of the state, and wherever we passed there would be left behind a broad trail of orange peels two feet deep. Believe me, Glenna, there would be no oranges to ship East the year we hit the orange groves. You would have to warn them so that they could make ready about ten thousand of those glass-bottomed boats to take us out in and show us the kind of carpet Mr. Ocean has on the floor of his California house. And of course we have to go to Hollywood and see the movie cities and studios. We would arrange to stage a big reel with Charlie Chaplin and Billy the Goat as joint stars. Then we would sell this for another million to pay our fares back East. That is, if any cousins wanted to go back. You go ahead and get the money for the tickets, Glenna, and I'll promise to lead the crowd out and arrange with the Chambers of Commerce to give the greatest kind of a reception to the happiest family in the world arriving in the sunniest state in the Union. Billy is all excited at the idea of the trip and says he would like very much to climb Mt. Wilson. He thinks he would shine at climbing mountains—his great-grandmother on at his father's side having been born in the Swiss Alps. So let's go, Glenna, and the sooner the better! That's another splendid idea of yours—the keeping of a COMFORT scrap book. We will all want to have a look at this when we go out. If we each of us take a minute's squint at it, it will only take three months of eight-hour days for everybody to see it and tell you how fine it is. But don't fool yourself about California not being well represented in our family, Glenna. Your state is in our League with more than both feet—as you will soon find out by the letters Golden Gate cousins will be writing to you.

ALVINE, WISCONSIN.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Your nephew, LEONARD PERRY.

Len, my boy, yours is just the sort of country for me and I am almost sorry I did not get your letter before I arranged for my vacation. You must have plenty of excitement living among all those animals, and it is certain you must be well fed. Think of being able to have pickerel for breakfast, broiled bear steak for dinner and a supper out of fried lynx, served with milk gravy from Wisconsin's Holstein milk reservoirs! And another fine thing is that among all the animals you list GOATS are conspicuously absent. I noticed this at once. I am sure I could be very happy at Alvin and I am going to remember the name of your town and find out what railroad it is on.

It is kind of you, Len, to say that you will answer all the cousins who write to you, but what is going to happen is that you will be so buried in letters that you will be forced to hide in the Mammoth Cave instead of sending a description of it. There is a lot to tell about Wisconsin, Len, and there will be steen thousand cousins on your trail to find out all you know about your lucky state.

GRAFTON, VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I have written to the League of Cousins department before, but I guess Billy the Goat must have eaten my letter for his supper. Now I am writing again and I certainly hope he will not eat this one.

I am just a little girl seventeen years of age. I have dark brown hair and blue eyes. I am five feet, four inches tall, and weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds. I live down on the Pocomoon river about three miles from the little village of Grafton and twelve miles from Newport News. I go fishing and bathing in the summer and you bet I have a jolly time. You just "otta" be here to go along with me. I am quite sure you would enjoy yourself. I certainly do enjoy reading your talks and the cousins' letters. Say, Uncle, do you know how much six bits are? If you don't, I'll tell you. A fellow from out West was in our community the other day and he went into a store and asked for six bits' worth of candy. The clerk did not know how much it was, but I knew. I presume I had better close for this time.

Your loving niece, HELEN LINDSAY.

Helen, now that we're asking questions, I'll set you a problem in figures: If a "little" girl on the Pocomoon River weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, what would a big girl on the James River weigh? Don't hurry with the answer as you will find this sum will require some heavy thinking. About that chap from the West who had your store clerk guessing, Helen, I think the whole thing was just a mistake. What the Westerner wanted was six bites of candy and not six bits. Of course just how much that amount of sweet stuff would be would depend upon the size of the Westerner's candy cavern. Frobbly a barrel or two of ripe marshmallows or half a cord of peanut bars would have done the trick. Bites differ very much in size, Helen. Now in Billy's case, for instance, six bites would be about twelve letters of the size of yours—but I kept this half bite out of his reach this afternoon and bought him off by giving him two bits to take him to the movies.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

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PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 334-8 Odd Fellows' Bldg., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Lucy Redd, Price, R. R. 1, N. C. Afflicted with rheumatism and has six children, the oldest 13. Money and clothes will help. Mrs. Molly Burris, Price, N. C. Has had a hard time in hospital. Give her a postcard shower and let love wipe out some of her grief. Mrs. Alice Stacy, Varnells Station, Ga. Bedridden since March and with a son who is a burden and not a support. Uncle Charlie sympathized with this case. Mrs. Ella Stevens, Mt. Ida, Box 17, Ark. A self-imposed shut-in through faithful care given a crippled mother of 81. Mrs. Stevens asks for letters and postcards to cheer the lonely lives of her mother and herself. Oscar Tate, Ft. Payne, Ala., and Mrs. T. J. Taylor, Spencer, Va., send letters of gratitude for the kindness and sympathy of COMFORT readers who have answered their appeals. My thanks, too, cousins, for your good work.

In your busy summer days, and in your vacation weeks, remember those that ill-health and misfortune have forced to step aside from the ranks of daily workers and the rest and fun of vacation periods. They cannot help themselves; their work must be done for them by others; their cheer comes from without. The answer rests with you, cousins.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head department for which they are intended.

The End of a Funny Old Feud

By Frances L. Garside.

Copyright, 1921, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

THE girls are leaving their country homes in large numbers, and going to a city to seek employment. Lacking the salary to rent an apartment, and have a wee home of her own, she rents a room and takes her meals out. In renting this room she becomes a party to a feud that had its origin in the days when Noah's wife rented out rooms in the ark to her female relatives.

It is the feud that exists between the landlady and the woman lodger; never recognized, perhaps, but having a very decided tenacity on life, nevertheless.

On one side the landlady is shy on towels and heat. She is accused of "snooping around" when the girl lodger tries to eke out her means by making her morning toast over an electric grill. She is regarded as a chaperon who acts without the right of action.

On the other hand, the girl leaves a trail of hairpins in her wake. Not more serious, one might think, than the trail of matches left by the male lodger, but regarded with less friendly eyes; she leaves the lights burning, she wants too many towels, etc., all of which reaches the folks back home in the girl's complaints that that which she regards as her right is dubbed a wrong by the woman to whom she pays rent.

It is a funny feud because it is so useless and senseless. Mothers who sigh when reading in letters from The Girl that she earns and pays enough to be comfortable but isn't, will be glad to learn that the feud in many cities has been settled. The ghost is laid, and if Daughter in the future weakens the ink with her tears then it means that perhaps Daughter is not altogether in the right herself.

The ending of this senseless hatred came about in this way: The Y. W. C. A. has eight thousand beds for girls throughout the United States. This seems a great number, but recently, in only five cities, and exclusive of New York City at that, there applied at Y. W. C. A.'s eight thousand more girls than could be accommodated.

They were taken care of by women who have rooms to rent, these women having been previously investigated and O. K'd. But—there hopped up the feud! To settle it forever, clubs were formed of the dragons who rent rooms, and the discovery has been made since that they are not dragons at all, but nice women who, because of injustices from women lodgers in the past, had classed all women lodgers as undesirable, but who were eager to have their opinions changed.

These women meet regularly, and over their tea and toast discuss ways for making the girl under another woman's roof feel as happy as if that roof were her own. It is a thing that is going big. Wherever there are rooms and girls in them, these clubs are forming with wonderful results.

It means the happy ending of a funny old feud. It means that it is possible for the Girl—and there are thousands of her—to be happy under another woman's roof.

Every one expected that some day all the feuds among the Kentucky mountaineers would cease. Nobody expected this one to ever give up the ghost.

Large Japanese Rug

Reward No. 7535

Five Feet Long, Three Feet Wide



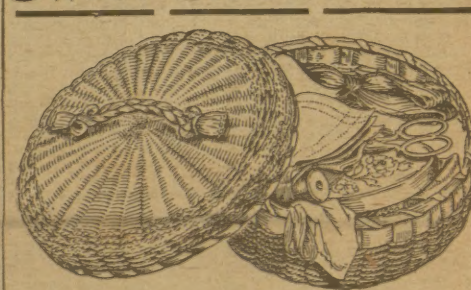
For A Club Of Only Five!

THESE fine imported Oriental rugs come in several different patterns, one of which is shown in the illustration. They are 5 feet long and 3 feet wide, made of closely woven Japanese matting, very strong and durable. But the beauty of these rugs lies in the harmonious colorings of red, blue and green in one harmonious blend that is a delight to the eye. Such delicate shadings are to be found only in rugs of Oriental workmanship; they are never duplicated in American made rugs, no matter what they cost. Also these rugs do not easily soil and are therefore very serviceable. When they do become a little soiled, a damp cloth will clean them in a minute, bringing back the bright color design to all its original freshness.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Japanese Rugs free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 7535.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sweet Grass Basket



For Your Sewing And Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "just love" these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of sweet grass? Their delightful fragrance which is practically everlasting is like that of flowers; they are handsome in appearance and very strong and serviceable, being hand-woven by the St. Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world.

Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along your sewing or fancy work when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room.

The Indians sell these Baskets for \$2.00 and \$3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8084.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Graceful Girdle

Reward No. 8094.

Fashion's Summer Novelty of Rare Beauty



THESE elaborate Girdles, in the most beautiful color combinations, are the decree of fashion, particularly for the spring and summer seasons. They are to be worn indoors and out, with coats, sweaters, tailored suits, tea-gowns, etc. Made with knee-length drops, adjustable for various sizes, giving a narrow belt-like effect. They are very light weight, with no metal or rough, catchy edges.

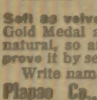
Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Girdles free by parcel post prepaid. Please mention color wanted. Reward No. 8094.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stop Using a Truss



STUART'S PLASPO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purpose to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or spring attached—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pulse bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work—most obstinate cases conquered.



Set as velvet—easy to apply—Inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending Trial of Plaspod absolutely FREE. Write name on Coupon and send TODAY.

Plaspod Co., 625 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Name.....

Address.....

Return mail will bring Free Trial Plaspod.....

"DON'T SHOUT"



one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials. THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 766, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.

Don't Wear a Truss

We Guarantee Your Comfort



With every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet free.

C. E. BROOKS, 167 K State St., Marshall, Mich.

The Bee Cell Supporter



A BOON TO WOMANKIND. Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups of faces render misplacement absolutely impossible! Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Big Summer Seller. Something new; concentrated soft drinks. Just add water, delicious drinks in a jiffy, anytime, anywhere. Big sellers for home, picnics, parties, socials, etc. Guaranteed under Pure Food laws. Carry in pocket. Agents earning money fast. Write for free outfit offer. \$25 to \$125 a day. Write for free outfit offer today. American Products Co., 4315 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Crew Managers—Agents. Opaline paintings are a knock-out. Make old territory new. Seasoned picture men double their sale. Beginners make \$1.00 an hour and more with rigs. Greatest hit ever made. Samples and expense money furnished. Write today. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A-14, 1029 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co., 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive St., St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendota, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared \$800.00 in July. Send for sample. W's Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 68, Naperville, Ill.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents—A Brand New Hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 619, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents! Here's The Big Money Getter. You give Pair Dressmakers Shears Free with each sale of "Winning 7" at \$1.50. Everybody buys. 100% profit. \$10-\$20 Daily Profit. Particulars Free. E. M. Davis, Dept. 505, Chicago.

350% Profit: Big Repeater. Klean-Rite Machine Clothes Washing Wonder. Sells 25c. You can make 10c. Sample Free. Bestever Products Co., 1914-U 8 Irving Park, Chicago.

Agents—\$100 Weekly. Automobile owners wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves cost first day. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. 325 sample outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick. Ovee Co., Dept. 113, Louisville, Ky.

Stockings: Men's, Women's, \$2 per dozen pair. 6 pair sent C. O. D. for \$1.50. Write for catalog of Hosiery, House Dresses, Underwear, Etc. Economy Sales Co., Boston, Mass.

A Business of Your Own: Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs, big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 304, Wooster, O.

We pay \$8 a day taking orders for Inside Tires. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B220, Cincinnati, Ohio.

\$10 a Day Made Selling Our High Grade Laundry and Toilet Soaps. Toilet Creams, Perfumes, Flavoring Extracts, Spices, Caramel Pudding, 3 and 7 bar Assorted Toilet Soaps in fancy boxes. Big sellers. Goods well known; nationally advertised. 100% profit. Women and men make big money. Write for free catalog. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. 135, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50; make \$1.35. Ten orders a day easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

Agents Sell Neverfail Iron Rust And Stain Remover. Huge Profits. Big line. Sample. Write to-day. Sanford-Beal Co., Inc., Newark, N. Y. Dept. D.

Newest Thing Out—Lithogram Initials for automobiles, motorcycles, canoes, golf sticks, tennis racquets, etc. Anyone can apply them in a jiffy. Sell to everybody. Set costs 15c; brings \$1.50. Past sales and big daily profits for agents. Write for catalog. Lithogram Company, Desk 12, East Orange, N. J.

Make \$25 to \$50 Week representing Clow's Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clow's Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 sample fabrics free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

Sell Ladies' Art Needle and Embroidery Supplies. Big demand. Needle and Embroidered sample \$1. Write for agency. Eugene Marquis, 5207 N. Keystone, Indianapolis, Ind.

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit worth \$2.50. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertainments; catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

DANCING

Learn to Dance remarkable new way. In a few hours—at home—in private—you can easily master Fox Trot, One Step, Two Step, Waltz and latest popular dances by my wonderful, New Diagram Method. Write today for Free details and Special Low Offer. Wm. Chandler Peak, M. B., Studio A, 4737 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Clerks (men, women) over 17, for Postal Mail Service. \$120 month. Experience unnecessary. For free particulars of examinations, write J. Leonard, (former Civil Service Examiner) 7 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Government Positions Are Fine: \$1400, \$1600, \$1800 at start, up to \$2300 and \$2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$6-\$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; make 10c; (work); experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

At Once—Five bright capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers: \$40.00 to \$75.00 per week, railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Neb.

\$35 Week. Be Dress Designers. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 601, Rochester, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$35-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

MAGAZINES

Ambitious Writers send today for Free copy America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 699 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Mothers don't wear your life out over the Wash Board when you can have your Clothes as white and soft as snow. Make Your Own Compound. Send one dollar for Recipe. J. Chemicals, Box 508 C. S. Toledo, Ohio.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons and caps from our patterns. Apron and cap sets made \$30.00 per doz. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

FARMS FOR SALE

\$3000 Cash Secures 180 Acres, 4 Cows, tools, machinery, vehicles, etc.; valuable lot timber; cord wood; fruit; 8-room house, 11-cow barn; \$2000 gets all. Details page 16 Illus. Catalog 1100 Bargains. Free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B G Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from party having farm for sale. Give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

HOME WEAVING

Looms—Only \$9.90—Big Money in Weaving Rugs, Carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rags and waste material. Weavers are rushed with orders. Send for free loom book, it tells all about the weaving business and our wonderful \$9.90 and other low-priced, easily-operated looms. Union Loom Works, 273 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Mechanic, Repairmen, send for free copy of our current issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

I Made \$25,000 with small Mail Order Business. Sample article & plan 25c. Free Booklet. Tells How For Stamp. A. C. Scott, Cofoes, N. Y.

SHOES

Women's One-Strap Slippers, \$1.59. Handsome black kid; rubber heels; flexible leather soles. Very comfortable. Add 8c postage. Shoes for whole family at low prices. We are manufacturers. Write Free. L. J. Tappan Shoe Co., 18 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book and Evidence of Conception-Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-J, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventors. Before disclosing your ideas to others write for our "Evidence of Disclosure" form. Send sketch or model of your invention for examination and advice. Ask for free book "How to obtain a Patent." Avoid dangerous delays. Write today. Merton-Roberts & Co., 111 Mather Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write Today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 102 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, \$133, write immediately. Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Boys—Men—Become Motor experts. \$40 week. Learn while earning. Write: Franklin Institute, Dept. N410, Rochester, N. Y.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 63, St. Louis, Mo.

Wanted—1500 Railway Traffic Inspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; \$10 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet G-6 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men, \$140-\$200. Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 E. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, \$133-\$192 mo. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2, Columbus, O.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks, \$135 month. Write for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. N12, Rochester, N. Y.

Big Money made silvering mirrors, metal plating, refinishing. Outfits furnished. H. Decie Laboratories, 266 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Good Lands in Michigan, well located; 20, 40, 80 ac. terms \$15 to \$30 per ac. Small farms to down, terms as low as \$10 per mo. We help you. Send for big book free. Swigart, C-1244, 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg. Chicago.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Kodak Films developed, any size 4c; prints, any size, 4c each. Satisfaction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., 3342 Birch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodak Prints; 3c, postcards 5c, developing 5c, "Quality and service." Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1982 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

World's Finest kodak photo new art style. Entirely different, never seen before. Roll dev. 5c, prints 2c each. Maiden Art Co., 5 Cin, O.

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send 6 negatives any size and 20c for 6 prints. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

\$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Man. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Hether. C. Keytag Co., Colches, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen: Make extra money easily. Sell our Accident & Sickness policies in your spare time. \$5000 death, 325 weekly benefit for \$10 yearly. Address Underwriters, Dept. F-22, Newark, N. J.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

1000 new customers this month. Send us your next roll of film and 20c for six trial prints. Satisfied customers everywhere. Shea & Williams, 211 East Third, Dayton, Ohio.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

HONEY FOR SALE

For Sale Select quality Clover and Basswood honey. 1921 crop. Sample 15c. Price List free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

Four Wheel Chairs in July 604 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four July wheel chairs go to Mrs. Pearson S. Althouse, Perkasio, Pa., 150; Ducey Lee Mitchell, Panama City, Fla., 124; Roy Dierlam, Sea Drift, Texas, 68; Simeon M. Fair, Ringgold, La., 55. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Mrs. Pearson S. Althouse, age 58, is crippled by complication of broken leg and rheumatism so that she can not walk. She has suffered from the rheumatism six years or more, then broke her leg about two years ago and since the accident has not been able to walk. Her husband is thirteen years older than she. Her granddaughter, Miss Louise Althouse, does all the housework. The wheel chair will be a joy to Mrs. Althouse as she is very ambitious to get about in it and try to help herself.

Ducey Lee Mitchell, age 10, had infantile paralysis at two years of age and was unable to walk until five years old. Three years ago he suffered an attack of the "flu" and since then has not been able to walk at all. He is the little cripple in whose behalf I printed an appeal for help in obtaining subscriptions for his wheel chair as his mother wrote that he was much in need of the chair and she had sent in all the subscriptions she could procure in her small community. I thank those who responded to my appeal and thus enabled me to send him the chair.

Roy Dierlam, age 22, has never been able to walk due to spinal trouble in infancy which paralyzed his right leg and arm. The wheel chair will give him pleasure and help his parents in caring for him.

Simeon M. Fair, age 65, widower with no family, is unable to walk, due to displacement of hip complicated by rheumatism from which he has suffered the past eight years. Needless to say that the wheel chair will be a great relief in his deplorable condition.

Don't cease your wheel chair benefactions during the mid-summer hot season—there are so many shut-in cripples suffering for your help.

You can not fail to be impressed by the picture of James T. Fair seated in his Comfort wheel chair and surrounded by his bright and happy looking family, and by his cheerful letter of thanks

which accompanies it, telling how the wheel chair has enabled him to get about and do a small business notwithstanding he can not walk a step.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Gets About in COMFORT Wheel Chair to Do Business

Heflin, La., May 26, 1921.

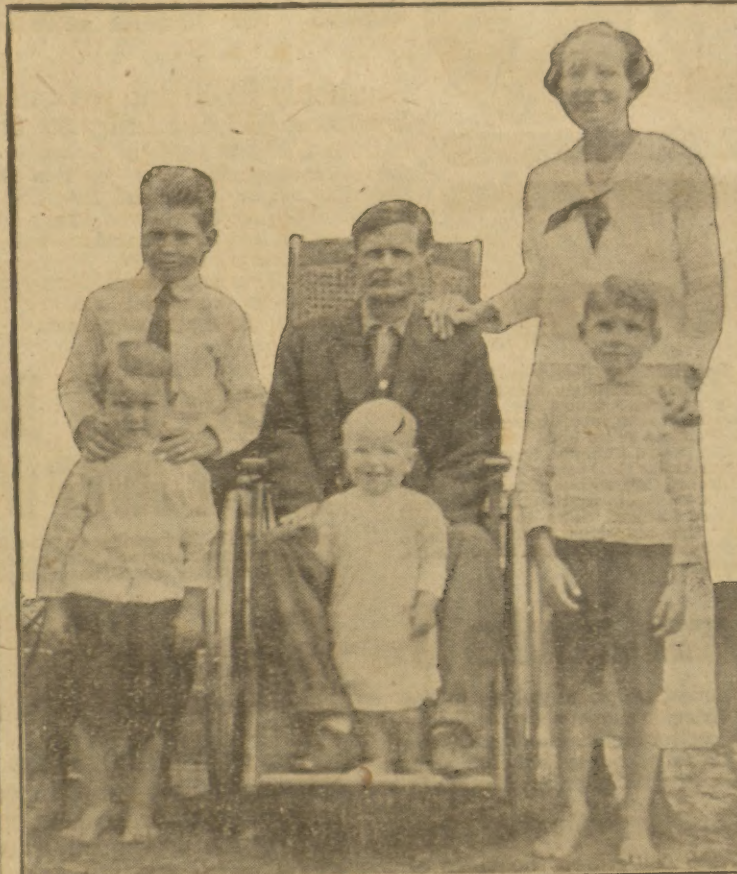
Dear Mr. Gannett:
I received my wheel chair in January, and you don't know the help it has been to me. I can not find words to express my thanks to you and all the good people who helped me in obtaining my chair. I enclose a picture of myself in my wheel chair with my wife and four babies, and hope to see it in COMFORT. Every Saturday I make two to three dollars selling peanuts. To do so I go three-quarters of a mile in my chair and my little boys push me. If I did not have the wheel chair I could not do anything. A merchant friend promises to fix me up with a candy and peanut stand next fall and I can get about in my chair and tend it. God bless you and all the good people. I am,

Sincerely your friend,
James T. Fair.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Louisa Althouse, Pa., for Mrs. Pearson Althouse, 67 subs and \$13.00; Mrs. May Van Zile, Wash., for Miss Ella Van Zile, 67; Jas. Stanhope Love, S. C., for own, 32; Mrs. Amanda E. Hampson, Md., for own,



JAMES T. FAIR, WIFE AND FAMILY.

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for Ducey Lee Mitchell, 7; Mrs. Susie Dunbar, Texas, for Roy Dierlam, 6; Mrs. S. H. Cox, Tenn., for Myrtle Geneva Herrell, 6; Grace Manges Penn., for Mrs. Pearson Althouse, 6; Mrs. Henry Beget, Calif., Mrs. C. L. Crowley, Calif., Mrs. Mary Fritz, Pa., Stella Dace, Mo., Mrs. Harriet Debolt, Minn., Mrs. E. L. Tomlinson, N. C., Mrs. Fred Monk, N. Y., Mrs. John Vaughan, Va., Mrs. F. Barrows, Minn., one dollar each for Ducey Lee Mitchell; Mrs. J. O. Johnson, N. Dak., for general, \$1.00.

How to Treat Ivy Poisoning

In the early stages of ivy poisoning remedies having a fatty or oily base, such as ointments, should not be used, as the grease or oil tends to dissolve and spread the poison, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Instead they advise simple remedies such as local applications of solutions of cooking soda or of Epsom salt, one or two heaping teaspoons to a cup of water. Fluid extract of grindelia, diluted with 4 to 8 parts of water, is often used.

Solutions of this kind may be applied with light bandages or clean cloths, which should be kept moist, and should be changed and discarded frequently to avoid infection. During the night, or when moist applications cannot be used, the poisoned surfaces should be carefully cleaned and dried and left exposed to the air rather than tightly bandaged. In the latter stage, after the toxic material has exhausted itself, zinc-oxid ointment and similar mild antiseptic and astringent applications hasten healing.

These are a few of the helpful hints concerning ivy poisoning contained in Farmers' Bulletin 1166, which tells also how to distinguish between poison ivy and poison sumac. The bulletin is illustrated with pictures of the two plants, which are often confused.—Bulletin U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

Girls Are Denied Chevrons because of High Heels

High heels tripped up 596 of 600 girl students of the Boston University College of Secretarial Science in the race for "Simple Life" chevrons last month. The awards were made for strict conformity to the rules evolved by the University physical directors. Candy eating between meals and elevated footwear were barred.

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